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PALM SPRINGS.

WESTERN FIELD

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262

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AT PALM SPRINGS

UNDER the smile of the southern sky,
Lulled by the western breeze,
Away from the moil, from the din and toil,
Under the tropic trees—
Away and afar, where the moon and star
Are as mystical eyes of light
Which peer in my own as I sit alone
In the hush of a desert night.

Ah! sweeter were life could we leave the strife,
And live as we lived of yore,
When with rod and reel we could always feel
The pulse of the sea or shore;
Or with arrow and bow we could come and go
As free as the wind and wave—
Fearless and strong, and unstained by wrong—
Careless and true and brave.

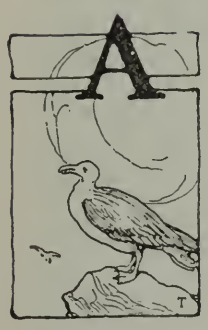
* * *

But the world is old, and our hearts grow cold,
And we drift on the tide of Time—
For this Fashion and Fame, this Folly and Shame,
We have bartered the life sublime.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

A CLOSE CALL

By A. J. Oliver.



"A MAN who knocks around the world much is likely to get into some tight places at times, and my lot has been no exception to the rule," said old Captain Holman one evening as a few congenial spirits were congregated in my den for our Saturday evening smoker and reminiscent yarn spinning. The Captain had certainly done his share of knocking around the world, and, scenting a good story, we refilled our pipes and settled ourselves comfortably in our chairs.

"Ever heard of Clipperton Island? Called after Captain Clipperton, a pirate of the Mexican coast whose fame rivaled that of Captain Kidd. Clipperton lies ten degrees north of the equator and about 800 miles off the west coast of Mexico. There is a huge castle-like rock standing a hundred feet high, visible twenty miles away, and not until one approaches to within a couple of miles can the low lying island be seen. It is an irregular ring of white coral sand inclosing a fresh water lagoon two miles wide, with a dangerous outer reef running completely around the island 300 yards from shore.

"The rock is honeycombed with caves and passages in which old Clipperton was supposed to have concealed his treasures. There is not a scrap of vegetation on the island, but it is literally covered with sea birds of many tropical varieties: boobies, gannets and frigate birds being the most numerous. Red land crabs are also there by the million and threaten to make a meal of anyone who has not been properly introduced to them; they are so plentiful and ferocious that a man has to wear heavy boots when walking about, for it is impossible to tread on them, and they have an uncomfortable way of reaching for your ankles with their nippers when a heel is planted on their backs.

"Only the large varieties of sea birds with long strong bills can nest on the island, and they have to take turns sitting on the eggs day and night, with a ring of crabs around each nest waiting for a chance to grab the eggs or young chicks, and only kept at bay by the constant exercise of a six-inch bill. I've seen those blessed crabs take an egg which was too large around for them to get hold of and crack it with their nippers, carry it up onto a rock, walk to an overhanging place, drop it to the ground below and then climb down and feast.

"We had run down from San Francisco to get a cargo of guano, and owing to the strong northeast trade wind kicking up a nasty surf on the reef we had to load by means of small lighters, hauling them between ship and shore by means of a cable and windlass. We laid a good mooring off the end of the wharf for the lighters to lie to while being loaded, but the second day the anchor dragged, allowing the lighter to drift too close to the wharf, and it became necessary to replace it. The sea was so bad that the job was rather a risky one, but time was precious, and I decided to risk getting a ducking, so taking four good Kanaka boat pullers and steerer and two sailors, we pulled to the mooring.

"The seas were running about twelve feet high, and every third or fourth wave would break right where the mooring was. We

had to keep an eye on the oncoming waves, and, when an extra large one approached which we knew would break, we had to pull for life and try to top the green crest before it curled over and engulfed us. We had made several attempts, each time getting a good hold of the buoy, only to be compelled to let go and scurry for our lives to meet threatening waves, but at last we thought we saw a respite for a few moments, and getting a good hold of the buoy, raised the anchor and started to pull for the place to lay it again, when a warning cry from the wharf made us look up; there, racing toward us, gathering volume as it came, rose a wall of green water edged with foam, which, as it neared us, rose over fifteen feet, and strain as we would to outrace it for the point of safety, we saw it would be hopeless. On came the pitiless wave and before it reached us the top began to curve over toward us. Impossible now for the boat, good surf craft though she was, to rise to it, she made the attempt, rose half way, and stood squarely on end. For a moment we hung suspended, as it were, between earth and sea, the trough of the preceding wave full thirty feet below us, and then, with the crest of the wave towering over us, we were borne backwards and downwards, turned end over end and buried beneath the mass of foam, which roared in my ears like thunder.

"The Kanakas, as they saw the boat unable to top the wave, chose the right moment, and acting by a common impulse, five pairs of heels disappeared into the oncoming wave just as it struck us, a practice they always follow. I foolishly held onto the boat, and as soon as I struck the water I dived down and caught hold of a ledge of coral on the roof. As the water was only about fifteen feet deep, and the trough of the wave left it nearly bare, I held on to the ledge for a few moments to allow the boat to drift clear of me, as I did not want to strike it as I rose to the surface. I was lying for a moment on my stomach, spread-eagled on the rock, when I felt something scrape along my back, pressing me to the rock with great force. I passed my hand around and to my horror touched the bot-

CLIPPERTON'S ISLAND.

tom of the boat, which had come down the fifteen foot trough of the wave till it actually made a sandwich of me. For a moment I was held as in a vice; I thought that my back must break or my chest be crushed in; the breath which I was holding was forced out of my lungs and a red mist floated before my eyes. Then the horrible pressure relaxed, and with the release of the weight my lungs expanded and I inhaled a suffocating draught of salt water; struggling in agony to the surface, I was swept ashore by succeeding waves and hauled out of the water unconscious and bleeding.

"The boat, caught by the breakers, was washed ashore, followed by the Kanakas, who, entirely at home in that mad swirl of water, were climbing onto the boat and balancing themselves on the keel, whooping and yelling like schoolboys. I soon came to and found that, save for the loss of a little skin over my spinal column and a few bruises on my chest, I had escaped serious injury; but if the boat had come down that long swell another couple of inches I should have been crushed like an egg. I shall never forget the awful horror of those few moments while I was being ground under the keel; I fully realized what was happening to me and death seemed very near.

"For the rest of that day my nerve completely deserted me; I was continually nauseated and the slightest sound out of the ordinary caused me to start. For a week I would constantly dream at night that something was trying to crush me, and my hair in a few days became plentifully streaked with gray."

'TWIXT RIVER AND SEA

'TWIXT river and sea, a path of sand
Stretched like a golden bar;
And the surf beat in with its ceaseless moan,
Bearing echoes from worlds afar.
Then the great wild sea, in impassioned tones,
Wooed the river of sapphire hue,
Bringing her gifts from the ocean's depths,
And pearls for her gown of blue.
Oh! the path of sand—where is it now
While the river and sea embrace?
Ah! me, there are only the laughing waves
With their caps of jewels and lace.
But wait! for the tide is ebbing fast;
'Tis parting the river and sea;
And only a faint, dim line remains
'Twixt time and eternity.
With a sobbing voice the great sea cries
"Good-bye," to the river fair.
I looked again, when the tide had turned,
And the sand-bar still was there.

—*Agnes Lockhart Hughes.*

SOUTH COAST FISHING

By "STILLHUNTER."

IV.—IN CATALINA'S SHADOW.

IF the sun of the fisherman's world rises at Tampa and in Tarpon Bay, it as surely sets on Avalon the Golden, for all the fish in the sea that are worth the taking can be had there—if you know how to go after them. There the man who loves to play the five and six and ten-pounders can have his own quiet sport with the rock bass, beauty-spotted fellows that they are, without going three hundred yards from his hotel. There lie the world's records on Tuna and "Jewfish" and white sea bass, ready to be smashed by those experts of lancewood and greenheart and 21-thread Cuttyhunk that gather from far and near each season to this resort of anglers.

There skies are always perfect, no storms on the open sea, nay, not even its cold, harsh winds blow down on Avalon. Sheltered in an ideal cove in the landward side of the slender mountain wall which serves as an island, it is protected from everything but sunshine and blue sea. Accommodations, too, are perfect, and this is no small item in the log of the deep-sea fisherman—indeed, so much is there to be seen and caught in the bay of Avalon alone, that I would advise every fisherman who comes to this resort to spend at least a week doing nothing but fishing in this bay. Truth to tell, he will get much more that is edible than he will further out, for the so-called tuna and the black bass (Jewfish) are practically valueless for food, as is also the white sea bass unless very small when caught. I would much rather have a three pound yellowfin, drawn out of the surf at Playa del Rey or Redondo, than all the steaks off sea bass that I may ever cut. But there is a mighty big feeling comes into a fellow's heart when he draws one of those four-hundred-pounders alongside his little boat—and, over and beyond all this, there is the hope that you may break a "world's record" and so come by a niche in the hall of piscatorial fame, now well established in the dining-rooms and parlors of the Hotel Metropole.

But not all the gentlemen are as good fishermen as some of the ladies have proven themselves to be, as is shown by the accompanying photo of Mrs. E. N. Dickerson, of New York, who is standing beside the largest tuna ever taken by a woman—and one of the largest ever taken by any angler with handline or with rod and reel. Her fish weighed 216 pounds and her fight with

MRS. E. N. DICKERSON AND HER BIG TUNA.

MRS. A. W. BARRETT AND HER 416-POUND SEA BASS.

it was long and hard, though it did not compare with the battle that a 251-pound representative of these giant mackerel gave Col. Morehouse, of Pasadena. The doughty Colonel finally conquered, however, and, so far, holds the world's record on tuna.

Mrs. A. W. Barrett, another enthusiastic woman angler, took a 416-pound black sea bass on a light line—though, of course, this fish does not in any way compare with the tuna either for gameness or for courage and strength. I think that most anglers of equal experience will agree with me in my definition of Jewfish angling in the first of these papers—yet there is undeniably something fascinating about the great creatures as they come alongside, all glistening from their life in the depths. You will know what I mean when you look at the picture of the "world's record" black sea bass, taken by Ed Llewellyn, of New York, after a 41-minute fight. Llewellyn is a good-sized man himself, and when you compare him with the fish hanging on the rack a better idea of the size of one of these monsters can be obtained than by the giving of any string of figures. Of course, this was a reasonable time in which to land the bass, and much must have depended on the boatman for the way in which he manipulated his craft. Usually an hour or more is required in a battle of this kind, and I believe, though I do not give this as exact, that one Jewfish weighing 251 pounds was landed in 18 minutes. Col. Morehouse's tuna, concerning which I am going to tell more at a future date, required fourteen hours to bring to gaff—but a tuna and a sea bass are two vastly different opponents.

Any mention of Avalon and its fishing would be incomplete without a word for her boatmen. I am not going to mention names, for, truth to tell, there isn't much choice between the better four or five of them. One makes a specialty of tuna and quite reasonably he leads his parties to

schools of these fish more often than any other. Oftener, too, the "tuna flag" flies from his peak. Another takes more sea bass, both black and white; still another goes after the yellowtail and the albacore, and so on until there is a boatload out every day of the season after some particular fish. When the big fellows are biting well, the bay of Avalon and its immediately adjacent waters furnishes one of the brightest, most attractive scenes one can find in many a mile.

But I started to tell—as I have endeavored to do in all these recollections—of one day's fishing, after one kind of fish, by one man (the writer) and his boatman, but there was so much to say of Avalon, the finest, most beautiful resort in the world, that I fear I have idled away a lot of good space that should have gone to the white sea bass, the fish I was going to tell you about.

The young of this fish, when they come close enough inshore to be caught and seen of men, are known as "sea trout," and when they have attained a weight of three to five pounds, no gamer fish swims in the sea. Their mouths are very tender, however, and in the beginning they are very particular about the kind of bait they seize, so that few of them are taken, either by fishermen in boats or on the wharves. When grown to full size they range from thirty-five to fifty-five or sixty pounds in weight, are the very antithesis of the black sea bass in fighting qualities and are one of the finest of table fish, even when at the greatest weight, a thing which can be said of no other sea fish of large size.

I remember one September afternoon when the sun lay lazily on the water just outside of Avalon Bay. It could not have been a quarter of a mile to the Metropole; the rowboat rocked lazily whenever we moved, otherwise there was not a ripple on the still surface of the sea. I had been lazily fishing for the rock bass that played about ten or fifteen feet below, and had caught three or four when the white sea bass microbe got into my blood. I spoke to the boatman and in a very few moments we were outside, where the sea was a bit more rough but where life was more abundant; all around us flew flying fish, iridescent in the hues of their diaphanous wings, and over the ceaseless stream of anchovies swimming around and beneath the boat hovered dozens of white and gray and brown gulls.

On and yet on we rowed, out of the belt of flying fish, beyond earshot of the gulls' cries, until beneath us we could see the clear blue of the ocean's depths with no schools of smelt and anchovies swimming between us and the bottom. We were on the outer edge of the great moving mass of infinitesimal fish, and here, there, everywhere beneath us swam huge shadow shapes —yellowtail, bonita and sea bass of every size, feeding fat on the smaller fish.

In the well of the boat, of course, we had live bait, and it was not long ere a mackerel, plump in his half pound weight, went flying over the side attached to a large hook and a goodly leader. No sinker went with him and he suited himself about staying on top or going to the bottom. Eventually he went down, down, the boat meanwhile standing still as though anchored. I have since learned that good sport can be had by trolling slowly with live bait for these fish, but my boatman wanted to be sure that I got the fish I sought, and so he followed out the plan which in days agone had brought him fish of the same kind.

And he succeeded admirably, for he was a fine fisherman and not a little of a sportsman in his own way, this son of the golden South—for he was a descendant of the Montezuma's or his skin and his nose belied him wonderfully. And how were the mighty fallen! No doubt his ancestors whiled away the sunny days with the goldfish of Tenochtitlan's lakes—and he, he catches the fish of the mighty sea to please the sons of his fathers' conquerors. Yet it doesn't seem to worry him a bit. Ah, lucky *mozo!* mayhap he doesn't know what a blessing it is that there are some things that we don't know! For if we even guessed at them they would put such a crimp in the joy of living that all the light of many a life would go out, snuffed like a candle in the night wind.

Along about this place in my thoughts, when the boat had eased up a bit and was drifting back inshore on the evening tide, I felt a strong tug on the line. It was not the rush of the albacore, the swift, sure bite of the yellowtail, nor yet the leisurely grasp

ED. LLEWELLYN AND HIS WORLD'S RECORD SEA BASS.

of Jewfish jaws; it was neither of these, and yet it was a sort of combination of all of them. It came suddenly, there was no denying that; it was strong and sure, an out and out seizure of the whole bait; and it went, bait and line and all, with a rush. Fortunately I was wide enough awake to let up on the reel and the robber got away with some two hundred feet of line before I succeeded in turning his head. When I did he came back slowly, fighting occasionally, stopping now and then to sulk; once he broke water, and the boatman shouted, "White bass, by Golly!" and, while this could not by any stretch of the imagination have been conjured into a slip of speech from out the barges of the Royal Isles, it sounded pretty fine to me just then, for of all fish I most wanted to see the brother of the Jewfish.

I have a habit of regarding every new fish I catch, provided he puts up a game resistance and tickles my palate when he is planked thereafter, as the very best one I have ever caught. And so I say, here and now, though the albacore is a game fighter and the yellowfin a fine fellow to eat, they neither one combine both these qualities as I have discovered the white sea bass does. Hereafter, in papers of this series which are to follow, I may change my mind again and hand the palm to some other one, but bear with me, I beg of you, for every notable fish I have caught, every one beyond the range of fingerlings, has a dearness and a nearness to me that all the quail and ducks and even deer that I may have come in contact with can never have.

But to return to the fish and the September afternoon and the son of Guatamo, the tzin: there was many a word of advice from me about the handling of the boat—of which I could not be supposed to know as much as the boatman—and many a word of counsel from the swarthy wielder of the oars concerning the manipulation of that rod and line, of which he knew still less than I did about his boat. And yet it was all given and taken in good part; we were trying each to aid the other in the accomplishment of one desired end—and even then we came mighty near to failure. Never, from Jacksmelt to Jewfish, have I known a fish that could make as many different endeavors to get the hook out of his mouth and yet create so little disturbance on the top of the water.

His motions were not rapid; the sea was like glass and the line fairly lagged between me and the fish, and yet he was always moving, always shaking his head from side to side or up and down, coming sometimes headlong from below almost to the top, pausing just as his back struck the open air, then sinking again like a plummet to the depths, trailing after him many feet of valuable and hard-won line. Seldom did he break through the surface—indeed, I believe he only lifted his body clear of the water twice, once at the time I have already mentioned, the other as he came in on his last long journey through the sea, to be met at its end by the gaff. In both of these leaps the difference between this fish and the black sea bass could be seen plainly. The heavy body of the latter was wanting, though the general contour was the same,

and this white fellow was much smaller than the average Jewfish. Less than eighty or one hundred pounds is very small for one of the black bass—this white fellow I was fighting was of more than average size, yet his weight was only an ounce or two over fifty pounds.

He did not tow the boat, and after his first rush the slightest pressure on the line would turn him in his course, so that this was no such fight as might have been expected from his size and weight. Being of the tribe of sea bass, who are none of them extra good fighters when hooked, the white sea bass has as yet progressed only so far out of the darkness of his fellow bass, as to fight when he feels the hook, which is much more than most of the tribe will do.

I think I was thirty-five minutes, all told, from the time I felt the first strike, until I towed him alongside and the boatman struck him with the gaff. Doubtless more of his kind could have been taken, for where one of these fish is found feeding there are usually more plying the same business, but one was enough. Neither such friends as I had on the island, nor I myself, could eat all of this magnificent mass of meat, and I had sport enough for one afternoon in a quiet sort of way, so we put back to the circling shore of the harbor, there to see the tuna flag waving gaily from one of the launches, the while there hung from the fish rack one of these huge mackerel.

I think I have read, somewhere, that there are only three avocations for a man—hunting, warfare and lovemaking; but to these I would surely add fishing when the object of your cast is from fifty to four hundred pounds of powerful muscle, perfectly at home in the element in which you seek it, and ready at all times for battle when the hook strikes home.

THE EXILE

THOUGH shackled and fetter-bound,
At the feet of his Destiny,
His heart shall cry of the days gone by,
And his soul shall wander free:
Though his pale hands labor there,
And his brain evolve great things,
His thoughts shall stray, in a wistful way,
To a land where the blue-bird sings.

(For the country's claim shall stand,
And her soft voice woo him still,
And her tale shall tell of a wood-grown dell,
And her song be sung of a land loved well,
And his ears shall hear, in her breeze-wove spell,
A message from dale and hill!)

In a spacious mansion grand,
When the day of his toil is done,
His soul shall turn to the brake and fern,
In the dreams of the night begun;
And his heart shall seek its own,
When the city's voice is dead,
And Memory's kiss bridge broad abyss,
To the peaceful fields instead.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

THE CITADEL OF THE CLOUDS

By T. Shelley Sutton.

NOT many people can tell you the name of the oldest city in the United States. So many places have claimed the distinction that even well-read students of American history have become confused, and the result is that we now have as many "oldest cities" as Homer had birthplaces—if not more. Until of late Santa Fe seemed to possess the best claim; but deeper historical research into the ancient settlements of the great Southwest has revealed beyond doubt that Acoma, New Mexico—"the City of the Air"—was founded considerably earlier; in fact, it was a most flourishing pueblo many centuries prior to the first conception of ancient Santa Fe. Within the past few years one frequently hears, among travelers conversant with the wonders and antiquities of the Old World, such questions as "Where is Acoma? What does it look like? How do you get there?"

Yet these same people would be insulted if one should question their knowledge of America's less important attractions and relic grounds. While running to Egypt for a glimpse of the Sphinx and pyramids, or flocking in bands to the Acropolis, they are ignorantly overlooking one of the most wonderful, unique and romantic of aboriginal mystery lands—New Mexico—a country which, next to Old Mexico, Central and South America, is more rife with marvels, pristine grandeur and scientific interest than any section of Europe, Asia or Africa, with the possible exceptions of Egypt, India and Jerusalem. Yet these latter countries have been thoroughly explored and exploited, so that there remains little hope of further enlightenment.

On the other hand, the little that we know of ancient Anahuac, the Toltecs, Aztecs and their preceding tribes—or of the prehistoric peoples of the great Mitla, Palenque and the land of the Incas—gives promise of almost incredible developments, of far more wonderful unfoldments, more romantic discoveries, more startling truths than can ever be hoped for from a protracted research into the arcana of Old World ruins. The mythology of the Toltec and Aztec tribes affords evidence of a preceding race that were not unlike the Caucasians—a race that may have been of an Anglo-Saxon blood; certainly the Toltecs, or their earlier progenitors, had either come from Europe or possessed a knowledge of the white race that instinct would hardly have imparted without reason. It is hardly feasible that those ancient families of the Southwest could have come from the Old World, or that they could ever have had social intercourse with the white people beyond the pond, except that we embrace the geologist's theory of the Flood having been produced by the earth's tipping. If this explanation is correct, it is possible that an isthmus connected Europe with the New World, and that the antediluvian tribes of the Southwest were a part of the vast race that then inhabited Asia, Africa and Europe. These are among the ideas which occur to one in his perusal of Mexican history, especially when he is confronted by such peculiar Toltec myths as that of "the Fair God," Quetzalcoatl, and other romantic mysteries of history and tradition.

But whatever may have been the primitive color, character and customs of the peoples of Anahuac and South America, it is certain that even prior to the existence of the enlightened Toltecs the entire New World race began to degenerate. With the advent of the Aztec tribes, which were originally but a little inferior to the Toltecs, we

find them rapidly decreasing, both in number and nature. The institution of their fanatical religion, in which the bloody war-god, Huitzilopotchli, figured so conspicuously, led to innumerable retrogressions and degrading practices. At the arrival of Cortez we find the Aztecs a dark-skinned, Indian-like people, though startlingly unparalleled in character. For instance, consider the unnatural Moctezuma. A powerful leader—a veritable counterpart of Solomon in his palace; a strong-willed, mighty, yet tender-hearted, generous and gentle ruler; merciful among his subjects, heartless in his conquests with other tribes; a kind, good man and lofty in many of his traits, emotions and ideals—but, withal, a cannibal! Thousands of human beings were slaughtered on that black jaspar sacrificial stone of the Aztec priests; and incidentally the flesh of babies was being prepared for the king with seasonings and sauce!—human flesh so delicately cooked, so artistically prepared, that one of Cortez's soldiers asked upon eating it "What ambrosial meat is this? It is better than fish or fowl!"

This now brings us to the question of the original habitat of the Toltec and Aztec tribes. History informs us upon authentic hieroglyphical information, that the "early tribes of Anahuac came down from the north," but from what section of the north the historians were unable to assert. The writer, who has traveled extensively throughout Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah, has learned considerable concerning the ancient tribes of these states; and from discoveries that have been made among the ruins abounding there, especially in Arizona and New Mexico, he is forced to conclude that the entire southwest section of America was once the home of this same people of Anahuac—not only of the Aztecs, but of the Toltecs and their preceding tribes. In fact, this is now a generally accepted theory among the people of the Southwest who have made a study of its antiquities. Hence, when the tourist journeys to New Mexico, or other portions of the ruin country, he finds an unusual interest in the quaint relics, pueblos, pottery, skeletons, etc., which he may run across—granting that he leaves the railroad and travels into the interior. Not only is such a journey

BEGGARS AT LAGUNA, ENCOUNTERED WHEN EN ROUTE TO ACOMA.

interesting and gratifying from the point of education and curiosity, but it will afford a vast amount of enviable recreation.

Among the most surprising of all the unique and historical pueblos in New Mexico is that of the ancient Acoma. It is rich with relics, teeming with romantic possibilities and swathed in mystery and tradition. Its present inhabitants, which number about 300 in all, are of the Pueblo tribe of Indians and in Acoma these Indians are noted for their strange reserve. The inner recesses of their lives no man has yet been able to penetrate. Their lips are sealed to all that bears upon their past; they are self-sufficient, fearful of strangers, cold, haughty, stoical in every word and action in which a white man figures.

Acoma is in Valencia County. Its founders were undoubtedly allied to the prehistoric Cliff Dwellers, who, in turn, were probably related closely to the present-day Pueblo Indians. The pueblo of Acoma is 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and situated on a bare and arid mesa, or table, whose almost vertical walls are over 450 feet high, entirely inaccessible except by one long, tortuous, dangerous path hewn from its side, like a stairway. Few tourists ever reach the summit of that mighty mesa, so steep and difficult is the dizzy road, and only a

A JACAL AT ACOMA.

veritable Alpine climber would attempt it. Yet when the pueblo is once reached the sight is ample compensation for the struggle. The pueblo inhabitants, accustomed by nature and centuries of inbred patience to follow this dangerous pathway day by day, and year by year, seem now to experience no difficult in making the ascent. Probably in the ages past hundreds of them were killed before they had mastered the trails of that arid, seismic mesa.

Acoma is the most ancient home of the Cliff Dwellers of which we have definite knowledge. In 1540, when Coronado and his soldiers first discovered the adobe village on the isolated mesa summit, he was informed that it was "as old as the world." The Indians at that time maintained a hieroglyphical history which extended back for over five centuries, but there were none who could afford him an idea of the date of its actual establishment, other than the traditional assertion that it was "as old as the world." Coronado himself, judging from some of his records, believed that the (then) dilapidated condition and venerable appearance of this quaint pueblo fully justified the age given by tradition. In the valleys below, and on the desert between Acoma and Laguna, there are found numerous antiquities—supposedly from the Mesa Encantada, or the Haunted Mesa, which are of a style and workmanship centuries remote. Many of the weapons and agricultural implements bear no resemblance to those now in vogue, but all of them closely resemble certain antiquities discovered in Anahuac; while vases, urns and pottery are found in many other sections of New Mexico almost identical with that unearthed in Yucatan, Guatemala, etc. There can be no doubt that the Pueblo Indians, progenitors or predecessors were closely

COOKING "CHUCAWALLAS."

related to the Indians of Mexico and South America, although long before the arrival of Cortez their consanguineous and social ties had been completely repudiated. Thus followed the invasion of the Aztecs, the Colhuan and Tezcucan armies, into "the north country" (New Mexico and Arizona) in quest of victims for Huitzilopotchli. This forced the persecuted people to the higher mesas, and into such inaccessible citadels as Acoma. Such an unnatural habitat could not have been the selection of choice—it must have been compulsory.

It is sixty-five miles west of Albuquerque to Laguna, which is an old Spanish land-grant patented by the United States, and inhabited principally by Mexicans and Pueblos. From here a sixteen mile drive southeast brings you to Acoma. The drive is made with a guide, and for a great part of the trip you find yourself on a sandy, unbearable desert literally strewn with the

skeletons of cattle. An occasional clump of cactus, or scrubby mesquite, is the only sign of vegetation. The heat and sand prevent rapid traveling, unless you are in a saddle; and with an ordinary wagon it requires nearly a day to make the journey. About two o'clock in the afternoon the distant hills loom clearer to the view, and the blinding undulation of heat-currents no longer prevents you from distinguishing the scenery. A magnificent landscape it is, too—the great lava mountains shaping themselves as you pass them, into innumerable fantastic shapes—towers, turrets, domes, Gothic spires, somber monuments, tinted with prismatic splendor, and with such strange blend-

ACOMA GIRL WITH "JINAJAS."

ings of color as one beholds on the Painted Desert! To your left stands the grim, defiant Haunted Mesa, where, according to the Queres, the original Acoma once flourished. It is about two-and-a-half miles east. For untold centuries human foot has never rested on its mysterious crest.

The tradition of the destruction of the ancient Acoma, on the summit of this forbidding mesa, is interesting. It is said that at one time a great people inhabited the mesa top, erecting thereon a beautiful city of stone and precious gems; but one day, while all the population but three women were in the valley below, attending to their gardens, a violent storm came up and completely devastated the only trail leading up the perpendicular mountain of rock. These three women, in the very sight of the people below, starved to death, gazing over the edge of the precipices with agonized faces. After this the homeless population passed on to the next mesa, a similar one, and there hewed out a trail leading to its summit. At last the top was reached, and the present, though ancient, pueblo of Acoma was established. The old Acoma has never since been seen by mortal eye, and if ingenuity could discover a way to reach it there is no doubt but that many rare antiquities would be brought to light.

At the gateway to the new-old Acoma we pause to look about us. The pensile precipice on every side of the monster mesa is stained with light and somber colors, the work of long erosion; and besides us—separated from the mesa, stands a tall monolith which the erosion has shaped like an image of some morbid fancy. Four hundred and fifty feet above us the Pueblo chiefs, wrapped in many-colored blankets, are gathering to look at us. Our arrival is a momentous event with them, for few white men ever visit the land of the Mesa Encantada.

We now begin the climb. What a wind-

MAKING TORTILLAS AT ACOMA.

ing, rocky, steep and dangerous trail it is! Truly no Switzerland peak or Alpine height ever could boast a more dizzy one! Like a serpent, around and back over shaking shelves of lava and deep porphory crevices, anon straight up, like a stairway, here rough, there slippery, the trail gradually leads up the almost vertical walls of the mesa. In places the erosion has produced great caverns and gorges, which in turn have been filled by drifts of white, soft sand, piling to a depth of from twenty to sixty feet. Each step must be guarded, the slightest error may precipitate us to our death on the rocks below. Looking at the trail, we conceive our first idea of the age of the citadel above us. The path, in many places, is worn to a depth of from eight to twelve inches. The Acomas all wear moccasins, so the reader can realize what time it must have required for the moccasined feet of three or four hundred Indians to wear that trail to such a depth! At last, while we are even yet marveling at the antiquity of the "cloud city," we find ourselves suddenly peeping over the level summit, and with a sigh of relief stand gazing at old Acoma!

The first thing that strikes us is the Bohemian carelessless of Acoma existence. It is February, but boys and girls alike, up to the age of twelve or thirteen years, mingle together without even the formality of a breech-clout. Stark naked, save for a leather wristlet, the children are romping on the streets. There is no sign of live stock, if we except a half-dozen half-starved hogs, a few turkeys and a couple of dozen chickens. The turkeys and chickens are almost featherless. We are informed by the guide that the Acomas pull the feathers out to wear in their head-gear as fast as they grow to the right length.

The city of Acoma covers about 1,000 feet of the twelve-acre area of mesa top. Altogether there are only three narrow streets, and the buildings are all of adobe. The entrance to each house is effected by a rawhide or rope ladder leading to the second story, thence a terraced stairway leads to the third story. All the houses are much alike. When we have distributed among the natives a lot of beads and brass jewelry they allow us to enter one or two of their homes. We find, upon inquiry, that their principal occupation is the making of beads, pottery and silver ornaments. The Pueblos are very vain and fond of ornaments. A silversmith is kept constantly at work manufacturing curious designs for the young men and women to wear at the dances which are frequently given at a sort of "hacienda," where is a large court. Outside of the occupations mentioned the women have to carry their water from the valley below. For this purpose they have three and four gallon *jinajas*, or jars, which they poise cleverly on their heads, some of them being able to reach the mesa summit without ever placing a hand to the receptacle! The difficulty of this task can be imagined when it is known that the average white man cannot climb the trail without some sort of gaff or strong hooked stick.

The chief attraction of Acoma may be said to be its ancient church. Its walls are sixty feet high and eight feet thick. The timbers used in its construction are forty feet long and fourteen inches square. One marvels at their patience in "snaking" the material up the lofty mesa, for the work of generations is represented in this building. Every stick, every stone, every particle of dirt, used in the construction of their church, homes and graves has been carried on their backs from the valley and plains below, for the top of the mesa is a solid table of porphry, lava and granite—principally the former.

It required forty years to make the Acoma cemetery. The Indians disdained to place rock upon their dead, so when the graves were hewn out the people carried dirt from the valley to fill them. A few of these graves seem to have been done in the stone-axe age, as is evidenced by the rough chopping of the rock. The church, as shown by the peculiar cutting of the *rigas* (beams), was likewise erected in the remote ages. Since the advent of Coronado the natives have employed metal in the place of stone.

It will never be known when Acoma was actually founded; but certain it is that at the arrival of Coronado its origin was a faint tradition. As no one has yet ascended the summit of the old Acoma, the secret of its possibilities may never be known. The new Acoma, itself, at a most conservative estimate, is over a thousand years old.

It is known that the people of this pueblo welcomed Coronado and his soldiers with all respect and admiration. From the Toltecs they had probably derived their anticipation of the coming of a "fair god," for Coronado was regarded as of divine origin, and great feasts were indulged in to the honor of "the white-skinned savior." When, however, the Acomas learned the distinctly carnal characteristics of Coronado, they slew a dozen of Zaldivar's soldiers, though they had already professed allegiance. Zaldivar's reprisal, his action in beheading sixty of his soldiers, and his capture of the citadel of the clouds have no parallels in American or New World history, unless it be found in the phenomenal conquest of Cortez, when he made the never-to-be-forgotten stand on the Aztec pyramid. Following Zaldivar's achievement the Queres remained tractable for three-quarters of a century, or until the up-rising of 1680, when priests, soldiers and settlers were driven from the country. Being later subjected by Diego de Vargas they never again struggled against the contiguity of the white man, but it will be observed by the tourist that at Acoma the Pueblo Indian is decidedly *sang froid*, and indifferent to his friendship. However, one cannot help admiring their ingenuity, patience and superior Indian intellect. Most Indians of the Southwest, like the Mexicans, are indolent and are born with a natural antipathy for work. But the Pueblo is different. He is slow, but methodical, patient and energetic.

TROUT FISHING IN NEW ZEALAND

By F. W. Reid.

IN THIS country winter is the season of the angler's discontent. He puts his rod away when the grapes are harvested, and solaces himself during the blank interval of the year with memory's flashlight pictures of the summer's triumphs. Propose to him to go fishing in January and he will scout the notion as absurd.

Yet January is the best month for the sport with our neighbors in New Zealand. Since trout have been successfully bred in the Antipodes, the convenient natural alteration of their seasons with ours makes it possible for the angling enthusiast to enjoy an uninterrupted year of sport.

The acclimatization there of trout has been the work of the last twenty years. When the British first occupied Maoriland they found the rivers empty of fish, save eels, the land untenanted by any game but man. Under the color of tribal war the natives hunted one another—and ate their captives. But the rivers of the civilized colony now teem with fish: brown trout from England, lake trout from Scottish Lochleven, and rainbows from California.

In each province there is an acclimatization society, whose officers are charged with the care of the fish hatcheries and the policing of the rivers. The fee charged for an angler's license is £1 for the season for a man, 5 shillings for a woman or a boy, and these licenses are available throughout the colony.

The open season for trout extends from October to March. But New Zealand is a rainy country, and before Christmas the rivers are apt to be too high for angling. With the New Year comes in a period of warm unruffled weather, and that is the time to visit the colony.

A voyage of seventeen days from San Francisco by the Spreckels line of steamers brings the tourist to Auckland, the gate of this piscatorial paradise. But there are many more rivers here than in the Eden of fable. The north island possesses forty-seven trout streams, and the south sixty-two, according to the "Itinerary of Travel" issued by the government department of tourist and health resorts. Out of this freely offered wealth what shall the embarrassed stranger choose? At first he cannot do better, in my opinion, than follow the crowd to Rotorna, the center of the thermal wonderland, the Yellowstone of New Zealand.

The little township lies on a bleak moor by the side of a lake, whose shores reek with the steam of sulphur and boiling springs. There the state sanatorium is located in the midst of a beautiful park, with bowling greens, flower gardens and an aviary, where the naturalist can inspect those curious feathered natives, the kea and the kiwi.

The first, a great green parrot with a formidable beak, has outlawed itself by its destructive habits. The kea lives among the sheep pastures of the southern Alps. It preys on lambs, hooking its claws into their wool and biting through their loins with surgical precision, to get at the kidneys. How the bird discovered the whereabouts of this dainty is unknown. Perhaps it was by accident, as the China boy in Charles Lamb's tale discovered the succulence of pig's crackling. Anyhow it was a fatal find, for the kea is now blacklisted as a pest and doomed to extinction.

Kiwi is the Maori name for that zoological paradox the apteryx, or wingless bird. A quaint, hunched-up creature it is, just a long

LAKE ADA.
A Beautiful Bit of New Zealand Trout Water.

ANIWANIWA FALLS.

"TE-ATI-UPOKO," WANGANUI RIVER.

curlew's bill projecting from a bundle of plumage that resembles coarse brown hair. Being a runner, it is no game for the sportsman; but the Maoris hunt it "for the pot" with a trained dog.

A few miles from the Rotorna gardens is a natural aquarium, the Fairy Pool, where one may see how Californian trout thrive in these foreign waters. It is a show place, and the Maori owner takes a small toll from the sightseer. The blue lakelet, framed by grass and ferns and shaded by spreading trees, is fed by a cold spring whose invisible uprush keeps the sandy bottom ever shifting. In the crystal water lie great rainbow trout of six pounds or more; the crimson of their sides and every speck on their olive-green backs plainly visible.

Fishing in the pool is of course *tapu*—is forbidden; but there are plenty of fish of greater weight, too, in Lake Rotorna. Those who enjoy the pipe-smoking placidity of trolling from a boat may get even better sport here than at Tahoe, weather permitting. For unlike the Sierran lake, the wide basin of Rotorna lies exposed to every wind that blows—and New Zealand is a gusty land. Better not go out when white caps show, or you may be buffeted hither and thither and sentenced to a spell of hard rowing.

At Atiamura, twenty-eight miles south of Rotorna, there is fine fishing in the Waikato. The stream, which is as broad as the Sacramento at Redding, rolls through open moorland. The scarcity of trees on the banks, which are covered with a heathery plant called "manuka," if disappointing to the artistic eye makes the angler's heart rejoice. He is not crowded into the river by trees, nor forced to scramble through shrubbery, rod in hand, as by some picturesque but difficult California waters.

Here is a convenient inn, small but comfortable. White and long and low, sheltered by a triangle of trees, it is half bungalow, half Highland shooting box. The rods suspended on the porch walls, the trophies of many antlered stags, the burly Somersetshire landlord who killed the deer—everything bespeaks sport.

And royal sport, too, when the Waikato, always well fed from the vast reservoir of Lake Taupo, is not brimming over. The rainbow trout in these deep pools average six pounds and run as high as fourteen. These monsters are salmon-headed, with underhung lower jaws. As the river is not very clear, a spinning bait is the most successful lure. A "phantom" minnow, or almost any revolving "spoon" will attract.

Some anglers are blind to their surroundings; provided the fish are biting, a canal bank is good enough for them. With others half the delight of the day would be missing if there were no pictures to store up in the memory. The scenery of the Waikato is on the impressive scale of a volcanic country. Near the house the river washes the base of a natural landmark, a huge isolated obelisk of trap rock, about whose weather-beaten front Maori fancy has wreathed a chaplet of legend. Up stream, at Orakokeirako, a geyser booms and puffs at intervals. There are marvelous incrustations of silica on the rocks here: white sparkling floors that cheat the eye with the semblance of frosted glass, pendants and stalactites of gray crystal, and all the freaks of fancy that nature displays in petrifactions. Above these white terraces is the Alum Cave, which illumination transforms into a gorgeous hall of glittering bronze and gold and purple.

A charming place for sport and scenery, Atiamuri; but there are flies in every ointment. The particular insect that persecutes here is a sand-fly. When you emerge dripping from your morning swim the little black pests swarm around your ankles and suck your blood. The worst of their bite is the irritation it causes.

Then the common blow-fly is a trouble to the camper who is not acquainted with the ropes. It is a standing rule in a New Zealand camp never to leave blankets exposed to the air all day during sultry weather. If you omit to pack them away in a bag after a rapid airing, the fly will deposit eggs in the wool, and your body heat will incubate them at night. An English visitor who neglected the advice of his colonial friends rolled out of his blankets one morning complaining that he was crawling with maggots. And so he was; "the worms they crept in and the worms they crept out," as they did from the skull of Alonzo the Brave in the ballad.

From Atiamura the tourist can return to Rotorna and drive east to the famous fishing

BULLA RIVER—FAMOUS FOR BIG FISH.

station of Galatea. Or if he desires a more extended trip he can follow the Waikato up to Wairakei on the Napier road.

This is a regular tourist resort, more visited for the sake of its thermal curiosities than for the angling, although that is fair. It is worth staying over a night here to enjoy a bath in the warm pool. There is nothing artificial about this but the dressing-room and platform for bathers, nor anything more soothing, after a long day's tramp, than the action of its blood-warm waters on tired muscles. Especially pleasant is it, on a moonlight night to float on the warm flood, gazing up at the overarching trees.

From Wairakei a coach carries the traveler south by way of Taupo to Napier, a ride of a hundred miles. At Rangitaiki, where the barren pumice plain begins to give way to forest and pasture, he will cross a famous stream. It is much visited during the holidays by camping parties, for the trout run large and there is plenty of open water and easy fishing.

The journey on to Napier over the wooded ranges introduces the visitor to the New Zealand "bush." This is the generic term in the colony for the native forest, which is denser than that of the Sierra Nevada, but without its lofty trees. The firs and pines of this far southern land differ in habit of growth from the arrowy symmetrical conifers of California. The heavy rainfall of New Zealand favors the growth of ferns; and these beautiful plants and trees are the leading features of the bush. There are climbing ferns, too, which with hook-bearing vines and creepers make hard the way of the bushman.

Birds are rare in the forest and the paths echo to few songs. Most conspicuous is the parson-bird, a glossy black starling that owes its nickname to the two white feathers in its throat. These exactly resemble the bands that ministers used to wear with the black Genevan gown.

But there are tinkling streams everywhere and the bold leap of a cascade is almost as common a sight on the Napier road as it is in Norway. The small streams here, the Waipunga and the Pohui, hold trout; but

after the open Waikato the tourist will hardly care to fish these bush-encumbered waters.

Arrived at Napier he finds himself in a seaside town, with an esplanade much like an English marine resort in all but the absence of bathing machines. The people are afraid to swim out from the shore on account of man-eating sharks. These predatory fish must range farther from the tropic in the South Pacific Ocean than in the north, for this place corresponds in latitude with Eureka, Cal.

At Napier the tourist is in touch with the railroad again. Hence to Wellington, the capital of the island, is 200 miles by rail. The line passes over the Wairarapa range of mountains.

The red deer of Scotland runs wild here, and during March and April are fair game for the rifle. A license costs only £1, and the limit is five stags. This puts deer stalking within reach of the poor man. Contrast this with Scotland, where deer forests rent for prohibitive sums and the only chance for the humble Highlander to join in the sport is to hire himself out as a gillie.

On the road to Wellington, at Masterton, is situated the station of the Hawkes Bay Acclimatization Society. It keeps half a dozen pounds stocked with maturing trout of several kinds. The attempt to naturalize salmon, the writer was told, proved a failure. The chief enemy of the trout in this neighborhood is the shag, a kind of cormorant, which is a greedy destroyer of fish. The clear streams of Masterton flow by green meadows and under hoary willow trees, like Shakespeare's Avon; but the background is Scottish, a range of snow-clad hills.

Wellington, on Cook Strait, is the windiest if not the smallest of capital cities. A good stiff gale blows in from the ocean once a week. But it is well situated as regards sport. In less time than it takes a San Franciscan to reach San Rafael the Wellingtonian is set down on the banks of the Hutt River, where he can spend his weekly half holiday fly-fishing for rainbow trout.

In this colony a short vacation from work is by law provided. Shops must close at noon one day in the week, besides the Sabbath, or the proprietor is fined. Paternal government has not yet gone so far as to prescribe how the holiday should be spent, but the people are never at a loss for amusement. The moist climate provides them with a fine springy turf for bowling greens and tennis courts. They are enthusiastic and redoubtable football players, less ardent cricketers. Yachting and boating are favorite sports, and in Maori districts white man vies with brown in the rivalry of canoe racing. The government has provided sport as well as food for the people by introducing quail from America, pheasant from England, elk from Ceylon, as well as the deer and trout already mentioned.

To return to the trout. Leaving Wellington the tourist angler should cross the strait to the south island. Christchurch, its chief town, is half a day's journey by steamer, via Port Lyttelton. Or the traveler may proceed by sea to Nelson, thence by the picturesque coach route through the Otira Gorge and over the Southern Alps, a journey of four or five days.

The oldest of the acclimatization societies is established in the district of Christchurch. It has stocked a number of streams which, rising in the Alpine range, have carved broad pebbly channels through the pastures and farms of the low lands. In these waters the brown trout of England grow to proportions unheard of in their native land. They thrive as the colonists thrive, with better feeding and more room.

Take these figures from the records of one season on the Opihi River: 183 trout weighing 497 pounds, heaviest fish, 16 pounds; 118 trout weighing 364 pounds, heaviest, 18 pounds. One sportsman landed in a day's minnow fishing seven fish weighing 51 pounds; another took 17 weighing 87 pounds.

On the Temuka they use flies—governors, red spiders, March browns and others. The average of fish taken with the fly is as usual lower than with spinning bait. It varies between one and two pounds. In point of numbers a day's fly-fishing on the Temuka yields from 20 to 60 good trout.

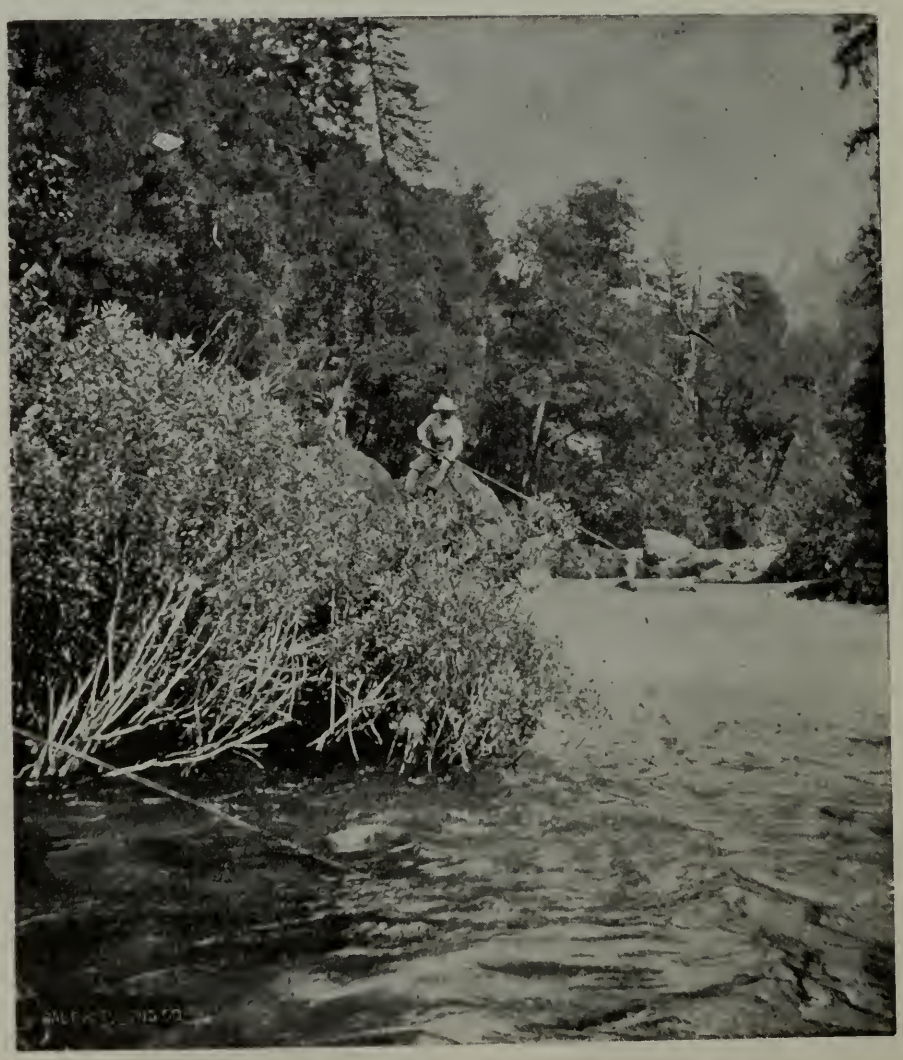
Both the Opihi and the Temuka may be fished from Winchester, which is in connection with Christchurch by rail.

Then there is the Selwyn, named after a bishop martyred in Polynesia, a famous stream usually fished from the hotel at Glentummel. Further south, too, there is excel-

lent angling in the Otago district. But enough has been said to show what good sport lies within easy reach of the traveler.

What chiefly recommends New Zealand to the tourist angler is the size of the trout and the accessibility of the streams. To get the best fishing on this side of the Pacific one has to journey to the mountains, to camp out. But in Maoriland, a surprising fact in a country so young, there are good hotels close to the finest of trouting waters. The country being thinly peopled, its rivers are not over fished.

It is perhaps not too much to say that New Zealand offers the tourist angler the best trout fishing in the world. This is due to the wise provision of the government, under whose auspices the work of acclimatization has been carried on. Whatever people may think of New Zealand's experiments in legislation, her arbitration laws, women suffrage and the rest, all will agree she has done well to provide recreation for her people and a great attraction for the sporting tourist.



MOUNT SHASTA

THOU Western Sphinx, that dost from age to age
Across the vista'd plain look, calm, serene,
O'er cresting lesser peaks as some great soul
Doth top the little lives that live below;
Thy vast vitality of endless days
Mocks all mutation. On thy storied head
The universal storms beat all as light
As summer winds against a flower. The bolts
Of all the tempests are but fingers laid
Against thy granite face.
What is that secret vast that thou could'st teach
Had we but wit to read thy wondrous scroll?
To me thou art the symbol and the type
Of this our mortal life. About thy base
The common air, that many people breathe,
Unperfumed with the scent of higher things.
But when we rise—ah! then a wider sweep,
A broader view of men. God's plan unfurls
Like splendid banners with inscriptions grand,
And all the world is full of purpose vast.

Then higher still, each bar to vision down,
Each veil removed, no peak to intervene,
We get the mighty insight into all
And stand with Nature's hand in ours, at one
With all that makes the valleys fair; at one
With all that makes the splendid mountains fine.
And then Life's timber-line, where green things die,
The danger-line of souls. Let him turn back
Who seeth not afar, whose ear is closed
To any note God's diapason sounds.
To weak souls Life seems dead at such a height.
But on the soul that hath a vision vast,
That reads the message writ in rock and cloud,
Bursts the magnificence of endless stone;
The Beauty of the Barren, verdure fair
Of treelessness, sweet music in the void,
The silence vibrant with a Still Small Voice.

* * *

I thank God for His heights. They teach me this:
The mightiest marvels of great Nature's hands
Are but the stepping-stones to Nature's Lord.

—Maurice Smiley.

THE SURVIVAL

By N. H. Crowell.

IN THOSE days the naked Apache coiled his tawny body behind his native sun-baked rocks and watched with hungry eye the course of the undefeatable white man. In those days, too, the cadaverous cowman first set foot on the border of that wide empire that was soon to know the thunder of countless thousands of bovine hoofs.

Far to the west and south stretched a hot yellow land which melted imperceptibly at that bluish line where sky swooped down to swallow up the unknown.

In a quiet valley lying between two rivers, a band of wild horses nibbled the grass or stood ankle-deep in the cool wet sand of the river bed in equine content. From the shelter of a bunch of trees in the deeper valley a wild mare whimpered anxiously as she studied the recumbent form of her first born. Evidently the glossy coat and slender legs satisfied her maternal fears, for a proud whinney presently echoed on the sultry air.

From the river bed came an answering neigh and a black horse leaped into view. He trotted to the crest of the ridge and zigzagged down toward the clump of scraggly cedar, emitting friendly chuckles as he drew nearer. These, however, were received with evident distrust, and the black horse deemed it prudent to circle widely to the right. Cautiously he at length approached, stretching his neck forward inquisitively. Despite the abject apology apparent in his blue-black eyes, the mother regarded him most balefully.

Yet he continued to approach, step by step, till soon his inquiring nose touched the dark object that lay curled within the patch of shade. He ran an eager muzzle swiftly along the arch of the colt's neck, sniffed at a delicate ear and was about to formulate a congratulatory whinny when something nipped his flank sharply. Squealing in surprise he wheeled and thundered away to the top of the ridge, from which point he gave vent to exultant whinnyings that brought a row of inquiring heads in silhouette above the river's bank.

Warm days went by. The little band, revelling in the comparatively luxuriant vegetation at this spot, and mindful of the cool river and a refreshing spring close at hand, tarried. In the cool of the mornings, long before the fiery orb crawled into his high position to harrass and torture, the colt frisked and gambolled about his dam. One playmate he had—a dirty yellow fellow, who looked down upon him with all the indulgence of a two-week's priority of birth. Rare times the two had, racing up and down the cool river sand beneath the watchful eye of their mothers. Becoming wearied of racing they would fall to gnawing each other's shoulders in mutual good fellowship or playfully steal surreptitious nips at each other's heels.

The black colt's physical arrangement was a peculiar one. His long hind legs shoved his glossy hips fully an inch higher than those of his yellow mate's, and his ears were slimmer. His knee joints were simply masses of cartilaginous hinge, and seemed to hinder him in his movements, particularly when he tried to turn quickly. But if his mother looked askance at these deformities she held her peace, and the black colt cared nothing at all, so long as he could run races with his more conventional mate on the river sand.

As time went on the two grew taller and stronger. The black colt's legs threw off their former stiffness, and his flanks grew

"FAR TO THE WEST AND SOUTH STRETCHED A HOT YELLOW LAND."

hard and wiry in texture. He found that it required but slight effort to outstrip his yellow playfellow in a race, and he took good care to let no opportunity slip of so doing. He even aspired to defeat the other members of the band, and looked forward hopefully to the time when he might race the winds, and, he doubted not, outpace them.

But the racing was rudely broken up. The little band moved eastward, and one day came upon the edge of a broad shiny river. Such a wide river the colts had never before seen, and they frolicked in glee at the spectacle. But suddenly their hearts failed them —the big black leader was entering the swift current—he intended to make a crossing. The colts shrank back to their mothers, and poked out fearful noses as the splashing sounded in their ears. Presently the entire band moved forward. The colts whimpered and stamped their feet as their solicitous mothers bowled them forward from behind. They riveted their eyes upon the water and shivered in alarm. At last the black colt stepped nervously into the stream, pressing hard against his mother's side for support. He scarcely breathed during the ordeal, but when he at last reached the shallow water on the other side he made a bold splashing and turned about to enjoy the sight of his yellow playmate's terror.

The band drifted on to fresh pasturage. The black colt grew tall and sleek. So fastidious in his personal appearance was he that he would go miles to bathe in the creeks, and not a burr did he allow in the silk of his flowing mane or tail. He exulted in his strength and speed, and kept his muscles in constant play. His step became as light as a fawn's, and his pace as swift. He rivalled the swiftest members of the flock, and grew to take special delight in nipping various individuals in an endeavor to induce a trial of speed. On these occasions he rarely found himself beaten, and the joy of it coursed wildly in his veins. He found pleasure, too, in dashing headlong in mock terror through the band, and his eyes flashed in rare good humor as he beheld their hasty attempts at flight. Many times, unknown to him as yet, his lithe limbs saved him from grave danger at the hoofs of disgruntled fellows, but he revelled in the sport and daily grew more graceful and more daring.

"FRESH PASTURES."

One day in a fit of rough play his nimble heels landed heavily against the aged leader's chest. The patriarch came down limply to earth and the youngster, affrighted, galloped wildly away. That evening he discovered the victim of his prank lying behind a bare rock apparently asleep. Gingerly he crept up and nipped at his knee. Wonder of wonders! It did not ever wake him! A second nip with a like result. Then an uncanny feeling crept over the black colt as he saw the wide-open, staring eyes and the red lolling tongue. Growing afraid he swiftly fled the spot and sought shelter by his mother's side.

The band moved on and left the leader lying behind the bare rock. A new leader was in front—a fellow whom the black colt had often beaten in trials of speed, but who usurped the throne by reason of his years. The sight filled the black colt with strange resentment and he picked constant quarrels with the new leader. He harbored an indefinable hatred for the usurper, and flattened ears told him that his feeling was fiercely reciprocated.

One morning, not long after, he awoke to find a strange horse rubbing noses with his mother. Not knowing why, he crept unnoticed down the steep bank of a near-by stream, paused and quivered in excited waiting. He rubbed his chin against his foreleg and pondered. His muscled flank shook as he cocked his slender ears forward in apprehension. Suddenly a shrill scream rang out and the noise of pounding hoofs came to his ears. He thrust his head up over the edge of the bank and beheld a fearsome sight. The strange horse was giving battle to his yellow playmate with tooth and hoof. The yellow colt, fear stricken was being rapidly disabled by the furious onslaught and cried out in his anguish. The black colt looked about for the new leader of the band, and wondered at his absence.

The cruel sight fired his chivalrous blood, and his pulse leaped and thumped for battle. He arched his neck and sent up a pealing

challenge that reverberated from cliff to cliff. Instantly the strange horse dismissed his weaker opponent and surveyed the black colt in surprise. Then, with a fierce blast of angry hate he rushed at the newcomer. Nothing loath, the black colt sprang swiftly ahead one long leap like a panther, and launched his heels wickedly skyward. *Crac-ck!* He felt them land potently on the stranger's exposed jawbone. Amazed, the stricken brute wheeled and dashed in again. The heels missed their mark this time and the black colt was well-nigh panic stricken to see the form of his antagonist suddenly tower above him. One forefoot shot out and clipped his ear. The other followed instantly. It struck his breast and he tottered backward, swerving luckily out of reach. He retreated a pace or two to plan an attack that would avoid the nasty rearing-up tactics of his foe.

But his fighting blood was boiling—he was devoid of fear of consequences and he wheeled, gnashing his teeth in rage. Rearing up instinctively, his pink nostrils blew hot blasts of defiance at the prancing form before him. As they closed the black colt launched out powerfully, overbalanced, and fell with one forefoot over his enemy's neck. The penalty for his awkwardness was a vicious bite on the shoulder. The pain infuriated him and he seized the back of an exposed foreleg as it got in range. A piercing squeal told how powerful were his jaws and he bit again ere he scrambled away. With but a glance at his wounded shoulder he ran in again and put both feet plump against the stranger's neck. But he did not elude two swift heels that sought his tender stomach—ugh! how queer it made him feel! It put him on his guard—he must get away quicker next time.

Raging like a demon he threw himself on the foe and struck out five times with all his power and venom. Stunned and bleeding he tripped and fell, rolling ignominously off the bank to the river's bed below. Humiliated, he rose quickly, snorting his anger and defiance. He neighed shrill and loud as he rushed at the horse. But his attack was not met—the creature merely sidled away, moaning piteously. Surprised, the black colt worried the stranger, trying to provoke him to further conflict. Suddenly the desperate animal reared blindly, toppled over backward and fell heavily on his head and neck among the rocks below.

The black victor descended and sniffed at the still form of his enemy. It took him five minutes to discover that the creature's eyes were crushed from their sockets, but he did not know that his own sharp-edged hoofs were responsible for it.

The little band assembled at his call and gave him congratulatory chuckles that made his heart leap with joy. The hated leader was nowhere to be seen, though the black colt sought eagerly for him. Night approached and found the black colt tossing his mane at the head of the column, facing toward the broad east.

DRIFTING

DRIFTING away from the city's strife,
To the amber marsh by the swelling bay,
Where the salty tang of the breezes are rife
With odors of newmown hay.

Drifting where billows roll idly in,
With a ceaseless roar on the whitened sands.
And the sea-bird's cry lends charm to the din
That floats o'er the neighboring lands.

—*Edward H. Goodnough.*

INGENIOUS INSECT ARCHITECTURE

By Alberta Field.

(Photos by F. D. Snyder, M. D.)

An oak tree is an apartment house well worth visiting.—The Brook Book.

ASIDE from the ordinary struggle for existence, which is becoming more and more a serious problem for our forest trees, they are continually menaced by a multitude of internal troubles. By no means the least of these are the parasitic foes from the rank and file of insectdom, whose existence is largely dependent upon the (doubtless unwilling) hospitality of the vegetable world.

Those who are sympathetic minded assume that insects, as well as some other members of the lower orders of creation, possess a certain though undoubtedly small amount of reason, indicated by their ingenious arrangements in the matter of protective habitations. On the other hand, it is a fad among certain popular writers to assert that all the creatures of these same orders are controlled by an inherited instinct which forces them to act upon pre-designed conventional lines, irrespective of conditions. This, however, is largely the attitude of the library naturalist rather than the outdoor nature student.

From the "puling infant," who is in no need of instruction as to how it shall go to work to obtain its first meal, to the multitudinous offspring of the plant lice "stem-mothers," who pierce the tender tissues of their host plant and suck its nutritious juices, we are all, more or less, creatures of instinct. But laying aside all questions of reasoning mentality, it is sufficiently interesting work for the nature lover to watch the various developments of almost any of the "small fry" of the insect world, be they mere automata or creatures controlled by conscious reason.

The little gall-makers are particularly interesting in themselves, and a study that will keep one thinking and while away a good many hours that might be worse employed. According to Prof. Beutenmuller, Curator of Entomology at the New York Museum of Natural History, eleven species of our common oaks support at least forty-seven different gall insects whose habitations vary in form and structure. Why the larva of a certain species should be able to induce the oak to create for it a growth of special and distinctive style is one of the marvels of the universe. Every species of gall insect, does it breed singly or in colonies, has its own individual form of architecture, artistic, practical or protective, according to its lights. Each little mother fly darts about until she discovers or selects the food plant which is best fitted to her purpose, exercising every ingenious, mimetic or secretive device that shall insure the safety of an offspring which in no case will she ever behold. Never does she make the mistake of laying an egg on the wrong plant or part of the plant allotted to her species. If she be a leaf gall fly she is too discreet to oviposit elsewhere, flitting about observantly until she finds the desired situation. With all of these points in view, it is difficult to determine just where to draw the line between instinct and conscious reasoning.

Nestling close to a sturdy white oak twig you will sometimes find one or more highly colored, bullet-like galls, about the size of a cherry. Like the cheek of a sun-kissed "white heart," one side is tinted a vivid crimson. This is no luscious fruit, however, but an abnormal growth induced

by the larva of a wee Cynip fly, called *Holcapsis globulous*, who has directed the tree blood and tissue until it forms the globular domicile in which it will pass its early stages. Open one of the "cherries" and you will find in the center an egg-like cell about the size of a hemp seed. This contains a maggot-like larva which finds nourishment in the fleshy walls of its abode, from which it eventually emerges a dull black gall fly.

Shown on the same plate is a hedgehog leaf gall made by the larva of the fly *Acrapis erinacei*. This growth is usually found on the upper side of the leaf and is a very dainty yellow structure covered with crimson spines. These "prickers" are a protective device used to ward off intrusive ichneumon flies, who are always ready to appropriate as a food supply for their own maggot-like young the plump white larvæ developing within. This little "apartment house" usually contains four rooms, and in each is fattening a single larva.

The tufted gall usually found on the under side of a leaf, and shown at the left of the illustration, is caused by *Andricus lana*, and differs in structure from the "hedgehog" gall. It is, in fact, a cluster of tufted kernels, each containing a single larva. These little "individual" cells look like canary seeds decorated with tiny silken plumes, and are attached in a cluster to the leaf, where they form a soft brown velvet "button" which is almost indestructible.

A much more conspicuous gall is the "oak apple" on red oak, a section of which is shown in the illustration. It is caused by a dapper black fly *Amphibolips inanis*, and is a unique conception of marvelous build. The outside resembles a small green apple, but it contains a very unfruit-like core. Directly in the center is a carefully swung larval cell held in place by radiating filaments or "guy wires." This chamber is the size of a small pea and contains from one to four larvæ awaiting their marvelous transition to wings. As flies, they have to thread the mazes of their fibre-filled outer chamber and pierce a hole through the tough rind before they can venture forth to liberty and love. All of these gall insects winter in the larval or pupal form, arriving at the adult stage the spring

OAK, BULLET AND HEDGEHOG GALLS.

OAK APPLE. (*Amphibolips inanis.*)
Cut to show central larval cell.

BLACKBERRY GALL. (*Diastrophus nebulasus*).

GALL ON THISTLE. (*Aulox sonebricola.*)

following the growth of the gall. If one is interested this phase of insect development, during the winter quantities of these galls may be found on their host plants or on fallen leaves. Keep them in a covered box in a warm room, and in March or April the perfect flies will emerge.

So far as I have been able to discover, water is their only sustenance, and is of material aid in the making of their first (and last) toilet, a performance that is carefully carried out in all its details. It is not good form to spy on any one's toilet, but when the object is a creature so tiny that it is necessary to use a magnifying glass, a certain amount of curiosity may be permitted. To facilitate matters, as soon as you find a fly has emerged from a gall lift him carefully onto a sheet of white paper, and give him a drop of clean water. As soon as he has drank his fill, he will at once proceed to clean up, and his various attitudes and contortions during this rather extensive operation are highly amusing. If only one could get an enlarged snap shot of him during the performance, his photographs would make him famous as a high-kicker, quite rivaling our own artists in that rolé. His first act in the matter of his personal appearance is to give his face, head and neck a vigorous washing, utilizing his small mouth as a wash basin, through which he passes his fore feet, one after the other, before beginning the scrubbing process, using one hand at a time exactly as a cat washes her face, but in the meantime sitting up on his hind legs like a squirrel.

On his miniature "paws" are some wee, stiff hairs that act as brushes, and by the aid of these he combs, smooths and pats his many jointed red antennæ, until they are thoroughly limbered up for action. To these delicate appurtenances which convey to him so many interesting sensations, he gives his most careful attention. With his second pair of feet he arranges and straightens out his gauzy wings until they vibrate to his entire satisfaction; then he "dusts off" his little humped up shoulders and fussily spans his already slender waist as though he were trying to compress it after the manner of corseted young women in the days when a 16-inch waist was considered an indication of a good form.

With his last pair of legs he polishes his bead-like abdomen until it shines like a patent-leather ball. After this job is finished he brushes off the particles of dirt that may have lodged on his feet, rubbing the opposite legs together as a person does his hands, and his toilet is accomplished. After a few preliminary flutters of his pretty wings, a few frantic waves of his antennæ, he sails away in search of experi-

BLUEBERRY GALL. (*Solenozopheria vaccinii.*)

GALLS ON "GILL-OVER-THE-GROUND."
(*Diastrophus siminis.*)

ence, needing only a toothpick and a buttonhole bouquet to make him a veritable "masher" of insectdom.

On the stems of the huckleberries is found a rounded, elongated gall, concave where it is attached to the stem which it bends downward. In summer this gall is a delicate rose-pink, mimicking the unripe berries. With the leaves it turns brown in autumn, and by its protective coloration escapes observation. It is caused by a fly known as *Solenyopheria vaccinii*, a title to terrify any but the most courageous scientist. In appearance this fly resembles that from an oak gall, but under no condition would the parent fly make the mistake of depositing eggs on other than the huckleberry twigs.

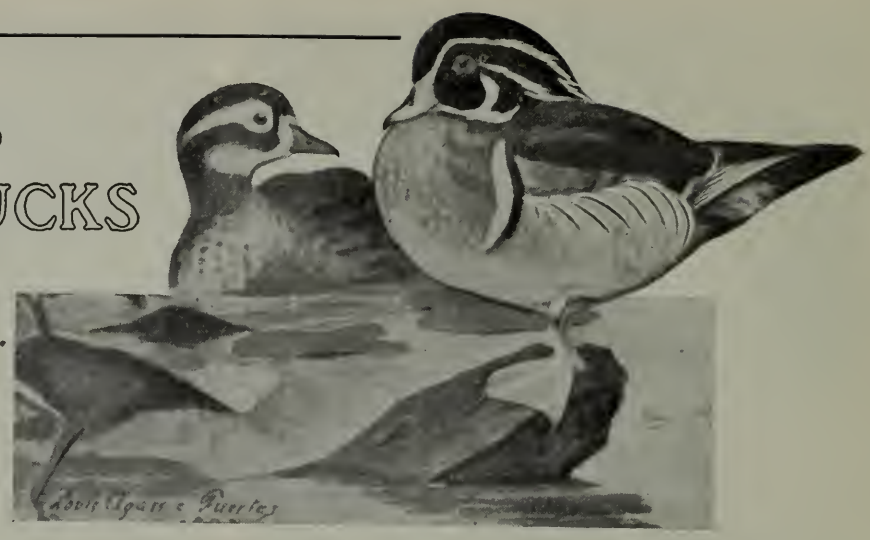
On blackberry canes another fly causes another form of gall growth which is filled with corky, oblong cells. It is marvelous how the delicate larvæ manage to tunnel through so hard and woody a substance, but in the spring the galls will be found to be completely honeycombed by passages through which the flies have escaped. As in the higher orders, including man, among these small flies there are "shiftless" individuals perfectly willing to accept a neighbor's hospitality. The blackberry gall in particular is parasitised by a species of insects called "inquilines," or "gall guests," whose larvæ develop into flies somewhat similar to their hosts, but lacking their ingenious ability to cause galls.

A tumor-like gall on wild lettuce, caused by the fly *Aulax tumidus*, shows a different form of stem distortion. Occasionally these galls reach such a size that their host plant is weighted to the ground.

A very attractive gall on ground ivy or "Gill-over-the-ground," a familiar, trailing weed in all sections, is also illustrated. This is a large and complicated structure like the "oak apple." A fibrous matter fills the space surrounding the larval cell where repose some wee "worms" on their way to winged maturity, and whose life history is similar to that of all the *Cynipidae*, the order to which all of the described gall insects belong. The "Gill" galls made by *Diastrophus siminis* is eaten in some countries, and said to have an agreeable flavor.

Modern scientists have determined that gall growth, with one exception, is caused by the larva and not by any exciting fluid deposited when the egg is laid, as was supposed by the earlier naturalists. As soon as the larva hatches from the egg oviposited in a slit cut by the parent fly in the skin, bark or bud of the host plant, it begins to lacerate the surrounding walls. This injury stimulates the plant to abnormal activity in order to restore the wounded tissues. The continued action of both insect and plant brings about the growth of the gall, varied in form according to the species of larva exciting the plant's activity.

BILL'S WOOD-DUCKS



By Ernest Weltmer.

"DID you ever go duck-huntin' at night?" asked Uncle Daniel as he moved up closer to the fire. "I did once," he continued without waiting for anyone to answer his question. "One fall when the ducks was flyin' thick, me an' Bill wus both so busy thet we couldn't get off in the daytime. So after seein' the other boys bringing in several good bags of mallards we concluded to try our luck some night. It wus agin' the law, but we wus jest young fellers then, an' not in the habit of payin' much attention to laws, 'cept when we made 'em.

"We drove out to Raney's Ford, where we left our horse an' walked through the woods to Hidden Lake. The sun wus jest droppin' behind the trees when we left town, an' by the time we got to the ford all the light had faded out of the west an' a soft glow on the clouds in the east showed that the moon would soon be up.

"When we got to the lake we found it purty near dried up. They hadn't bin much rain that fall, an' you know all them lakes go dry in dry weather. The moon wusn't up enuf fer us to see very far out an' the trees come so close to the water thet we couldn't see any reflection of the sky in the water till it was 'most under our feet, so we started out to the middle to see if they wus any water where a duck would likely be roostin', cussing' each other under our breath fer makin' so much noise. We wanted to git to the edge of the water before the moon got up, so as to be ready fer the ducks when it got light enuf to see, an' we didn't want to scare 'em to death doin' it; but the sun had dried the mud in flakes that curled up all over the ground, an' at every step them flakes 'ud crackle an' snap under our feet. It wa'n't no use to try to walk quiet fer we couldn't do it, but there we wus, each one listenin' to the noise the other wus makin' an' cussin' him fer makin' it.

"Once when we had stopped fer me to tell Bill what kind of a hunter he wusn't, an' he wus tellin' me what a bum Indian I'd make, blundering' along with enuf noise fer a regiment of men, we heard some ducks flyin' low overhead. Bill began to call in one key an' I called in another, till the ducks wus out of hearin'. I don't know what they thought of our callin', but they didn't seem to take it as an invitation to stop, anyway.

"When we wus sure they wus gone we started on, each one telling' the other what his duck callin' had sounded like. We kep' hearing' ducks flyin' over, an' occasionally we'd get a glimpse of 'em, but we wouldn't shoot fer fear of scaring' any thet might be roostin' on what wus left of the lake. I wus walkin' along lookin' up in the sky fer some ducks I could hear flyin', an' stepped into a ditch full of water over my boot tops. I guess I'd a-gone in over my head if the ditch had been wide enuf. As it wus I fell forward, nearly breakin' my neck off with the jerk, an' brought up against the other bank, which wus mud six inches deep. I dropped my gun in the ditch, an' had to get my arms wet fishin' it out, while Bill stood on dry ground an' laffed. The noise I made scared up a bunch of ducks on one side of us, an'

Bill shot off both barrels in the other direction. He swore afterward that he shot toward the ducks, but I know better fer I wus low down an' could see 'em against the sky. He wus standin' up an' couldn't see 'em fer the dark background of trees, an' he had to judge by the sound which way they went; an' that wus hard to do, fer the air wus full of sounds jest then.

"I never could see jest how I come to fall into that ditch. I knowed it was there, 'cause I'd stepped in it before, an' it made me mad to go right into it like a perfect stranger. I couldn't see the joke fer a long time, but Bill seemed to think it was awful funny, an' called me a 'bloomin' hell-diver,' an 'a mud-hen, an' other appropriate names, an' made jokes about me splashin' all the water out of the ditch. Bill did rub it in awful, an' I was all wet an' uncomfortable an' couldn't think of anything to say but cuss words. I couldn't make Bill very mad tellin' him he shot in the wrong direction when the ducks got up for he'd just deny it; an' he wus feelin' too good at havin' a joke on me to be bothered about that. I got some satisfaction out of puttin' my wet arms around Bill's neck, but he got even by trippin' me when I wasn't watchin'."

While the old man was chuckling over the memory of old times one of the boys threw an armful of fresh sticks on the fire, and they all arranged themselves in more comfortable positions, and waited patiently for him to resume. He watched the sparks whirling upward for a few minutes, and then went on: "It was jest sech a night as this. The moon showed pale through driftin' banks of thin clouds that turned pink an' rose an' pearl gray an' all kinds of colors in a great big ring around it. They wus an unsteady night wind wanderin' around among the tree tops, like it wus a huntin' fer the lost summer, an' the iles of the big timber wus carpeted with a thick layer of clean dead leaves that swished and rustled as we walked through 'em. You know what big timber they is in them bottoms? an' along there they ain't no underbrush to speak of. In the moonlight it looked like the trees wus arranged in order, an' like we wus goin' down a lane wherever we went. I don't know why that is," he continued, after a moment's thought, "unless it's because the light is dim, but it's a fact. Jest look out there in the woods now, an' you'll see it looks like they wus lanes runnin' through the trees in every direction, 'cept where they's underbrush, an' this is not near as big as the timber over in the Hidden Lake bottoms, an' not so open.

"Well, that night it just looked like we wus walkin' in some immense big church, like the people long ago thet the perfesser wus telling' us about would build; an' the wind in the tree tops sounded like a big deep toned organ playin' the tuneless songs that men sang before they learned to write their music. An' it wus awful sad an' lonesome. I remember I wus glad Bill wus along. Bill forgot to josh me about my swim, an' I couldn't think of nuthin' to say, 'cause I wus so chuck full of feelin's; so we jest walked along without sayin' a word till we come to the river.

"We started across on a drift, but when we'd got about half way over we both stopped like we'd made it up to do it, an' set down there an' jest listened to the water runnin' under the drift, an' the wind in the trees, an' the ducks flyin' over—they flew somethin' scan'lous thet night—an' looked at the moon an' the trees, not sayin' a word fer a long time. We were as sintimental as sweethearts, an' we wa'n't ashamed of it neither. Me an' Bill wus thet way. We'd say things an' do things, when we wus together, that'd make a school-girl blush, an' never thought nuthin' of it. When we wus with other people we wus jest as unfeelin' an' dull as any of 'em. Lots of people never give up at any time to their feelin's of sintiment. They want people to think they ain't got no more feelin's than a clod, an' then try to make themselves think so just like honest sintiment wus somethin' to be ashamed of. Course ye woudn't want 'em goin' around all the time lookin' like a funny paper poet, but I do feel sorry fer the man that never knows what it is to have a chum thet won't make fun of 'im when he wants to gush sintiment, an' 'll gush with 'im. Course me an' Bill 'ud make fun of each other, but we never done it so it 'ud hurt; an' each one knowed he wus as guilty as the other. Fact is, we wus often closest together when we made fun of what the other said, an' swore an' called each other names. I

guess we wus a sintimental pair.

"I remember once when I tried to tell my girl thet I wus in love with then, some of my feelin's about the woods an' rivers an' things, an' she didn't laf at me, as I wus afraid she would, but she jest set there not sayin 'anything, an' lookin' sorry fer me, an' purty soon started to talkin' about somethin' else. If she'd a been a man I'd a put some sort of expression into her face or got licked tryin'. I wus good an' mad an' after that I allus sorter b'leeved the feller that said thet women don't have no sintiment 'cept fer men an' babies. After that I kep my thoughts of that kind fer Bill, until he died an' I got to be an old man, when people laid it to second childhood an' made allowances fer me." And gazing into the fire Uncle Daniel fell into a reverie that was at last broken by a cough from one of the younger boys who was growing impatient to hear about Bill's "wood-ducks."

"Well, me an' Bill set on thet drift till about midnight," he continued, "dreamin' an' talkin' an' enjoying' the night, but we finally went on to the buggy an' hitched up an' drove over to Deep Lake, 'crost the river. We found plenty of water in Deep Lake, an' as we walked out through the marshy ground that runs all around the water we scared up several jacksnipe, but of course we couldn't see 'em an' wouldn't 've shot if we could, fer fear of scarin' the ducks. I went around the west side an crep' in the blind soft an' easy, but I might have spared my pains fer they wusn't a ripple on the water an' nothin' that looked like a duck 'cept some black, spots close to the blind on the other side, where Bill wus goin'. I couldn't quite make out what them spots wus, but I finally decided they wus either decoys or tufts of grass growin' out from the shore, like it does on the edge of thet lake.

"Bill wa'n't makin' a bit of noise, an 'I couldn't tell where he wus 'cept when a jack 'ud git up with a disgusted grunt, er what passes fer a grunt in bird talk. I couldn't imagine what he wus takin' so much pains fer, but thought maybe he saw somethin' that I couldn't see from where I set.

"I was jest admirin' the shimmery clouds in the water, all soft an' hazy, an' listening' to the ducks flyin' overhead, when *Blo'o'm! Blo'o'm!* Bill shot both barrels into thet bunch of black spots on the water. They wusn't nothin' got up, an' I could hear Bill cussin' to hisself, so I concluded it wus safe to accuse him of shootin' into a bunch of decoys. I jumped up in my blind an' hollered over to know if he didn't know the difference between a duck an' a decoy, an' I called him a blunderin' town sport, an' all the other names I could think of, whether they fit or not. When I yelled, he thought I knew, an' begun to try to make excuses an' say he knowed it all the time, so I saw I had him an' resolved to git even fer the jokes he made about my accident in the ditch. I did rub it in fer all I was worth, an' all Bill could do was grin an' cuss.

"Purty soon we saw a light in one of the windows of the cabin, where the hunters sleep over night when they want the early shootin', an' judgin' thet the owner of the decoys wus likely startin' out to investigate, we hiked out fer the buggy an' lit out fer home.

"I told a few of the boys about it, an' they helped me to keep Bill from fergettin' about his 'wood-ducks' in a hurry.

"I often wondered what the man thought when he went down to the blind an' saw them decoys next mornin'. I'll bet he was mad."

Uncle Daniel had evidently finished, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to start another story, which no one seemed inclined to tell, we all turned in for the night.

WHEN THREE SUNS WENT SOUTH

BY MANZANITA

WAY up on a tributary of the Missouri, by a beautiful streamlet purling out from a deep cañon of the Rockies, a chief of the Montana Blackfeet has lain in his aerial sepulture these many years. He died on the Two Medicine River, and there his remains, rolled in many a blanket and buffalo robe, were lashed on a stout platform built in the spreading branches of a large cottonwood tree. At the foot of the tree his kindred killed twenty horses, so that his shadow should not lack shadow steeds to ride in the Shadow Land. By his side they placed his weapons, and they were many: a handsome shield, a bow and arrows in an otter skin quiver, a rifle, a knife, a shirt of fine light steel mail, and a long, keen bladed lance. The lance was stamped with the Spanish coat-of-arms; on a small silver plate let into the back of the shirt was, according to an old note book of mine, the name "Francisco Alvarez"; and under it, "Arragon 1623." The latter articles were strange things for an Indian of the North to have in his possession, but stranger still was the manner in which he obtained them, as you shall hear.

It is a long, long way from the plains of the Saskatchewan and the Upper Missouri to Old Mexico, yet the Blackfeet knew the trail. From about 1775 to 1856 war parties of these most fearless and hardy of all Indians extended their raids to the land of the Spaniards. They went, primarily, to steal horses, especially fine stallions, to swell their already large herds, and they also went for love of adventure, to see strange country and strange tribes. And it was a matter of no small undertaking, for they always set forth on foot, and bade adieu to home and kindred for from eighteen months to two years.

In many a desperate fight with the Sioux, the Assinnaboines, the Crows and the Crees, the shirt of mail brought Three Suns out of the fray unscathed, for it was arrow proof. He became a real terror to the enemy, for they came to believe that he was favored of the gods, possessed some secret medicine against which weapons and their wiles had no power. They had but to see him, or hear his deep and mighty war cry, and they fled.

Many an evening, by the blue-green flame of a buffalo chip lodge-fire, or the more genial glow of burning cottonwood and willow, I have heard Three Suns tell the story of the raid upon which he obtained his prizes; and I have heard Almost-a-Dog and Sees-Black tell it—they were two of his companions. Ah! it seems but yesterday that we were together upon the buffalo plains of the Northwest. What a life it was! I would not exchange even the memory of it all for anything that this fenced country has to offer.

"*Ai!*" Three Suns would begin. "*Ai! Puts-iks-i pi-oh!*" [Yes! Yes! How far it was!]*

"It was the spring my father died. He, in his time, had raided the country of the South, and in a fight with a people who live

*Three Suns' story is translated as closely as is possible to render Blackfeet into English.

in houses of walled dried mud, he had received a wound which never healed, and finally killed him. This spring, at the coming of the geese and ducks, a large party made ready for a raid to the country of the Es-pai-yi-kwaks [Spaniards], and I joined them, because I wished to avenge my father's death, and also because I wanted to see that far country and the strange people of which he had so often told.

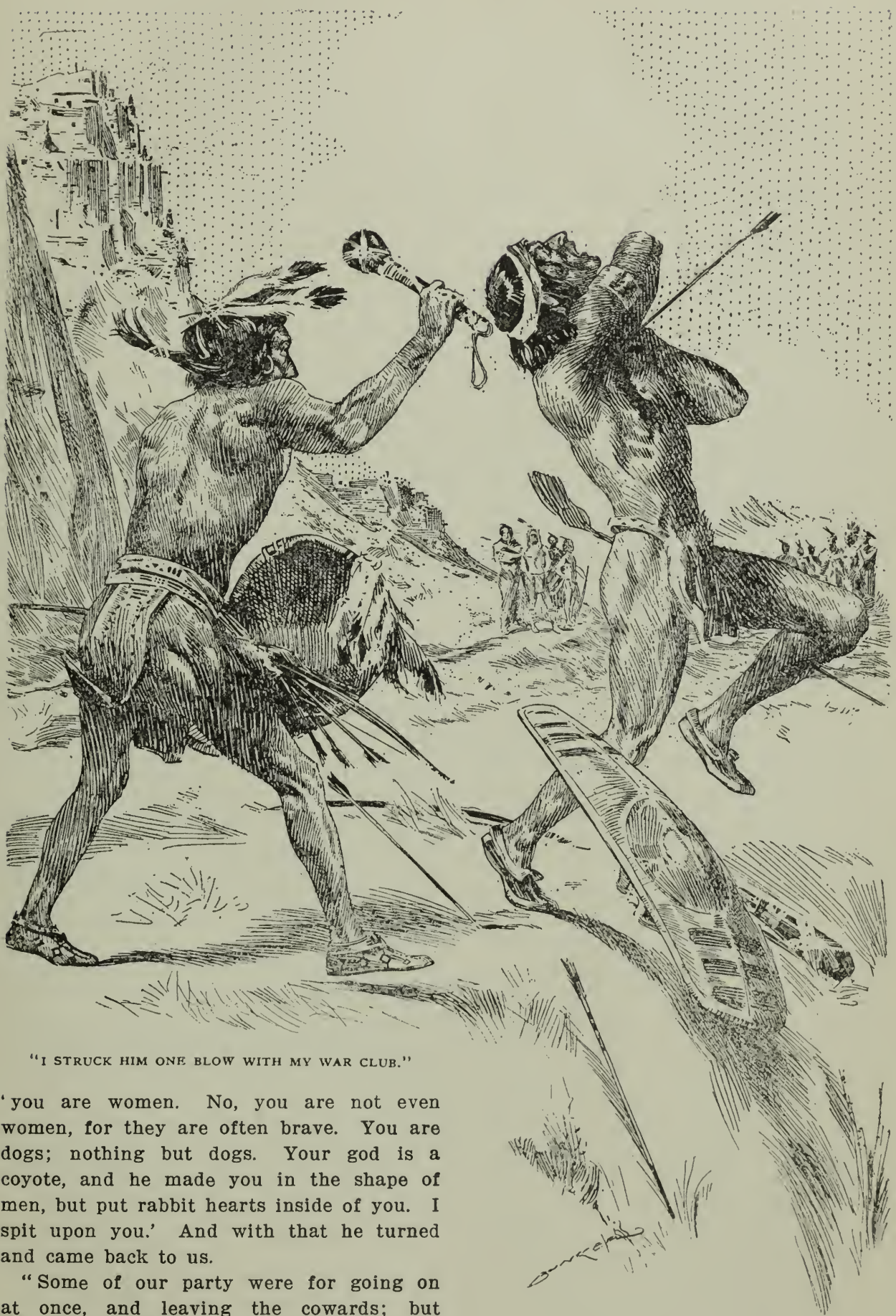
"We started, a hundred and sixty of us, and our leader was Heavy Breast, a very brave man who had twice traveled the long trail and knew it well. Before we arrived at Elk River [the Yellowstone], by twos and threes ten of our number turned back; they were either sick or their dreams had warned them to go no farther. We were a very strong and well armed party, at least half of us carrying guns, flintlocks purchased from the white traders of the Saskatchewan and the Missouri. And those who had not guns carried bows and many arrows, good war clubs or short spears. Yes, we were a strong party, not much afraid of anything, yet, until we had passed the country of the Crows, we traveled nights, and concealed ourselves during the day time. We did not wish to fight the Crows then, for they were many, and if a number of us were to be killed it would break up our trip to the far South.

"Passing along the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, we continued on to the south and west beyond them, and after many days again struck the foot of our own mountains, the Back-Bone-of-the-World [the Rockies]. We passed through them on a trail used by the people of that country, and occasionally we caught a glimpse of them sneaking along in the distance and watching us. Their god must have been a coyote, for they were very cowardly and would not offer to fight us. Descending the western slope of the mountains, the trail ran beside a clear stream filled with trout, which continually increased in size until it became a little river. It was, our leader told us, the mother of the Deep-river-of-the-south* of which we had heard so much, and after many days we came to that. It is, indeed, a terrible place. Some angry god there tore a deep gash in the plain, and at the bottom, so far down that it makes one shiver to look into it, runs the river. Like the bad lands of our own Big River [the Missouri], its bare earth is red, and yellow, and white, and gray—and of many other colors, and through it the queer rocks stand up like the broken and jagged teeth of an old bear. We did not tarry there; one glance into the awful gash in our mother's [the earth] breast was enough for us all. And, also, it was a barren country; no game, no water except here and there a pool of rain water strong of alkali. Were we not provided, each of us, with a supply of dried meat, we must have starved before we reached the mountains and the game herds again.

"We had turned somewhat to the eastward, and after many more days, traversing little mountain ranges and bare plain, we came in sight of the place where lived the people who had wounded my father. It was built on a hill overlooking the great plain, and we saw at once that it would be useless to attempt to raid it, for 'twas walled on every side. It seemed as if one house was built on top of another one, all of sun-dried mud, and the approach to their entrances was by ladders, which were quickly pulled up as soon as we were seen. Since we could not get into the place we determined to ask the stranger men to come out and fight us. The walls were black with people, and their fighters had put on their war costumes, beautiful head-dresses of eagle plumes, painted and fringed buckskin clothes. We advanced to long bow-shot distance of them, and then Heavy Breast, laying down his weapons, went still nearer and talked to them in the sign language. 'We have come from a far North country,' he quickly and skillfully signed with his hands, 'and we have come to fight you. We have heard that you are great warriors, brave men, and we think that we can fight some, too. Come forth and let us determine, here before your wives and sweethearts, who are the best men.'

"He got no answer; the multitude stood silent on their walls and stared, just stared at him and at us. So he began again and begged them to come forth and fight, but still they answered not, and we all became angry. 'You are not men,' he told them;

*Probably the Grand Cañon.



"I STRUCK HIM ONE BLOW WITH MY WAR CLUB."

'you are women. No, you are not even women, for they are often brave. You are dogs; nothing but dogs. Your god is a coyote, and he made you in the shape of men, but put rabbit hearts inside of you. I spit upon you.' And with that he turned and came back to us.

"Some of our party were for going on at once, and leaving the cowards; but others, most of us, in fact, thought that

we had better stay right there for a few days and taunt them, until in very shame they would come out and battle with us. So we staid, feasting on the things they had planted, and trying every means we could think of to get them out. On the third day Heavy Breast went again near the walls, and proposed that they send their best fighter out to face one of us, and that no matter which of the two proved to be the best man, we would, after the battle, depart at once and leave their corn, and beans, and other growing things as they stood.

"When our leader had said that, a man we took to be their chief answered him and agreed to do what he asked. How we did shout when we saw the signs that told us this! Our whole party was in an uproar, each man claiming the right to battle with the one who was to come out from the dried mud village. I thought that of them all I had the best right to meet him, and when Heavy Breast returned to us he so decided. I prayed to my medicine and made ready. I stripped the covering from my shield, strung my bow, examined every arrow and threw away those not perfect. We were to have bow and arrows, shield and war club; no gun, no knife. Presently a ladder was run down, a young man descended it, and I went up the slope to meet him. He began shooting his arrows at me at long range and I saw at once that he knew how to use a bow. The first two barely missed me, the third struck my shield and stuck there. I did not shoot back; instead, I kept on walking slowly toward him, watching for his arrows, trying to intercept them with my shield. After a little time we had come quite close to each other, and, just as he let fly an arrow, I also discharged one, not at his body, but at his left leg below the knee. It struck just where I intended it should, and he flinched and lowered his shield, as I had expected him to do. I had another arrow on the bow string before my first one reached its mark, and that I shot before he could raise his shield; it struck him fair in the base of his neck. He gave an awful cry, dropped his shield and grasped the arrow, and then my next one sank into his breast. Down he went, blood streaming from his mouth; I sprang to where he lay, struck him one blow with my war club, seized his shield and weapons, shook them at the people on the walls, and walked back to my companions, who were dancing around and shouting out my name. I had avenged my father's death!

"We turned our backs to the people of the dried mud village and continued our journey. We were again in a buffalo country, there was rain water here and there, and we fared well. A sad thing happened one night. Our leader was bitten by a rattlesnake, and although we tried our best to save him, even rolling him in a fresh buffalo skin and heating him over a fire, he died the next day. We all felt very badly over it, and some said it was a sign, a warning that we should turn back homeward at once; that if we continued on southward, some terrible thing would befall us. But our leader, before he died, had encouraged us to keep on. 'My dream,' he said, 'tells me that there is great reward for you on ahead. Keep up your courage, do your best, and when you return home, remember to aid as you can my wives and children.'

"They who wished to turn back were few, and so they had to go on with us who had taken our dying leader's words. To me fell his place, and I did my best, praying to the sun and to my medicine all the time, and trying at night to find guidance in my dreams.

"We went on and on, over a vast extent of plain and small mountain ranges, and at last we came to scattered settlements of the Es-pai-yi-kwaks. That is, we sighted them from afar, and sent a scout or two near them to see if they owned a herd of horses worth taking. At last, one day, we saw a great ranch in a wide timbered valley, and on the plain at each side of it large bands of horses which were herded and driven into corrals at sunset. We determined to enter the enclosures at night and drive off every animal worth taking. We had latterly been again traveling at night and hiding away during the daytime; no one had seen us, our presence in the country was not even suspected. We had cached in the timber some distance above the ranch, and there we waited until the moon arose, and then stole down to the place. There was a big

dried mud house, where lived the owner of the place; back of that were some smaller houses occupied by the work people, and behind these were the corrals. We were approaching these latter, had got so near them that we could hear the shuffling of the horses' feet as they moved about, when suddenly, around the big house the air was filled with the war cries of some strange prairie people, and then there were shots, and shrieks of women, and a bright blaze of fire lit up the whole place. For an instant we stood silent, listening, looking; the confusion increased; we became excited, became anxious to go into the fight ourselves. I turned to my companions, but they waited not for me to speak. 'Go on,' they said, 'we follow you.'

"I led them, keeping in the grove of trees until we could see the front of the house. The attacking party had piled a great heap of firewood before the door and set it afire; the door was burning, so was the porch in front of it. We could not see the enemy, they were concealed in the grove still further along, waiting until the door should burn out, to make a grand rush. But we could hear them as they talked and laughed, and occasionally shouted their strange war cry. We slipped still further back among the trees, circling until we were right behind them, and then, shouting our own war cry, we charged them, firing our guns and arrows. It was a complete surprise. Many fell where they stood; the rest fled; and since they could not do otherwise, they ran forward into the open lighted place, and there they were shot at by the people of the house. Here—there—they ran, bewildered as are rabbits by a prairie fire, and here, there, we pursued, shooting, lancing, clubbing them. The slaughter was great; they made no resistance at all but fled in terror. In a very short time all who could had run away into the night, but thirty-seven of them lay on the ground in the light of the fire, dead and dying. We helped the wounded die.

"The people of the house ceased shooting when they saw us attack their enemy. As soon as we could we took poles, spears—anything, and drew the burning wood from the porch, and the people came out with pails and threw water, so that the fire was soon put out. By that time daylight had come, and the head man of the house came forward and shook my hand, speaking strange words. Also came younger men and some women, one a very beautiful girl, and they shook hands with us all, the women shedding tears of joy. Some few signs the old gray-haired man knew, and we talked a little together. 'My women,' he said, 'will prepare food for you all. And then you shall all sleep while we work and drag these dead dogs to the river.'

"Indeed the dead were bad looking people; their faces were wide and coarse featured, their skin very black. From ear to ear, straight across cheeks and nose, each one of them had a stripe of white paint. We scalped them all and took their weapons.

"The people of the house feasted us and gave us much tobacco. In the afternoon, after we had slept, the horses were driven in and we were told, each one, to select the animal that pleased us most, which we did. We prepared to depart. The beautiful young girl came forward and handed me the iron shirt, the spear, and the old man explained what the shirt was for: to stop arrows, knife and spear thrusts, even bullets. Oh, but I was pleased and proud, and standing there I prayed the sun to protect them all and keep them from harm.

"So, at dusk, we rode away, heading northward. We journeyed slowly, for we knew that away north the snows were deep. We watched the geese and the ducks, and while they tarried so did we. And on our way we gathered in a bunch of horses here and a bunch there. When at last we came to our country we were driving nearly eight hundred head before us. Ai, but we were glad to see the lodges of our people! It is a long, long way to the land of the Es-pai-yi-kwaks."

"DID I ever tell you the story of Rattlesnake Red and the cinnamon bear?" asked "Big Bob" Burrows as we were seated by the camp-fire one evening during a long bear hunt near Siskiyou, in Northern California. As no doubt you have heard of Bob—one of the most famous hunters, guides and trappers in the West—it is not necessary to say that this question generally signified a good story, for Bob had a most enviable stock of interesting narratives which he was always ready to tell. We had pitched tent at the Mill Creek divide; the hounds were "moored" at a convenient distance, and Bob was just getting outside of his last piece of venison, of which we had all had a rare feast.

"No, Bob, don't believe you did," one of the party answered, settling back on a log and filling his cob pipe full of plug-cut. "Let's see—Rattlesnake Red was an Arizona cow-puncher, wasn't he?"

"Yes, and the smoothest article with a lasso that ever came down the Pike!" Bob emphasized, crossing his knife and fork on the plate before him and gazing thoughtfully into the camp-fire. "You see, it was my good fortune to spend a summer with Rattlesnake out near Flagstaff, in the Grand Cañon country, so I come pretty near knowing what kind of stuff he was made of. 'Red,' as we generally called him, was a diminutive sort of rascal, only about five feet two; but he was a regular Sandow when it came to puissance. Nothing tickled Red more than to run across some cayuse that no one else could break in. That was just the animal for Red. He only wanted about two minutes to throw a hackamore on him, cinch the saddle and jump aboard. Sometimes he wouldn't even use a saddle. If the horse ever got Red off his back without taming down and acting the gentleman it was simply because Red thought he needed another drink of whisky.

"Red was just a natural-born rider—or what you might call a bronco-busting genius. He started in when about six years old, riding his daddy's calves, goats and Jersey bulls, and then he took to experimenting with threshing-machines and wild colts. After that he became a cow-puncher in Colorado. He wasn't happy until—"

"But the bear, Bob? How did he get mixed up with a cinnamon?"

Bob took a good-sized chew of Climax, and smiled significantly.

"Well, that's the story! As I was saying, Red wasn't happy unless he was riding something, and he wasn't particular whether it was a mad bull, a mustang with the St. Vitus dance, or a Rocky Mountain maverick—all he wanted was a pair of spurs, chaps, a good quirt and lasso. Even a saddle was a superfluous luxury to Rattlesnake, and I've seen him jump bareback on the wildest colts that ever came in from the range. It was a favorite trick of his to spring a horse in the round-up and ride him right through a stampede without a saddle or bridle. The animal could do the dervish whirl, the Dutch clog or the Delsarte somersault, it didn't make any difference to Red. He would stick to him as tight as a tick to a dog's tail—sometimes riding the colt's neck and sometimes perched back on his hind hips; but he got

there, and when Red was through with him he would be as meek as a politician looking for votes. Yes, sir! Red was a rider, every inch of him. He couldn't help it. Breaking horses was just as easy with him as drinking whiskey, and he could get rid of more bad 'red-eye' in less time than it takes an old maid to accept an offer of marriage. That was Red's fault—he did drink. But who ever heard of a cow-puncher that wouldn't? Maybe there are some, but I'll bet they're caged up in a museum some place, on exhibition.

"As I was saying, Red and I spent a summer together on the trail near Flagstaff. I had been prospecting over in Arizona, and running across Rattlesnake in a saloon at Tombstone he induced me to take in a cattle ranch. When he told me there was bear hunting in his vicinity I immediately ordered another drink, packed my duds and went with him. He got me a horse and saddle, and together we rode from Tombstone to Flagstaff. It was a long trip and a fine one, and I want to say right here that if you wish to know what Arizona is like don't read the papers, but get off of the train as soon as you strike the country and buy a good horse; then take the thing in from the buffet window of a saddle. It's the greatest, queerest, darndest country you ever laid eyes on!

"Well, we only staid a week in Flagstaff. By that time Red had got acquainted with all the bar-tenders and couldn't get any more credit, so he fastened a quart bottle of 'bug-juice' behind his saddle and invited me with him to the cattle ranch, where he was engaged to do some branding and to break horses. I had knocked around among cow-boys a good deal, but being right among them on a cattle ranch was something new to me, so I enjoyed it immensely. But after a couple of weeks I got to casting goo-goo eyes at my rifle, and wondering what all the dear little bruins were about; so I suggested to Red that he take a day off and go with me to the timber.

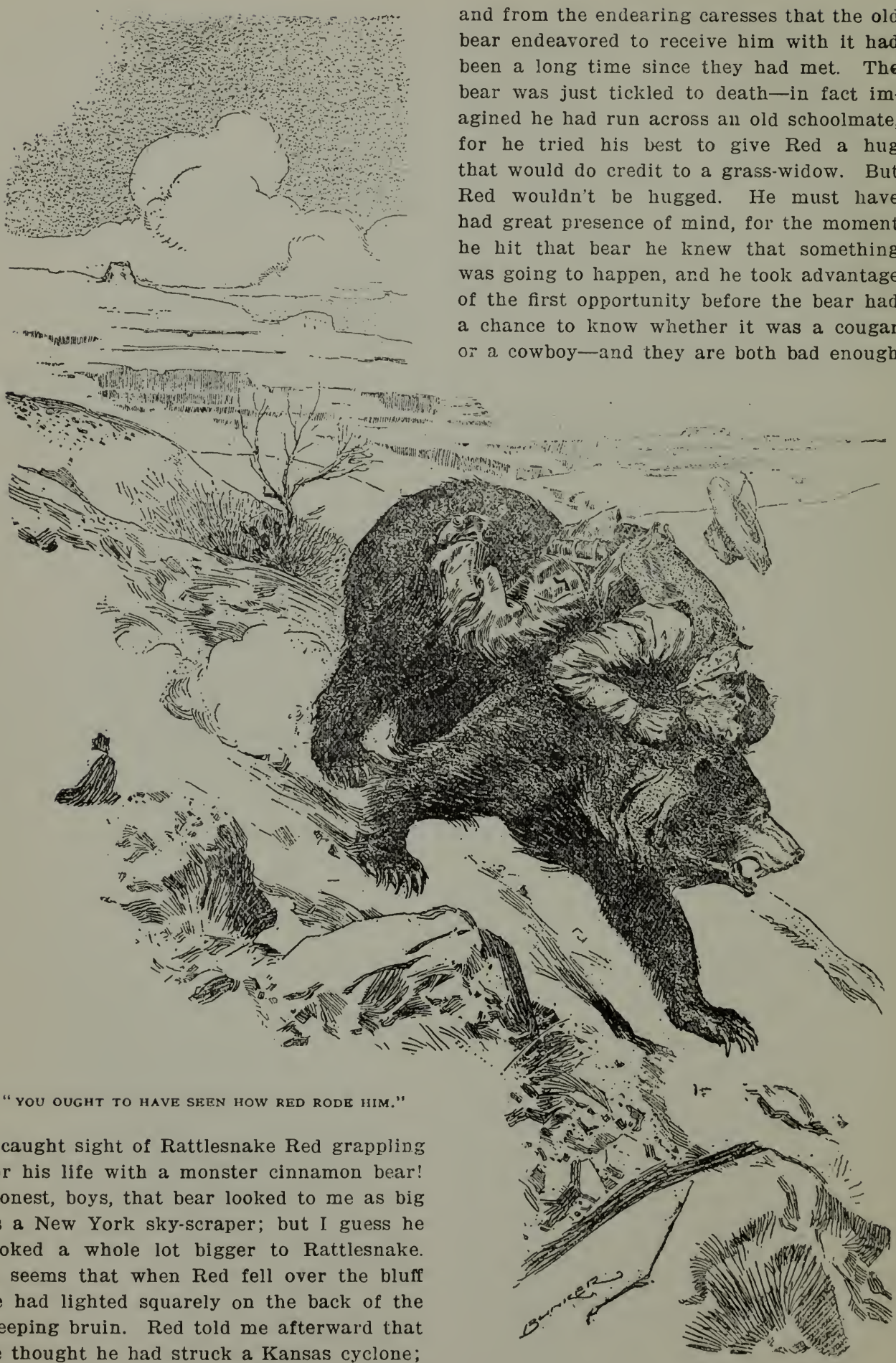
"We took a week's rations, mounted the best horses on the ranch and started out. Red, who, as I said, was a little bit of a fellow, took with him a big .45-90 rifle, almost as heavy as he was. I of course had my .30-30—the one against the tree there. About twenty miles from the ranch, and ten miles from the Grand Cañon, where the woods were so thick we had to get off and walk, Red came across some fresh bear tracks which, to judge from their size, had been made by a full-grown bear. Right there Red and I unsaddled our horses, improvised our scanty camp and started afoot for Mr. Bruin. I don't suppose his majesty expected visitors that day, for he had made no preparations in the least, and was the worst surprised creature you ever saw when Red came on him. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

"When we had gone about a hundred yards from camp one of the horses set up a noisy rumpus and began to neigh frequently. Red was afraid he might get loose some way and turned to go back. He did'nt want to carry the rifle with him through the chaparral, so he handed it to me, saying:

"'Here, Bob, you hold the rifle a minute and I'll go back and see what ails the brute. Maybe he's seein' somethin'.'

"I took the gun, rested it against the tree, and sat down in the brush to wait for Red. When he had quieted the horse, and gazed about him to see the cause of the disturbance, I saw him start suddenly off in the opposite direction, where the wooded mesa on which we were camped terminated in an almost perpendicular wall of rock, at the bottom of which lay a deep winding cañon. Maybe Red was excited about something—I don't know, but as I stood up to watch him I saw him suddenly throw up his arms, and duck from sight. Instantly it occurred to me that perhaps he had fallen over the precipice, and without stopping for either gun I started at a breakneck speed after him. Sure enough, when I arrived at the edge of the mesa I found that Red was no place in sight, but a moment later I saw something that made me wonder what I had been drinking. The wall wasn't as high as I supposed, for less than ten feet below me was a second protruding shelf of rocks covered by a thick growth of brush. These were pretty well mashed down, and among them I saw Red's flask of whisky and sombrero—tell-tale proofs of his accidental fall from the upper mesa edge. But lower than this, on a broad, winding trail that extended down to the bottom of the cañon,

and from the endearing caresses that the old bear endeavored to receive him with it had been a long time since they had met. The bear was just tickled to death—in fact imagined he had run across an old schoolmate, for he tried his best to give Red a hug that would do credit to a grass-widow. But Red wouldn't be hugged. He must have had great presence of mind, for the moment he hit that bear he knew that something was going to happen, and he took advantage of the first opportunity before the bear had a chance to know whether it was a cougar or a cowboy—and they are both bad enough



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN HOW RED RODE HIM."

I caught sight of Rattlesnake Red grappling for his life with a monster cinnamon bear! Honest, boys, that bear looked to me as big as a New York sky-scraper; but I guess he looked a whole lot bigger to Rattlesnake. It seems that when Red fell over the bluff he had lighted squarely on the back of the sleeping bruin. Red told me afterward that he thought he had struck a Kansas cyclone;

—to grab the bear's hind leg and run his hunting knife as far into the animal's ribs as he could get it. The wound didn't stagger Mr. Bruin, however, and in an instant his highness had reared up on his haunches and was extending both paws to the cowboy.

Red knew that he couldn't back up a step without falling into the cañon, so there he stood, looking squarely into the bear's eyes and gripping his knife like death. You can say what you will, but bears—excepting grizzlies, and there are none left—are the biggest cowards that ever walked on four legs. That bear, honestly, just opened his mouth, let out a terrific growl, and wouldn't make a move at Rattlesnake, though the blood was gushing from his side in torrents and Red was bleeding furiously from a bump he had received on the nose. How long it had taken this to happen I couldn't say, but suddenly Red found that his feet were tangled up in the chaparral, and in endeavoring quickly to extricate them he and the bear got together for a connubial embrace.

When I looked over the bluff the bear was struggling like fury on his side, trying to get his teeth into Red's arm, and Red was sitting down on him with a jiu-jetsu grip on his throat. There I was, not even with a six-shooter, and Red with nothing but a knife which he couldn't get a chance to use, for he had to keep both hands fastened on the brute's stentorian thorax. But of course the bear was lots stronger than Rattlesnake, so he didn't allow himself to be sat upon more than a hundred years. Before Red knew what was up Mr. Bruin had gotten his feet under him and was standing on all fours, but call me a horse-thief if Rattlsnake Red wasn't a-straddle of his back with both hands gripping the hair on the brute's neck. That was too much for his majesty, and with a growl that shook the timber the bear turned down the broad trail, shaking himself and bucking furiously.

The way he went to the bottom of that trail was a caution, and you ought to have seen how Red rode him! Fire and brimstone!—but it was marvelous! Red just wouldn't let go—he hung on to the big brute as if his life was depending on it, and I guess it was, for if Red had ever let go his hold Mr. Bruin would have had him in a second.

"I knew that Red needed all the help he could get, so I grabbed a big club that was lying near and followed down the edge of the mesa till I found a place where I could get down. The bear and the bronco-buster were a good hundred yards ahead of me, and were now at the bottom of the cañon; but of course I could run lots faster than the bear because I didn't have a load, so I soon gained upon the runaways; but when the bear brought Rattlesnake to the bottom of the cañon the trail became smoother and the force of gravity just seemed to pick the two of 'em up and send 'em winding right on down the cañon. Great Cæsar!—how Red did hold on to that cinnamon! And I was right after them, running as fast as my blamed legs would take me, though I couldn't quite catch up with the bear.

"How far we run I don't know, but the first thing I was aware of we were going pell-mell among a lot of tents where some cowboys were camping on a round-up. Well, sir, I just had to stop and laugh, for the way those cowboys stared was better than a circus. They had seen all kinds of riding, but that beat anything in the way of Western bronco-busting, and right there Rattlesnake Red gained his distinction as a rider. The boys couldn't believe their eyes, and one of them got another fellow to punch him in the ribs to see if he 'had 'em.' There happened to be a good shot in camp, however, and he had a quick head. He knew right away that Red and the bear couldn't hold out long, for one or the other had to get the worst of it, and it seemed a cinch that the bear would eventually come out on top. So the fellow that I mentioned, whose name was Pete Jenkins, ran to his tent, grabbed his rifle, and took a quick but certain aim at the bears' head. It only took a second. Crack! The bear keeled over, kicking like a Texas steer, and Rattlesnake still hanging on to his neck. We all rushed over to the rescue, but when we got there Red was on his feet and the bear was stone dead.

"Yes, sir! Rattlesnake Red was the

greatest bronco-buster that ever swung a lasso. Eh?"

There was no reply. Bob took another chew of tobacco, and the boys gazed at one another silently. Finally somebody cracked a smile, and a roar of laughter rang out on the stillness of the night. Big Bob looked at me, winking.

"The boys don't believe it!" he exclaimed.

LAND OF THE WEST

SWUNG out in the Infinite spaces,
The land that a Titan has thrilled,
The land where God's imagery traces
The dream that Omniscience willed;
Its valleys, its deep-wooded mountains—
The growth of a giant's behest—
Seek it not at some alien fountains,
It is here, 'tis the Land of the West!

Oh! it stands the realization
Of fabulous story of old;
In its loins the strength of creation,
In its heart the richness of gold.
In its valleys the gleaming of rivers
That rush to the sea in their quest,
Where the might of Omnipotence quivers,
It is here, 'tis the land of the West!

Recking not of the Past or the Present
But standing forever sublime,
And washed by a sea opalescent,
It looms on the gray shore of Time,
As sentinel stands at his duty:
The voice of the right in his breast,
So this land all enfolded in beauty—
It is here, 'tis the land of the West!

—Harry T. Fee.

CAPTURING BIG HORN

BY WILL FRAKES

PART I.

FOR three years I have been trapping big-horn mountain sheep for the National Zoo at Washington. In that time I have captured ten sheep. Five of them smashed the traps and escaped before I got hold of them; and the other five died before I could ship them away.

I have been trapping animals and collecting natural history specimens, both in North and South America, for nearly thirty years. And I find these sheep to be the most nervous, sensitive and suspicious, and the hardest to trap of any animal that I ever tried to capture.

On the thirteenth of last June I left my Nutria Farm with two horses packed with provisions, and traveled through the sand and sagebrush for three days to a lonely rocky mountain on the desert where I knew there were a few mountain sheep. When I arrived there I camped at a small spring on the side of the hill, and looked about to see if any sheep were watering there. I found a few fresh sheep tracks in a cañon near by, but the animals did not seem to be watering at that spring; so I concluded there must be another spring farther up the cañon, or else they were watering on the other side of the mountain at a small spring that I knew of.

But as it was terribly hot, and my feet were blistered from walking 100 miles through the hot sand, I resolved to camp there for a few days and recruit up, and better explore that side of the mountain to see if there were any more water holes in that vicinity.

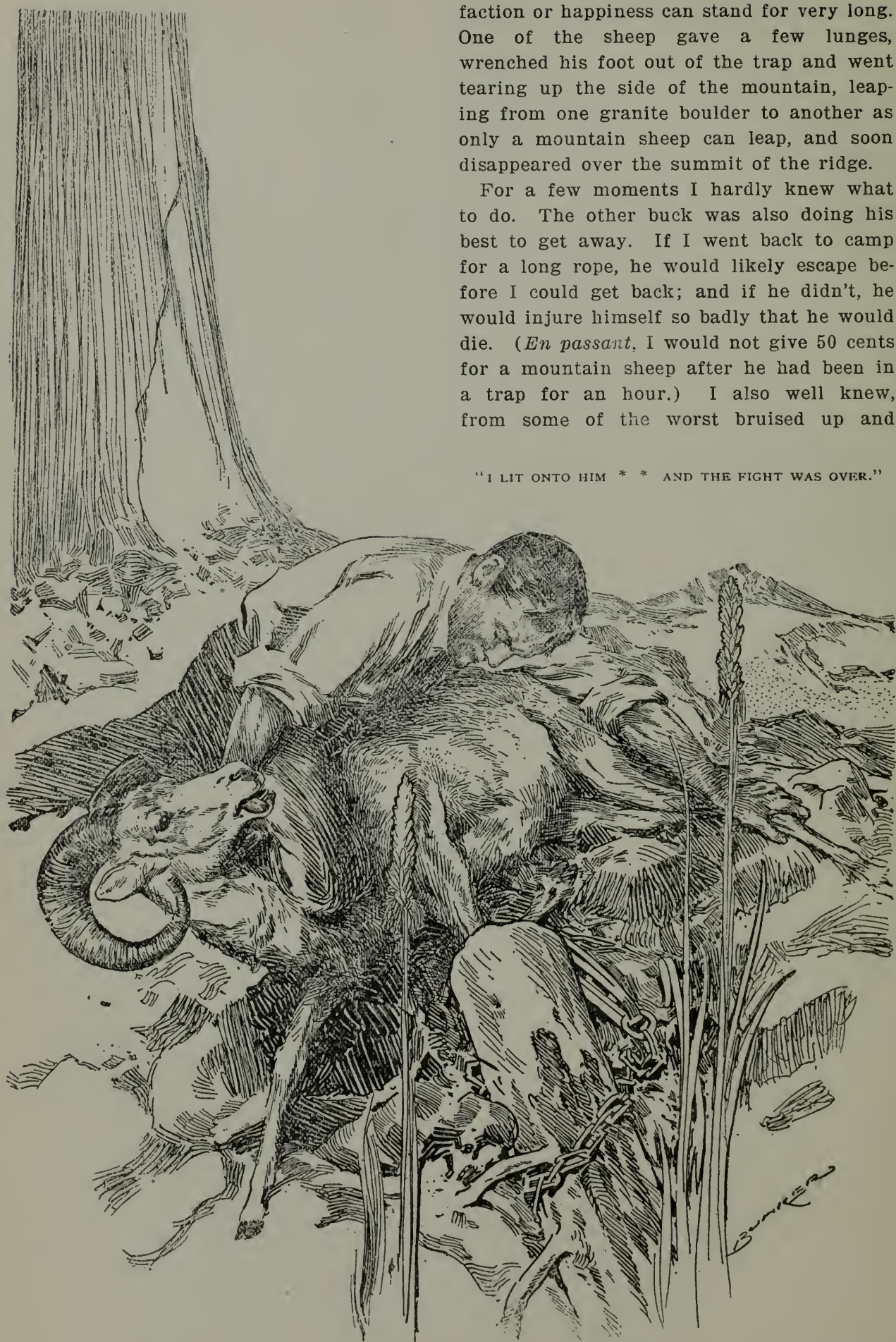
The next morning I started up a cañon with my telescope and camera; after I had traveled about three miles I came to a long, steep bluff of granite, at the foot of which the sheep had a trail where they occasionally went along. As I saw no better place I resolved to set some traps there, so I returned to camp and that evening brought up and set several.

The next morning I came back to see if any sheep had been along the trail and was greatly surprised to find two full-grown big-horns in the traps. They were the first old bucks that I had ever captured—magnificent specimens, worth $1,000 at least. I was entirely unprepared for them, having with me only one short rope about ten feet long, as I was not expecting to capture anything so soon. For a few minutes I could do nothing but stand there and admire them, with their great heads and proud, defiant bearing. I do not think that I ever was more completely satisfied with the results of any effort I had ever made than I was by capturing these rare wild animals. Here was pay for three long years of weary wandering over the blistering sands of the desert. And, more than all, the exaltation of success that comes after a man has earned it, in spite of opposing circumstances that only strong determination and continued personal perseverance could overcome.

But no very high degree of personal satis-

faction or happiness can stand for very long. One of the sheep gave a few lunges, wrenched his foot out of the trap and went tearing up the side of the mountain, leaping from one granite boulder to another as only a mountain sheep can leap, and soon disappeared over the summit of the ridge.

For a few moments I hardly knew what to do. The other buck was also doing his best to get away. If I went back to camp for a long rope, he would likely escape before I could get back; and if he didn't, he would injure himself so badly that he would die. (*En passant*, I would not give 50 cents for a mountain sheep after he had been in a trap for an hour.) I also well knew, from some of the worst bruised up and



"I LIT ONTO HIM * * AND THE FIGHT WAS OVER."

skinned up experiences that I ever had, that a mountain sheep is a very bad antagonist to mix up with in a fight. And this was the biggest sheep I ever had anything to do with.

But something had to be done—and done quickly, too; for the sheep was hurting his leg worse every moment, and I knew that he would die if he got too hot. The sun was beaming down upon us, getting hotter and hotter every minute. So I walked up as close to him as I dared, waited till his head was pointed away from me, lit on to him like a wildcat, and the fight was on. There was no gong sounded at the end of three minutes to tell us to stop and rest. Neither was there any referee to part us in the clinches. There was no enthusiastic crowd screaming at the top of their voices, and fouls were as fair as any other blow in that fight; but I don't think anyone that could have seen it would have yelled "fake!"

I was on the right side of the sheep, and had him by the end of the right horn with my right hand; with my left I reached over and caught him in the flank and tried to lift him off the ground. I could not get him down, but so long as I clung closely to him he could not hurt me very much. The trap and a good big log being fastened to one of his front feet disabled him considerably and he finally fell. I quickly jumped over behind him and threw my knees and weight on top of him, grabbing him by both hind feet. But never in this wide world will I grab another buck sheep by the hind legs! For he promptly jerked loose from me and nearly kicked my head off before I could get out of his reach.

After a terrible scramble I found that I could hold one of his legs with both of my hands. The sheep, however, knew a trick or two himself; for he threw his great head around and gave me a jolt in the ribs that would have made Battling Nelson pray for the gong. I then slid forward and placed one knee on his neck, to prevent him from raising his head up. The weight being removed from his hips, he began to get up, as all animals of this genus get up on their hind legs first. So I quickly slid back toward his flank again, and pulled his hind leg with all my strength to prevent him from getting up.

Then he threw his head around once more —but don't you ever believe that I wasn't looking out for it! By a spasmodic effort I managed to get my sore ribs out of the way, but he hit my right leg a rap that hurt me: in fact he beat it almost to a jelly before he finally became exhausted and lay still for a few seconds. Then I quickly whipped out my rope, tied it around one hind foot, took a turn around his horns, pulled his head and foot together, and he was "down and out." I then took my time and tied him down securely, dragged him into the shade of a pine tree, and went to camp for more ropes.

I limped slowly back to camp, for my leg pained me badly and the ground was very rough, steep and rocky. I hurriedly cooked something to eat, but by the time I had eaten my dinner, I saw that I was so badly hurt that I could not go back that day. My side pained me so that I could hardly breathe, and my right leg was black and blue from my thigh down to my knee. So I took a bath in a mud-hole and rubbed my bruises with some whisky that I had brought along in case of snake bite.

The next morning I was some better, and was up and off before daylight. I felt sure that either the coyotes had found my sheep and made short work of it, or some furious old wildcat had gnawed his head off; at any rate, he must be dead! But when I got near him he raised his great head up to look at me, and I saw that he was very much alive. I tied a rope around his horns and fastened it to a tree, then untied his feet and let him up. Greatly to my surprise and joy he did not try to fight me, but allowed me to rub his swollen feet and do as I pleased with him. When he stood up beside me and held up his huge head, the top of his horns came just to the top of my shoulders—something over five feet. I think he would have weighed about 300 pounds live weight. He was very fat and as slick as a race horse.

I knew pretty well what he would do, for I had led in mountain sheep before, and this one did as they generally do. When he found that I was his master—that he could neither whip me, nor scare me, nor get away —he balked. That is, he just lay down and would not get up. When a sheep does that, the only thing that one can do is to

drag him to a shade and tie him there or build a shade over him. For although he will stand any degree of sunshine if he is loose, he will certainly die if left tied up in the sun for any length of time.

He will sulk for three or four days—or a week sometimes, before you can get him to move. Bring your bed and grub and just camp there with him till he is willing to go with you; for you cannot make him go till he gets ready. Camp very close to him—so close that you can put your hand on him at any hour of the day or night. He will not eat anything for a week or ten days, but he will drink water from the start.

In five or six days you will notice that when you start off to leave him alone he will get up and want to go with you. Then put a very long rope onto him, for he will not go far till he will try to get away from you; and then there will be another fight, but not so bad as the first; for just so soon as he sees that you have the best of him he will lie down and the trouble will be over for that day. The next day he will go better and fight less; and in a few days he will gladly follow you over the worst rocky mountains in existence. When you camp at night he will lie down beside you, and will fight any living thing that comes near you.

Well, my sheep refused to move the first day when he found that he could not go where he wanted to; and the second day as I returned with more water, when he saw me coming he jumped up, made a few lunges and dropped dead! I think he was literally scared to death. I thought at first he was trying to hide, till I saw his mouth drop open and his eyes begin to glaze. I rushed up to him and worked with him for a long time, trying to get him to breathe; but my pet was far beyond the utmost reach of human help or harm. And with him were my hopes and despairs of money and happiness. I cannot make you know the bitterness that I felt, as I limped away and left him lying there for the buzzards and coyotes.

Mr. Hurst tells us there is no such thing as luck; but if this entire adventure didn't approach very nearly to it I fail to see the reason why.

I did not move for several days because I was too lame to walk. I did not try to capture any more sheep at that place—I had the blues too badly. But so soon as I was able to go, I packed up and traveled several hundred miles over the desert, from one volcanic range of mountains to another, in a vain hunt for more sheep.

The only living thing of consequence that I saw on this long trip was a green rattlesnake. I had often heard of them but had never seen one before. This one was about three feet long, and had markings similar to any other rattlesnake; but over all he was of a decided green tinge, through which the other colors could be dimly seen. They are much slimmer than the average rattler, and are said by the old prospectors to be the most vicious of all rattlesnakes.

I finally came back to the range of mountains where I captured my first sheep and tried in vain for about a week to locate them again, but could not do so. I hardly knew what to do, but finally decided to strike out for Death Valley. So, on the Fourth of July I crossed the "Devil's Playground," a great patch of drifting white sand that changes shape and form with every heavy wind. There I saw quite a number of desert turtles. They live on a coarse bunch grass that grows sparingly on this vast body of fine white sand. These turtles are quite a delicacy when properly cooked. There is no meat in the shell, it is all on the legs. They have to be scalded and scraped, then boiled till they are tender, when they are far ahead of a mud turtle.

That night I camped at a little spring in a small range of desert mountains and the next day I got to a spring where I thought there ought to be sheep. They had been there but alas, they were now all dead! A hand of Indians had been there ahead of me and exterminated the last (in this locality) of the most noble game animal we have in America. A few huge horns and their roasted bones were all that was left of the poor sheep. Thanks to poor Lo!

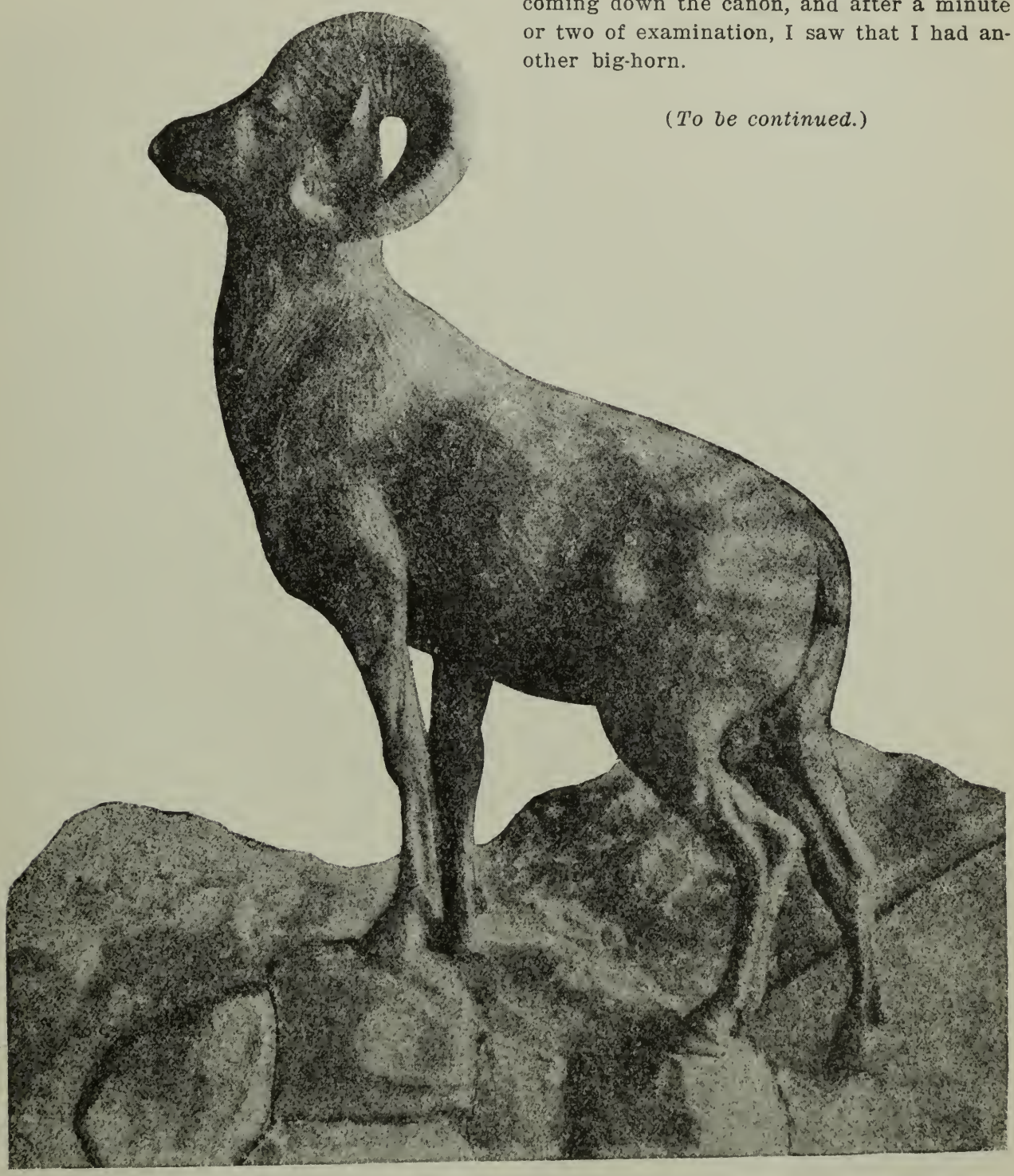
The next morning I was moving long before daylight, for I had forty miles to walk through the sand that day, without any water for the horses. I was making for a mountain on the south side of Death Valley, where I hoped a few sheep were still

left. I arrived there about sundown, literally cooked. My feet were blistered, and the hot winds were so scorching that most of the hide peeled off my breast, back and shoulders.

For several days I was too sore to move about any; but when I got better I found a small spring on the side of a mountain where a few sheep were watering.

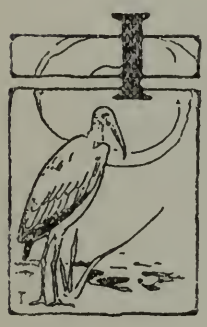
I set several traps around there and watched and waited for about a week, but no sheep came in. I had just about made up my mind that the wily and keen scented animals had found out that I was there and left the range, when one morning as I was going to the traps I saw the mark of a drag coming down the cañon, and after a minute or two of examination, I saw that I had another big-horn.

(*To be continued.*)



THE BIG STAG OF CORRIE DHU

By R. Clapham.



I WAS sitting at breakfast one morning in my chambers in town, idly turning over a small pile of letters just arrived, and wondering vaguely where to spend the shooting season. Fond of sport and all things appertaining to it, my thoughts wandered idly to deer, grouse and salmon amongst the heather-clad slopes and burns of Bonnie Scotland. With a host of friends and acquaintances, most of whom were also followers of the rod, rifle or hound, and usually having a full list of invitations for the grouse shooting and hunting, I was that morning somewhat down in the mouth as my usual luck seemed to have left me. I was disconsolately looking forward to a dull period in the city, while my more fortunate friends were following their favorite pursuits amongst the heather or on the hill.

Cutting the envelopes of the little heap of correspondence, I expected the usual list of unpaid bills and begging letters, and great was my surprise and pleasure to see an address in the well-known hand of my old school chum and trusty friend, Tom Seabright. I eagerly ripped open the note and glanced over the contents. It was nearly five years since I had seen or heard of him, and this was like an unexpected bolt from the blue. It turned out that he had been in South America, knocking around amongst the horses and cattle, and in the meantime an uncle of his had died, leaving to his nephew all his worldly goods, including the grouse moor and deer forest of Glen Quoich, and his letter was one of invitation to join him at his estate for a deer hunt.

I couldn't resist one "Woo-whoop!'" of joy, much to the astonishment of the old fox terrier dreaming on the rug by the fire, who was evidently shocked at such unusual levity in his master. The bills and other obnoxious letters found their way into the waste paper basket, and my thoughts turned to rifles, guns and fishing tackle.

I decided to catch the express to the north next day, and finished breakfast in a much lighter and happier frame of mind than when I had turned out of bed that morning. Then I made my way to the telegraph office and dispatched a wire to Tom to announce my intended arrival on the morrow. After that a visit to the gunsmith's for cartridges, and a few new flies for the old fly-book, and I was ready and eager for the smell of the fresh mountain air and the sight of a lordly "royal." Early to bed that night and my dreams were a mixed and moving picture of record heads and shining salmon, with the whirr of the red grouse's wings mixed up amongst it all.

The next morning found me settled down comfortably in one of the compartments of the train, watching the vista of bricks and mortar fade into the distance and be replaced by green fields and clear sky overhead. Lunch at Carlisle and we were soon over the border and into Scotland, and the country began to look wilder and more rugged as the express dashed on toward the north. At last Inverness was reached, and as we glided in alongside the platform there was Tom, looking as well as ever, though more brown and sunburned than when I met him last.

"Hello, old man! By Jove, I'm awfully glad to see you once again!" and he gave my hand a grip like the clasp of a polar bear. We spent the night in town, and next day after visiting the gunsmith's and various other places took the train for Invercauld, the nearest station to Tom's property. The country was now a vista of heather and

mountain and as we pulled up in the little station I felt at last free from my cares and anxieties. Outside the station a mail phæton and a capital pair of chestnuts was in waiting, and as Tom approached an Irish setter and a couple of fox terriers gave tongue uproariously and rushed toward him. Having received this ovation we climbed to the box seat and as Tom took the reins the chestnuts started off at an eager pace over the somewhat uneven road leading to Glen Quoich House, which we soon reached. The building itself is of somewhat plain exterior; though situated in a pretty position, with the mist-clad mountain of Ben Lomond towering in the distance and the woods of birch and spruce trees lying in closer proximity.

My friend, by the way, is a bachelor, and his uncle's old housekeeper is still in command of the commissiariat. It was nearly dark when we arrived and a peat fire was burning cheerily in the big grate in the hall. Dinner was soon served in a spacious dining-room with walls decorated with the heads and horns of many a fine red deer.

During the meal my friend gave me a more detailed account of his wanderings and adventures on the South American continent, and finally the subject came round to the quantity and the quality of the deer in the forest of Glen Quoich. At this juncture, however, the butler announced the presence in the kitchen of Donald, the head stalker, who wished to have an interview with his master; so we promptly adjourned to the smoke-room—that Mecca of all bachelors, where the chairs are always the most comfortable and the pictures and general surroundings suited to the sporting taste.

Donald was ushered into the room, cap in hand, and a finer specimen of the *genus homo* I never saw. A good six feet in height and broad in proportion, with a handsome face and light brown beard and mustache, he certainly looked every inch one of nature's gentlemen. He was dressed in a plain gray kilt with a "sporran" of otter skin, tweed shooting coat, and his lower extremities were encased in a pair of low shoes plentifully besprinkled with nails in the soles. Tom pushed him a chair and after passing around the whisky decanter, he made inquiries after the deer. "Well, Donald, what's the prospect for this season? How have the deer come through the winter, and have you seen any good heads on the ground?"

Donald smiled and replied: "Aweel, your honor, they've no done sae bad at all, considering the wild winter, and I was seeing a muckle fine beast on the Corrie Dhu ground; he's a royal wi' a grand head."

After a few more inquiries and another tot from the decanter Donald was dismissed, and we settled down to a quiet evening over our pipes in the glow of the peat fire in the large fireplace. The room was hung with trophies of the chase. Deer heads and stuffed birds, peregrine falcons and otter masks, relics of many a good run with the otter pack up the dark waters of the river. We decided to take a turn at the grouse for some days, and then turn our attention to the deer, with a day or two of mixed shooting on the lower ground by way of variety.

It was a week or two later, when one evening we prepared for our first campaign against them, and Donald was again sent for to give us information of the forest. He decided that the Corrie Dhu ground was the best to start with, as the old stager was still in evidence there; so we finally turned in that night to dream of the largest stag in creation falling a victim to our rifles. We breakfasted next morning early and the rifles were given into the charge of Donald and his boy Sandy, who came round to the house with a pony and the deer saddle. It was some three miles to our destination and over roughish ground, up hill at that, and I envied Donald the easy way he strode ahead with a long swinging stride. The boy was to follow after with the pony, and stay at a shepherd's "shealing" on the chance of our getting the deer.

As Tom knew the ground pretty well from past experience he was to take his own line and I was to remain under Donald's guidance. Corrie Dhu was a long and rocky valley running up between the hills on either side, and the ground around it was heather and grass, with a few mountain ash trees sprinkled here and there. We decided to take the slope of the hill on one side, and when high enough up to look the ground well over with our glasses.

Having gone more than half the distance to the top of the ridge we took up a sheltered position, and Donald levelled his glass on the opposite hill. After a few minutes of quiet watching he made the remark, "I'm seeing deer, but there's only one fairish stag and a smaller one with the rest all hinds." We were just thinking of moving higher up the ground when an exclamation from the stalker brought us to attention. "Losh! there's the muckle great beast himself. He was lying down and I couldna see him before."

We were now all attention and with the help of my glass I could see the stag as he stood and idly scratched his sides with a horn point. He was a royal, with a remarkably heavy head, and was worth any amount of trouble and exertion to obtain. We finally decided that Donald and I should try and stalk him; though the lay of the ground was none too favorable, and Tom should move on up to the head of the Corrie, where the deer would pass should our attempt prove ineffectual.

We allowed Tom half an hour to reach his position, during which interval the deer again lay down; and having marked well the bearings of his position, we crept out of sight back over the ridge and crossed the burn running down the Corrie under cover of a depression in the ground, and then began our careful approach up the other slope. The wind luckily was in our favor, and after a breathless twenty minutes of creeping and sliding through peat holes and muddy ground, Donald decided we must be nearly within shot if he had not moved his position.

He left me and advanced some yards, quietly peering over the edge of a knoll, parting the grass so as to get an unobstructed view without showing himself. He lay for a second or two and then backed carefully down again, at the same time motioning me to come on. The stag was still lying down, but we were some three hundred yards from his position, too far for a certain shot. So we slid warily under cover of a long slope of ground and crept toward him. The perspiration was streaming from me and my heart was beating like a triphammer, with the excitement and exertion.

At last Donald stopped and again reconnoitered; we were behind a patch of long rough grass, and carefully peering through this I could see the tips of his horns move, as he brushed away a troublesome fly every minute or so. We were within eighty yards of him, and as yet he was entirely oblivious of our presence.

Donald slid the "express" from its case and I grasped it with rather a nervous hand and quietly slid the barrels through the screen of grasses. He was as yet invisible barring his horns, so cuddling down with my cheek against the stock I waited a few seconds to steady my nerves, drew in a long breath and then gently whistled. The sound acted like magic on the deer; he sprang erect to his feet in one bound and stood uncertain of his danger. It was a beautiful shot—broadside on—and I took a fairly full sight and pressed the trigger. I heard the dull thud of the bullet and simultaneously Donald's cry of "He's down!" as he sprang to his feet and dashed past me, knife in hand, to finish him. There was no need for a second shot; there he lay with the bullet hole just behind his left shoulder; a beautiful beast with a remarkably heavy head. The stalker's face was wreathed in smiles as I handed him the usual tot of whisky at the kill. "It was a fine shot, your honor, and I'm verra weel pleased ye got him, sir." Praise enough from such a stalker as Donald. He proceeded to gralloch the deer and I lit my pipe and gazed on the dead stag as he lay there.

In the meantime a goodly number of deer had moved off the ground toward the head of the Corrie, and before Donald had completed his work I heard two shots in quick succession from somewhere in Tom's direction. We wended our way down the hill, having first tied a handkerchief to the stag's horns to keep off the ravens and crows from the head. The boy Sandy had heard the shooting and we met him coming in our direction with the pony. He and Donald then went back for my stag, whilst I sat down and waited for Tom to put in an appearance on the scene. After three-quarters of an hour's wait I saw him going in the direction of the shepherd's "shealing" in the distance, so I wended my steps also in that direction.

He was in luck, too, having had two shots and got one fairish stag. So our opening day had proved a most successful outing. The shepherd took his pony and went for Tom's stag at the head of the Corrie, whilst we ate our sandwiches and smoked our pipes, at the same time again going over the morning's stalk. The two deer at last arrived and it was a contented procession back to Glen Quoich house, with the quarry on the deer saddles on the ponies' backs.

Since then I've had many a good day over the same ground with my old friend, always accompanied by the trusty Donald, but never have I again had a chance at such a deer as the big stag of Corrie Dhu.

DID YOU EVER?

DID you ever sit a fishin' by the quiet river side,
A feelin' like a monarch an' a swellin' up with pride,
With a lot o' costly tackle and a rod of split bamboo—
An up-to-date equipment, an' the outfit spankin' new—
And did you ever wonder, as you watched your silken line,
At the kid across the river with his piece of cotton twine,
A sittin' on a boulder like a clothes-pin on a line?
Did you ever?

Did you ever sit a fishin' from the early dawn till night
While you lost a dozen leaders though you couldn't get a bite,
And observe the kid's elation as he showed you how to " troll "
With an idiotic wobble and a measly willow-pole—
A gazin' at your outfit with a careless sort o' smile
An' a hookin' all the fishes that came nearer than a mile
While he seemed to be a scoffin' at your 'ristocratic " style "—
Did you ever?

Did you ever sit a fishin' till you felt so sick an' snide
That you waded through the river just to " try the other side,"
An' fin'ly when the kid had gone you swiped his fishin' hole
An' once again began to flaunt your dainty bamboo pole,
But you never got a nibble, though upon the other shore
Sat the kid in triumph fishin' just where you had fished before
An' while you were losing leaders he was catchin' fish galore!
Did you ever?

—*T. S. S.*

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

IGNORANCE OF THE LAW.

IGNORANCE of a law does not constitute any excuse for its violation. It is the duty of every citizen to thoroughly acquaint himself with the provisions of every statute governing conditions in the country in which he resides; and in this age of enlightenment, when the press and other facilities for acquiring information are so numerous and comprehensive, no man of even ordinary mental attainments can advance any such flimsy pretext in evasion of the punition that is his just due without seriously reflecting upon both his common sense and his common decency.

We regret exceedingly to have to chronicle, this month, a peculiarly exaggerated instance of this kind. The president of one of our most important local game protective associations, who is also one of the vice presidents and a member of the executive committee of the State Protective Association, was fined recently for the killing of a swan. That he first plead ignorance of the law and voluntarily paid his (minimum) fine does not palliate the offense in the slightest degree, for he was one of the executive committee who framed the law and personally helped to draw up the provision relating to the perpetual protection of swans, the matter being discussed at length in the meeting which was held in the offices of "Western Field." Under the circumstances the offense was an exaggerated one, as before stated, and the maximum instead of the minimum fine should have been imposed.

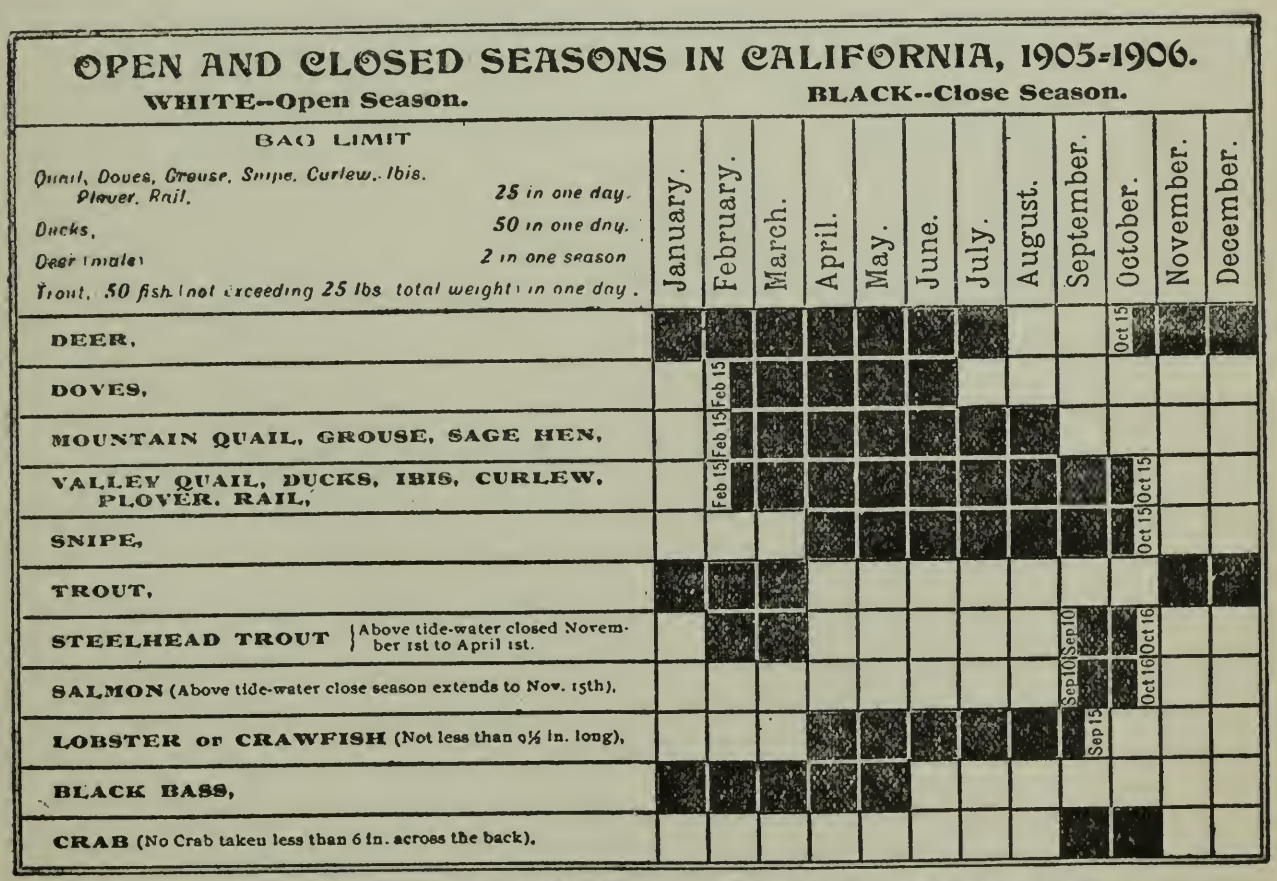
The question arises: how can we expect to drastically enforce the letter of the law upon the concededly ignorant people who are the commonest law violators, when men of superior intellect, high social and official position and presumably advocates of game protection, deliberately break the laws which they themselves have been mainly instrumental in making? The prophet said, "by their works shall we know them," and if this is the way in which our laws are to be worked out in actual practice, the outlook is gloomy in the extreme. We are constantly confronted by the assertion of market hunters and other professional game butchers that there are more men in the protective (!) associations that make a practice of killing the full limit bag on each and every occasion afield than there are men outside of them, and from personal knowledge of the facts we are sorrowfully compelled to the admission that the charge is well nigh incontrovertible. The example set is bad to the extreme, and we urgently suggest that, as members of an association whose organization is based on the great principle of game protection, and which is founded primarily on a conscientious observance of the laws, we practice consistently what we are preaching so assiduously, even if we have to found a kindergarten for the instruction of our law-making members as to the actual provisions contained and embodied in the laws they personally made and are responsible for. If we take our own medicine a little more faithfully maybe our moral health will be a little better, and in any event we will then have

some sort of an excuse for making the other fellow to be decent, other than that of the pitiful plea that we didn't know the meaning of the laws that we ourselves made. Let us get wise to ourselves; ignorance excuses nobody. The law says so and the results confirm it. A little more consistency on our parts will work wonders—and we will require miracles if we hope to conserve and advance the interests that we have set out to sustain and uphold.

THE POISON EVIL.

IN two or three counties in this state—notably in that of Santa Barbara, the quail, doves and song birds are being threatened with actual extermination from poison put out by farmers with the intent of killing off the ground squirrel pests. The poison has been scattered indiscriminately over wide areas, and reliable observers keep sending in reports of their finding thousands of dead birds of all kinds who are unquestionably the victims of the squirrel bane.

Immediate action should be taken by the supervisors to check this deplorable practice. Our birds are too valuable to be destroyed in this manner, and there must certainly be some other efficacious method of getting rid of the squirrels without endangering the lives of other animals. Our sportsmen friends should also interest themselves before it is too late, and we request that they get together and help devise some method that will accomplish the desired end without draining our state of one of its most valuable and engaging assets.



N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law).
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years Imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and Imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and Imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and Imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

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Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael, Cal.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.

Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River—F. & G. Assn.—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed. Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

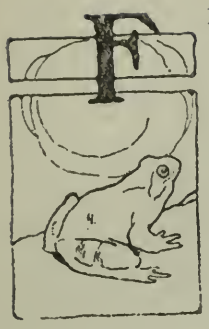
Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game?" As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commission's office — records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between April 5 and December 1, 1905. Heretofore the Commissioners have, for rather sentimental reasons, demurred to our request to be permitted to publish the particulars of such arrests, taking the kindly but certainly mistaken position that it was not generous to so perpetuate the record of men's criminal folly, assuming that each offender's first offense would be his last. "Western Field" has always thought differently; this is an age of enlightenment, and violations of law these days are things of deliberate intent if not pure maliciousness. We insist that a tabulated statement of these arrests, with full accompanying data, would, if kept standing in these columns, have a most wholesome deterrent effect upon prospective violators, and certainly would operate against a repetition on the parts of those convicted. We propose, therefore, with the assistance of the commission's officers, to publish and keep standing a continued resume of all arrests made during the ensuing year; this should be a matter of public record and conversance, and we propose to make it such

Results of arrests made by officers of the Fish Commission between April 5 and June 10, showing the names of the offenders, the charge, where arrest was made, by whom, and the result:

C. R. Squires, excess bag limit on trout, Floriston, W. R. Welch; fined $20.

Wm. Sutherland, killing doe, Calpella, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; fined $50.

P. R. Kestner, sturgeon in possession, Red Bluff, W. R. Welch; fined $30.

N. M. Kettles, sturgeon in possession, Corning, W. R. Welch and T. W. Bermingham; fined $20.

A. Enea, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $25.

L. Kopta, sturgeon in possession, Corning, T. W. Bermingham and Constable Gumble; fined $20.

Jack Smith, killing deer close season, Westport, C. E. Gordon and W. T. Ornbaum; fined $25.

A. Camelio, sturgeon in possession, Antioch, Antioch constable; fined $20.

Andrew Hansel, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

John Watson, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

Z. Milani, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $20.

Frank Moranda, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

Frank Swain, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

A. Trapini, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, N. R. Welch, M. L. Cross, Ernest Schaeffer; jury trial, June 26.

California Central Gas and Electric Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Levin Tanning Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

G. Gianevo, killing meadow lark, McCloud, Mart Dennis; fined $25.

John Day, deer meat in possession close season, Calpella, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

W. T. Soule, live quail in possession without permit, San Pedro, E. R. Hall; case dismissed.

Capital Refining Co., allowing residuary products of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Pacific Smelting and Refining Co., allowing residuary product of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Wm. T. Jones, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy; fined $25.

John W. Hampton, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McClinchy; fined $25.

Pol. S. White, using explosives in Kings River, Sanger, R. E. L. Cobb; case pending.

M. Hamai, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

C. Gominaga, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

A. Swan, deer hide in possession, evidence of sex removed, Ukiah, A. W. Ralph; discharged.

P. Lecata, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Wong Him, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Ah Hung, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Ah Choy, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Edgar Smith, deer meat in possession close season, Ukiah, A. F. Lea; fined $25.

John Anderson, black bass close season, Calpella, A. W. Ralph; fined $25.

Amos Gianque, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

Harry Jones, quail in possession close season, San Diego, Web Toms; fined $25.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

G. W. Calder, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

"Jane Doe," selling deer hides, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Antone Marovich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch, case pending.

Joe Korlich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch; case pending.

Caraman, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, Lehmkuhl; case pending.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession close season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; fined $25.

Sam Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; fined $25.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

He Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. F. Slye; case pending.

John Blosser, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Contable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco; J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco; J. H. Davis; case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco; J. H. Davis; case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco; J. H. Davis; case pending.

Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney; case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case still pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 1.

Antone Marovich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Joe Corlich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Caraman, shipping underweight bass, C. F. Lehmkuhl; dismissed.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

Sam Perano, quail in possession, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; $25 fine.

John Poggi, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

Geo. Ghin, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

M. A. Thomas, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea; $25.

E. Boutiller, small striped bass in possession, M. S. Hotchkiss; $20 fine.

Andrew Rice, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. Arelo, using small mesh net, George Neale; $200 fine.

Chas. Nelson, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. R. Dwelly, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. P. Parker, killing doe, W. P. Huestis; $50 fine.

A. Dewitt McAllister, deer meat in possession, W. T. Smith; $25.

John Linser, deer hides in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; acquitted.

A. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $50.

E. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $50.

A. C. Tracy, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $25 fine.

Ed Sturkins, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $25 fine.

Joe Srouth, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Wm. C. Cummings, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

J. B. McNemara, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. F. Finn, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Wm. Smith, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. McSweeny, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

F. Hatfield, killing doves close season; dismissed.

Mono Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Salvator Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Giatorno Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Rocco Russo, taking black bass, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Peter Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Ben Cardinali, taking black bass with net; Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Mono Ruffo, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JULY 5 TO JULY 27.

D. B. Cummings, fresh deer hide in possession, Covelo, Officers G. R. Rodman and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

C. C. Cooper, killing deer, Covelo, Wm. Ray; $25.

Frank Doodlittle, deer meat in possession, Covelo, Wm. Ray; $25.

Donald Green, deer meat in possession, Covelo, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Kenneth Green, killing ducks close season, Los Angeles, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Clarence Parrott, deer meat in possession, Rio Dell, W. P. Huestis; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, deer meat in possession, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

W. L. Greene, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

J. W. Waugamon, deer meat in possession, Santa Cruz, C. A. Reid; $25.

G. Viscuso, shipping undersized striped bass, Black Diamond, E. E. Pedler; $25 fine.

D. Costansas, shipping undersized striped bass, Martinez; $25.

W. U. Demaree, ducks in possession close season, Visalia, M. F. Jones; $25.

Thomas Hill, deer hides, Dyerville, Officers A. F. Lee and J. C. Ingalls; $40.

W. A. Divoll, killing deer out of season, Sonora, Thos. C. West; $25 fine.

E. A. Jenks, deer hides in possession, Rio Dell, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $20.

Geo. Johnson, Arcata; $20 fine.

Chas. Sutro, excess bag limit on trout, Tahoe City, E. A. Schaffle; $25 fine.

M. Goddard, killing ducks in close season, Independence Lake, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

Geo. D. Bertha, buying trout, Truckee, W. R. Welch; $20 fine.

John Summers, selling trout, Truckee, W. R. Welch; ten days in jail.

R. P. Poe, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $50.

C. M. Anderson, killing quail close season, Willits, A. W. Ralph; $25 fine.

C. S. Gruning, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

A. B. McCutcheon, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Ah Sing, fresh buck horns in possession, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Charley Borson, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Miss F. Louise Shepard, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls, A. F. Lea and Wm. Rea; $25.

Chas. Noyse, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

E. Chapman, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

There were also seized over 3,000 pounds of undersized striped bass; 250 pounds of unlawfully possessed trout and 10 illegally used nets.

ARRESTS MADE FROM AUGUST 1 to AUGUST 25.

E. P. Lounibos, shipping doves in concealed packages, Glen Ellen, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

C. Meredith (American Fish Co.) underweight striped bass in possession, Sacramento, George Neale; $20.

Luke Petrich, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, J. C. O'Connell and J. H. Davis; $25 fine.

T. G. Canckwell, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $50.

T. A. Lang, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $75 fine.

Richard Faulkerson, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25.

Louis Saroni, having spotted fawn in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; dismissed.

Dennis O'Leary, killing a doe, Stonyford, J. R. Martin; $50.

Tony Bezoni, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

White McClure, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

Henry Christopher, killing deer close season, Yreka, T. W. Birmingham and A. E. Doney; $50.

Chas. Kisaki, killing quail close season, Monrovia, Manuel Trijo; $25 fine.

J. Cavagna, killing a spotted fawn, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25 fine.

H. Matushara, using set net, Santa Monica, H. I. Pritchard; $100 fine.

Al Quinn, killing a meadow lark, Ione, J. E. Kelly; $25 fine.

Ray Streeter, shooting on enclosed land, Alhambra, Eldridge S. Freer; $25 fine.

Joseph Flamini, taking young of fish, San Rafael; $25 fine.

Herman Stolz, quail in possession close season, Sacramento, George Neale; dismissed.

Lee Yoke Suey, offering for shipment dried California shrimp, San Francisco, Chas. A. Vogelsang and E. E. Pedlar; case pending.

Stephen Billeci, using small mesh net for taking striped bass, Pinole, J. H. Davis, J. C. O'Connell and Antone Soto; $200.

ARRESTS MADE AUG. 26 TO SEPT. 1, 1905.

G. K. Legakes, killing quail close season, Pasadena, Sam L. Wallis; pending.

Ch. Young, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Fon Ring, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Sue, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Hoy, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah King, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Poy, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Jim, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $50.

Oscar Siberg, taking crawfish during the close season, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $20.

E. A. Wickersham, taking crawfish during the close season, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $20.

Jas. Weller, killing a fawn, Ukiah, Constable Lynch; pending.

Tom Jones, killing a fawn, Ukiah, Constable Lynch; pending.

John Hitchcock, killing a fawn, Susanville, E. D. Payne; pending.

B. Moro, fishing without a license, Vallejo, J. H. Davis; pending.

SEPTEMBER 1 TO OCTOBER 1, 1905.

Clarence Shiveley, killing quail close season, Paso Robles, Thos. Rhodes; dismissed.

Ah Jo, undersized abalones in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Mrs. M. Henry, excess bag limit, trout, Redlands, H. J. Pritchard; $29.

M. Scondres, crabs in possession close season, Oakland, Thos. Woods; $20.

Thos. John, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; $25.

A. Arieds, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; dismissed.

M. Arieds, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; dismissed.

A. Enea, shipping underweight striped bass, San Francisco, W. R. Welch and M. L. Cross; $100.

P. Fereira of Alameda, killing quail close season, Kelseyville, A. F. Lea; $50.

Chas. Widmyer, Saturday and Sunday fishing for salmon, Isleton, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer Superior Court.

L. Schagg and John Ingraham, killing does, Jolon, S. J. Smart; dismissed.

H. F. Jensen killing a doe, Eureka, J. E. Morton; $50.

T. Busha, killing quail close season, Hopland, A. L. O'Neal; dismissed.

John McCann, deer hides in possession with evidence of sex removed (73 hides), J. E. Morton; pending.

Leon Vieux, killing a doe, Pleasanton, A. S. MacDougall; $50.

J. D. Rice, killing quail close season, Redding, Eugene Barion; $25.

G. Narcosso, killing quail close season, Jackson, C. B. Arditto; $25.

C. Giovanini, killing quail close season, Jackson, O. H. Reichling; $25.

V. Mei, shipping underweight striped bass, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; $100.

Mario Fediricone, shipping underweight striped bass, M. L. Cross and J. C. Ingalls; pending.

A. Engel, proprietor Palace Restaurant, Los Angeles, crawfish in possession close season, H. I. Pritchard; $25.

J. Perejallo, underweight striped bass in possession, Haywards, H. W. Gooch; $25.

Philip Ghiorzo, killing ducks close season, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; $40.

Chas. Lee and John Lee, killing ducks close season, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; discharged.

Levin Tanning Co., allowing substances dele-

terious to fish to pass into Santa Rosa Creek (second complaint), Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

Cap. Elmore of Delta, selling deer meat, Redding, T. W. Birmingham and W. H. Pepper; $25.

Tom Lockhart of Delta, selling deer meat, Redding, T. W. Birmingham and W. H. Pepper; pending.

I. N. Searle, dynamiting fish, Paso Robles, Thos. Rhodes; held to answer before the Superior Court.

Antony Olerici, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25

Antoni Bongiobanni, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25.

Antony Olerici, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25.

E. Gumbert, underweight striped bass in possession, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $20.

Giacomo Carnigha, underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Deputy Thos. Wood; $50.

Giacomo Carnigha, using a set net, Oakland, Deputy Thos. Wood; $100.

S. Samoni (Free Market, Oakland), underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Thos. Wood; $20.

C. Schmeiser, quail in possession close season, Lakeport, A. F. Lea; $25.

C. F. Henderson, killing tree squirrels, Willits, T. C. Gibson; $25.

Joe Winthrop, killing meadow larks, San Diego, Webb Toms; $25.

Joe Winthrop, killing quail close season, San Diego, Webb Toms; $25.

P. Cantiere, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

C. Ferraro, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

Angelo Olean, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

John W. Yeary, quail in possession close season, San Luis Obispo, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

Thos. S. Esrey, ducks in possession close season, Hanford, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

Wm. Edinson, salmon in possession close season, Stockton, A. S. Edwards; $200.

T. G. Porter, salmon in possession close season, Stockton, A. S. Edwards; $200.

Martin Ivancovich, selling underweight trout, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Ah Sing, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; pending.

Miss Octavia, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

Walter Lewis, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; pending.

Carl Rischer, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

Gene Prindiville, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

—. Kennedy, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

SEIZURES, AUGUST, 1905.

100 lbs. black bass bearing net marks.
2400 lbs. underweight striped bass.
1 set net.
1 salmon net (used Saturday and Sunday fishing).

SEIZURES, SEPTEMBER, 1905.

50 lbs. black bass bearing net marks.
250 lbs. salmon.
1350 lbs, underweight striped bass.
40 lbs. trout improperly shipped.
100 lbs. undersized crawfish.
12 doz. quail.
2 set nets.
$1520 fines imposed for month of September.

ARRESTS MADE, OCT. 1 TO NOV. 1, 1905,

C. Roppa, fishing before sundown Sunday for salmon, shad, striped bass, with a net, Pinole, J. J. O'Connell; $200.

Pietro Cardinale, fishing before sundown Sunday for salmon, shad, striped bass, with a net, Pinole, J. J. O'Connell; $200.

S. Cardinale, fishing before sundown Sunday for salmon, shad, striped bass, with a net, Pinole, J. J. O'Connell; $200.

Tom Ruggers, killing quail close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

A. Conini, killing quail close season, Salinas, S J. Smart; $25.

Charlie Riggio, killing quail close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

M. Almieda, undersized crawfish in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

F. Marincovich, undersized crawfish in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Frank Nordiste, undersized crawfish in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

A. Rossi, undersized crawfish in possession, Oakland, Thomas Woods; $20.

Frank Bargacci, undersized crawfish in possession, Oakland, Thomas Woods; $20.

Charles L. Meyer, offering dried shrimp for shipment to China, San Francisco, Charles A. Vogelsang; $20.

Manuel Silva and Cello Bettino, killing quail close season, Sacramento, George Neale; released on account of youth.

E. Smith, trapping quail without permit, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; $40.

Peter Bomda, salmon in possession close season, Benicia, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court.

G. Balleci, selling and having in possession underweight striped bass, Martinez, J. M. Walker; $25.

Charles Dondero, underweight striped bass offering for sale, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

K. Matsurura, killing meadow larks, Dinuba, W. H. Elam; $25.

Henry Harris, killing quail close season, San Jose, I. L. Koppel; $25.

A. Leuceth, killing quail close season, Pleasanton, A. S. MacDougall; $25.

B. Ford, killing quail close season, Pleasanton, A. S. MacDougall; $25.

L. G. Zaiser, salmon in possession close season, Los Angeles, H. I. Pritchard; pending.

Ice and Cold Storage Co., Los Angeles, salmon in possession close season, Los Angeles, H. I. Pritchard; pending.

W. R. Fair, killing quail close season, San Diego, Webb Toms; $30.

Francisco Germano and Antone De Felice, non-game birds in possession (flickers), Berkeley, J. C. Ingalls and W. R. Welch; $20.

Fred Manaro, meadowlarks in possession, Berkeley, J. C. Ingalls and W. R. Welch; $10.

Gus Lageri, quail in possession, close season, Santa Monica, H. I. Pritchard; $25.

Ernest Tonelli, killing tree squirrels, San Rafael, G. E. Ortinan; $25.

Charles Benson, killing quail close season, Redlands, G. W. Koehler; $25.

Milton Carlson, killing quail close season, Madera, James R. Warner; $25.

Warren Player and James Devine, salmon in possession close season, Washington, Geo. Neale; held to answer before Superior Court, $200 each or 100 days each.

Frank Billeci and V. Billeci, salmon in possession close season, Rio Vista, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court, $200.

Rocco Russo and S. Russo, salmon in possession close season, Rio Vista, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court, pending.

Giatiano Ollando and Gaspar Fontira, salmon in possession close season, Rio Vista, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court, $200.

C. W. Woods, night shooting, Los Banos, J. E. Newsome; $25.

Oliver James, killing gray squirrels, San Rafael, John S. Ellis; $25.

James Nigro and Antone Nigro, night shooting, Los Banos, J. E. Newsome; $25.

Philip Esparcia, bag limit on quail, Concord, Thomas Duncan; $50.

M. Baresti, underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Thomas Woods; $50.

J. A. Johnson, killing a doe, Kern City, O. H. Klein; acquitted.

James Bennelli, killing wild birds, sec. 637a, A. F. Lea; pending.

Elmer Tuttle, killing quail close season, Glenville, O. H. Klein; $25.

Frank McMasters, killing quail close season, Glenville, O. H. Klein; $25.

Ellis Robinson and Bert Robinson, taking salmon close season, Fortuna, W. P. Huestis; pending.

Frank Legg and William Rolley, taking salmon close season, Fortuna, W. P. Heustis; pending.

Served summons on French-American Wine Co., polluting waters of Russian River with substances deleterious to fish, Healdsburg, A. F. Lea; pending.

D. J. Murphy, offering snipe for sale, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; dismissed.

C. Deanglo, using set nets, Eureka, W. P. Huestis and Ellis Robinson; dismissed.

Ferdinondo Fosoraci, using set nets, Eureka, W. P. Huestis and Ellis Robinson; $100.

John Lewis, catching salmon above tide water close season, Red Bluff, T. W. Bermingham; held to answer before Superior Court, pending.

John Ball, catching salmon above tide water close season, Red Bluff, T. W. Bermingham; held to answer before Superior Court, pending.

P. Peri, plover in possession close season, Oakland, H. W. Gooch; $25.

Frank Gillaino, shooting meadow larks, Oakland, Thomas Woods; acquitted.

Ray Teal, shooting ducks close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

C. Meredith (American Fish Co.), excess bag limit on ducks, Sacramento, George Neale; $50.

Tony Carnadi, underweight striped bass, Benicia, W. D. Hyde; $20.

C. Nauman (Nauman & Co.), excess bag limit on ducks, San Francisco, W. R. Welch; $25.

H. C. Gallon (Scatena & Co.), excess bag limit on ducks, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

J. F. Correia, excess bag limit on ducks, San Francisco, W. R. Welch; pending.

Walter H. Mack (Western Fish Co.), underweight striped bass, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

T. Yatago, killing meadow larks, Fresno, M. J. Burnham; $25.

$2,030 imposed in fines during the month of October, 1905.

2 small mesh nets seized.
8 salmon nets seized.
1,580 lbs. salmon seized.
145 lbs. striped bass seized.
38 lbs. trout seized.
2,109 ducks seized.
81 quail seized.
20 snipe seized.

ARRESTS BETWEEN NOVEMBER 1 AND DECEMBER 1

Zaiser & Co., excess bag limit on ducks, Los Angeles, H. I. Pritchard; $150.

V. Cardinalli, using a set net, Benicia, John H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell, A. Coto; $100.

Joseph Feloci, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $35.

Louis Feloci, deer hides in possession, evidence of sex removed, Healdburg, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $40.

Jose Pengallo, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $75.

Angelo Herid, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

Francisco Tavasaro, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

Joe Smith, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

Ben Hughes, killing owls, Fresno, E. E. Pedlar; $9.50.

G. Pasquale, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

S. Mirante, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

Thos. Vonsaloo, using a set net, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; pending.

Linji Machiville, using a set net, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; held to answer before the Superior Court.

Antone Petrich, underweight striped bass, Pinole, Geo. Neale and J. J. O'Connell; $20.

J. E. Ingraham, excess by limit on ducks, Bakersfield, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

J. W. Ingraham, excess bag limit on ducks, Bakersfield, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

John Law, night shooting, Long Beach, W. B. Morgan; $25.

John Law, trespassing on enclosed land, Long Beach, W. B. Morgan; sentence suspended.

Fred Sam, taking trout, close season, Loyalton, R. W. Bender; $20.

M. Kiyama, taking trout, close season, Loyalton, R. W. Bender; $20.

Adam Berinig, netting ducks, San Rafael, John H. Davis; dismissed.

F. G. Archer, killing black birds, McCloud, Mart Dennis; $25.

Joe La Barbeara, netted ducks in possession, San Francisco, John H. Davis; $25.

Cosmo Busallacchi, netted ducks in possession, San Francisco, John H. Davis and J. C. O'Connell; $25.

Giatiano Balestros, netted ducks in possession, San Francisco, John H. Davis and J. C. O'Connell; $25.

C. Matta, netted ducks in possession, San Francisco, John H. Davis and J. C. O'Connell; dismissed.

B. Cassow (California Poultry Company), netted ducks in possession, San Francisco, J. H. Davis and Ernest Schaeffle; $25.

F. Cumelgoin, killing meadow larks, Alameda, D. A. Cohen; $10.

I. Passantino, netted ducks in possession, San Francisco, S. J. Campbell (health officer); $25.

A. Anastasi, netted ducks in possession, San Francisco, S. J. Campbell (health officer); pending.

H. J. Steeple (Wells-Fargo agent), quail in possession, close season (September 20, 1905), J. C. Ingalls; $50.

Two Indians, killing female deer, Myers Station, Harry Warr; $50 (without alternative).

PENDING CASES SETTLED DURING NOVEMBER.

John Lewis, salmon, close season, Red Bluff, $200.

John Ball, salmon, close season, Red Bluff; $200.

Meno Russo, using small mesh net, Solano, County, $250.

Salvatore Russo, using small mesh net, Solano County, $250.

Giataino Russo, using small mesh net, Solano County; $250.

Rocca Russo, using small mesh net, Solano County, $250.

Peter Cardinallo, using small mesh net, Solano County; $250.

Salvatore Cardinalli, using small mesh net, Solano County; $250.

Ben Cardinalli, using small mesh net, Solano County; $250.

Meno Buffo, using small mesh net, Solano County; $250.

Mario Tedinconi (Western Fish Company), underweight striped bass, San Francisco; $20.

Walter H. Mack (Western Fish Company), underweight striped bass, San Francisco (two charges); $40.

Total, $2,460.

SEIZURES, NOVEMBER, 1905.

1 small mesh net.

400 drowned ducks.

15 owls.

$929.50 fines imposed in cases made during November.

$2,460 fines imposed in cases that were pending.

Total, $3.389.50.

CASES MADE, DECEMBER 1, 1905, TO JANUARY 1, 1906.

J. Cecil, killing ducks close season (before October 15), Hanford, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

A. Fodera, swan in possession, San Francisco, W. R. Welch and M. L. Cross; dismissed.

W. C. Price, buying quail, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls; $50.

Pacifico Lombardi, deer meat in possession close season, Hopland, A. L. O'Neal and Ernest Schaeffle; $30.

A. Fodera, excess bag limit ducks, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls, W. R. Welch, M. L. Cross; $25.

A. Fodera, drowned ducks in possession, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls, W. R. Welch, M. L. Cross; $25.

A. Fodera, robins in possession, San Francisco, J. C. Ingals, W. R. Welch, M. L. Cross; $25.

J. Defelco, drowned ducks in possession, San Francisco, S. J. Campbell; $25.

J. Zanoni, drowned ducks in possession, San Francisco, S. J. Campbell; dismissed.

Joseph Ferro, killing non-game birds, Oakland, Jas. L. Tarver; $10.

P. Rochi, offering quail for sale, Guerneville, J. C. Ingalls; $25.

P. Rochi, killing robins, Guerneville, J. C. Ingalls; $25.

S. Pierani, killing robbins, Healdsburg, A. F. Lea and Ernest Schaeffle; $10.

P. Bacoloti, killing robins, Healdsburg, A. F. Lea and Ernest Schaeffle; $10.

Charles Yananoti, illegal deer hide in possession, Ernest Schaeffle and A. F. Lea; $25.

Antone Ricabona and Joaquin de Magio, using a small mesh net, Benicia, J. H. Davis, J. O'Connell and A. Soto, launch Quinnat; pending.

Sabatore Piasa, drowned ducks in possession, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls and E. E. Pedlar; $25.

Inguglia Fish Co., shipping underweight striped bass, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls; $20.

G. G. Russell, underweight striped bass in possession, Sausalito, W. R. Welch; $20.

B. Rupp, deer hides in possession evidence of sex removed, Healdsburg, A. F. Lea and Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

L. Opperman, deer hides in possession evidence of sex removed, Healdsburg, A. F. Lea and Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

G. de Maggio and Vincent Andante, using a shall mesh net, Benicia, J. H. Davis, J. O'Connell and A. Soto, launch Quinnat; pending.

J. P. Garner, night shooting, Long Beach, L. W. Folsom, constable; $25.

Claude W. Coseboone, night shooting, Long Beach, L. W. Folsom, constable; $25.

"John Doe," night shooting, Long Beach, O. S. De Voe; $25.

Allen Onstott, deer meat in possession close season, Taylorsville, A. R. Powers; $25.

Fred Heesy, deer meat in possession close season, Taylorsville, A. R. Powers; $25.

Ralph W. Goodhue, deer meat in possession close season, Crescent Mills, A. R. Powers; $25.

Ed Daulton, killing quail close season, before October 15, Clovis, R. E. L. Cobb; $25.

J. W. Meux, bag limit on quail, Madera. Jas. R. Warner and G. W. Marty; $25.

Ed Sanders (postmaster at Delta), buying deer meat, Delta, T. W. Birmingham; $25.

Giovane Carone, drowned ducks in possession, San Francisco, H. M. Smith; pending.

C. Castellini and N. Clementi, pursuing a deer, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; $40.

John Mirich, killing meadow larks, San Jose, Al Higuera and F. Narvez; $10.

Luigi Roveri, killing robins, San Rafael, G. E. Ortman; $25.

Harry Wells, killing meadow larks, Middletown, G. W. Farmer; $5.

Franklin Ponlini, killing robins, Santa Rosa, Frank Day; $10.

"John Doe," offering quail for sale, Sausalito, J. C. Ingalls; $25.

Ernest Nawane, robins in possession, San Anselmo, E. E. Pedlar and E. Schaeffle; $10.

Dr. A. M. Barker. killing a swan, San Jose, I. L. Koppel; $25.

L. Violland, killing and shipping robins, Mayfield, Ernest Schaeffle; $10.

J. W. Yeary, quail in possession close season, before October 15, San Luis Obispo, J. C. Ingalls; $25.

M. Laffaile, trapped quail in possession without a written permit, Livermore, H. W. Morrill; $25.

Dan Raymond, venison in possession and fresh deer hides, Alturas, E. D. Payne; $25.

Fred Rann, venison in possession and fresh deer hides, Auturas, E. D. Payne; $25.

SEIZURES MADE, MONTH OF DEC., 1905.

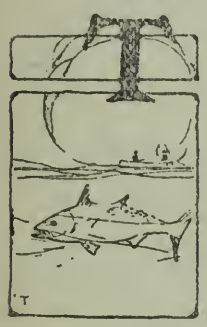
3,200 lbs. steelhead (bearing net marks).
430 lbs. underweight striped bass.
30 lbs. venison.
698 ducks (drowned and excess bag limit).
9 swans.
5 quail.
12 pheasants.
1 grouse.
4 snipe.
2 curlew.
25 black birds.
48 robins.
120 small birds.
4 small mesh nets.
1 set net.
$860 imposed in fines. Cases made during December, 1905.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

DEVOTED TO SPORT IN WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

Conducted by F. M. KELLY

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]



THE gun license for the province of British Columbia, as proposed by the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club, is not meeting with unanimous approval. From many quarters come protests. Some contend that the amount decided upon is excessive; others are opposed to any tax whatever; while yet again there are some who, willing to pay any reasonable amount, do not believe that the farmer should be exempt. Many of the arguments put forth are worthy of consideration, as they express the views of those who, as citizens, are entitled to be listened to with a measure of attention. It would be too bad if any one clique should obtain control of such an important asset as the game of this great province, especially if such a clique did not happen to understand that the wild things of the forest were not placed there for their especial benefit, but rather for the benefit of the people as a whole. For myself, I am not attacking the license; for I think it is the proper thing and shall be only too glad to pay it.

If we desire the pleasures of game seeking we should be willing to contribute anything within reason to preserve the sport, and not expect those who do not happen to have the same desires to pay for that which does not bring them any direct benefit. To those who contend that the payment of three dollars will work a hardship, I have this to say: Of all the pleasures you may indulge in, which of them is looked forward to with as much eagerness as the day to be spent in the wild places? You must enjoy yourselves when you go after game or it is a certainty that you would not go so often. To many of you it is the greatest of pleasures. Why buck, then, when it is proposed to make the pleasures of a year cost but a trivial sum, when it is proposed to assure you pleasures in the years to come. It is something, too, not to be selfish; to know that in helping to protect the game now, you are helping to make the way pleasant for many who will come after, when the hills and valleys you love will know you no more. Say not "After me the deluge"; but rather assist in every possible manner in the work of staying the depletion of our forest life.

A gun license will give the province a fund which will help greatly in this work, if judiciously made use of. This money, however, should be under the control of the legislature; its yearly disposition should be voted upon as other moneys in the provincial estimates. Further, I think that our game, which is now and will continue to be of great value to the province, is entitled to the honor of a special department. One of these days our revenue from this source will not be a small one; it would be well in the meantime to get things in shape to handle it properly; for it must be intelligently disposed of if the results are to warrant the expenditure and our game is to continue to be the asset it is at the present time.

At the same time, however, there is some reason in the arguments of those who hold that if there must be a license, that all who use a gun for sporting purposes, no matter whether he is soldier or farmer, should pay the tax. Let the farmer who shoots on his own land only be exempt; but so soon as he gets off his own, as he has proved himself so eager to keep others off it, see that he has a license. Because he lives in the country it is absurd to contend that a man must have privileges which the man from the town, who can only leave it for a day at a time, must pay for. A very strong point in favor of the gun license is that it will enable our

game wardens to keep in touch with all sportsmen; and also with some others who are not averse to killing game for money. I have also heard it said that a few of our farmers now and then have a bird or two more in their hands than they can make use of, and which they part with at a price somewhat about double what they would be worth in the bush. Sportsmen, whether you favor a gun license or whether you do not, be vigilant, so that when self-styled game protectionists are agitating for measures to be passed, you may be in a position to reason thoroughly whether same are well meant or not. It is just possible that there may be a tendency among certain individuals to desire a monopoly of the sport afforded by rod and gun. In some cases self is the one consideration. By every means in our power let us labor so that our wild life may be conserved; but at the same time let us assure ourselves that any good accomplished shall be for all who seek for pleasure where men are truly equal—out in God's open, under the wide sky, close to the heart of nature.

* * *

I want to reply to a certain letter which was published in this department in the December issue, the same being over the signature of the honorary secretary of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club. As I did not have the honor of seeing this before it appeared in print, and as matter for publication must be in San Francisco almost a month in advance, I could not very well deal with Mr. Musgrave's letter in the January number. In his own mind—so one might infer from that letter—this gentleman has concluded that there can be only one construction placed upon the enclosed land section of the game act; and that one construction is just what he places upon it, nothing more, nothing less. He advises me to study the section more carefully. I take it from that that he is certain I have given our game laws but a cursory glance. It is, indeed, very considerate of him; and possibly I do not understand it. Certainly I do not understand why such loose clauses as those referred to should be part of a section in our game laws. Enclosed land must be "in use for agricultural, pastoral or horticultural purposes." Mr. Musgrave quoted right. He seems to know the meanings of the words agricultural and horticultural; but will the gentleman please inform us what the word pastoral means in a broad sense? Again, Mr. Musgrave quotes right when he states that a "fence shall not necessarily mean a legal fence." Here is a clause in our game act which, to the minds of many, may be interpreted in more than one way. Take the words "shall not necessarily mean." Is there an unbiased person who will presume to tell us that there is not considerable elasticity in them, or that they would not be of advantage to a clever lawyer? While it states that a "fence shall not necessarily mean a legal fence," it is still very possible that it might. Such loose sections embodied in our game laws without due consideration (and it is apparent that this section is loose) cannot be in the best interests of game preservation, of true sport.

A little further along in his letter the honorary secretary of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club almost states that if it were not for the farmer there would be very little shooting for him. It may be reasonable for Mr. Musgrave to assume that such is the case; but yet he will find a great many who will differ with him. For myself, I remember when there was not so much land under cultivation as there happens to be at present, and when I believe the game birds he mentioned were far more plentiful than they are now. It is something, however, to learn that pheasants and quail are bred and reared by the farmers, and that they are nothing if not domestic. Then the gentleman states that I am not a member of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club. I do not see how that can be relative to the argument. As he has carried the matter that far, however, I shall try and keep pace with him. I have my reasons for not wishing to belong to the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club. These of course may seem absurd to Mr Musgrave, and he is liable to lose patience with me. First, I believe that a game club should be all that its name implies, that its members should be a unit in all matters pertaining to the preservation and propagation of game and fish. Second, I believe that if certain by-laws cannot be set down in black and white for the guidance of members of a game club, there might at least be a code of ethics which might possibly tend to improve the fish the game multiplying. Is there a rule in the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club whereby a member is prohibited from taking more than a fair day's bag of game or fish? Will the person who has the best interests of our game at heart take more than a fair bag? Is there not a spirit of rivalry among a number of the members of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club which strains to obtain the greatest number of fish and birds in a day's outing? I have heard of some of them boast of two hundred and fifty trout for a day's catch, of twenty-five and thirty grouse, of fifteen and twenty pheasants, for a like time. Is a pump or an automatic gun the ideal arm of a game protectionist? How many of these are carried by members of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club? Another: It is against the law to hunt deer with dogs. If so how do some game protectionists go out with dog and gun for grouse and often return with a deer instead? I could never understand why a man should carry buckshot if grouse chanced to be all he sought. I would esteem it a great honor to belong to an organization that would not permit its members to do any of the above; and would suggest that Mr. Musgrave just devote a little of his very busy life in the interests of our game and fish to the education of certain members of the club of which he is the very able honorary secretary.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada, 1905.

Compiled by T. S. Palmer, Henry Oldys and R. W. Williams, Jr., U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey.

(Corrected to August 15, 1905.)

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[4]	Snipe.[5]	Woodcock.[6]	Rail.[7]	Duck.[8]	Goose, Swan.[9]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[10]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[11]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[11]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 15[12]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[13]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[14]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[15]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[15]			All the year	Mar. 1-July 15[16]	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[15]	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[17]		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[18]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 10[1]			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 10	Dec. 1-Sept. 10[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 16	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[19]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[20]	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-May 1[21]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[22]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[23]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[24]	May. 1-Sept. 1[25]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			All the year				Feb. 2-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[26]	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[27]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Nov. 1	Apr. 16-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1		All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[28]	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]	All the year	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20[29]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Jan. 1-July 20[30]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[31]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 16	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[32]	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 16	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[33]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1905			Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[34]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[35]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[36]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[37]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[38]	17
	18	Michigan	To Oct. 15, 1907	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[1]	To 1910	To 1910	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 2[39]	Jan. 1-Sept. 2[40]	Jan. 1-Sept. 2[41]	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 2-Sept. 1[42]	Jan. 2-Sept. 1[43]	18
	19	Indiana[44]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 15[45]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[46]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[47]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[48]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[49]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 16	To May 15, 1909	To May 15, 1909	To Apr. 20, 1909	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1909	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1		All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[50]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[51]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[52]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[53]	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 10-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 16	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[54]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15[55]	24
	25	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[1]	Oct. 15-Sept. 15	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[1]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[56]	25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 1	May 16-Sept. 1[57]			Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[58]	27
	28	North Dakota	Oct. 10-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1[59]	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[60]	28
	29	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[61]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[62]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1909[1]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 16-Aug. 1		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[63]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[64]	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[65]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1				Apr. 1-Nov. 1			33
	34	Georgia[66]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-July 15		Mar. 15-July 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[67]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[68]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		35
	36	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws				36
	37	Mississippi[1]	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Apr. 16-Aug. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year							39
	40	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[70]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 16	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1							43
	44	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15				Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		44
PACIFIC.	45	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[1]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[1]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[71]	45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	All the year[72]	46
	47	Utah	All the year[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[73]	May 1-Sept. 1[74]	49
	50	Oregon[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[75]	Dec. 2-Oct. 1[1]	To Sept. 15, 1909[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[76]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[77]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[78]	50
	51	Alaska		Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii					Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 15[79]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[80]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	All the year[81]	53
	54	Yukon[66]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	N.W. Territories		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		55
	56	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	56
	57	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug 1[82]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		57
	58	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910.	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 16	58
	59	Quebec		Dec. 16-Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[83]		59
	60	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 16				Jan. 1-Sept. 1[84]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[85]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[86]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[87]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[88]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[89]	60
	61	Nova Scotia		Dec. 2-Oct. 1					Mar. 1-Aug. 20[90]	Mar. 1-Aug. 20[91]		Mar. 1-Aug. 20[92]		61
	62	Pr. Edward Isl.		Dec. 1-Oct. 1					Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Aug. 20		Mar. 1-Aug. 25		62
	63	Newfoundland		Jan. 12-Oct. 1				Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21[93]	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[94]	63

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[1]	Elk.[1]	Moose.[1]	Caribou.[1]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[1]	Squirrel.[1 2]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasant.[3]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 20, 1913	1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2
	3	Vermont	Except Oct. 23-29		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1906	3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1905						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[3]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[4]	To Oct. 1, 1907	4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1908						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Nov. 16-Sept. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 16[5]	Local laws	To 1910	7
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov.[6]						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[8]	8
	9	New Jersey	To April 5, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	10
	11	Delaware							Jan. 1-Nov. 15[9]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		11
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		13
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct. 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 15[10]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[11]		16
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[12]	To Nov. 30, 1906	17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 10[1]	To June 10, 1913	To June 10, 1913	To June 10, 1913			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910	18
	19	Indiana[13]	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[14]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[15]	To Feb. 24, 1911[16]	19
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 29, 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To Apr. 26, 1908	20
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year					To Jan. 1, 1910	22
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1						Jan. 1-July 1		To Dec. 1, 1910	24
	25	Kansas					To Mar. 15, 1908		All the year[17]		To Feb. 28, 1907	25
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	All the year			Nov. 15-Aug. 15		All the year		All the year	26
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[18]				27
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	All the year	All the year	To Jan. 1, 1911	All the year[19]			Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Dec 1-Sept. 1			All the year	29
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912		Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[20]			To Sept. 1, 1906	30
	31	Colorado	Oct. 11-Sept. 25	To Nov. 1, 1907			To Oct. 18, 1907	All the year[21]			All the year	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Local laws			32
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]									33
	34	Georgia[66]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								To Nov. 30, 1910	34
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1						Local laws		Local laws	35
	36	Alabama	Local laws									36
	37	Mississippi[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 15						Mar. 1-June 1[22]		To Nov. 1, 1907[1]	37
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[1]								To Mar. 14, 1913	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]									39
	40	Louisiana	Local laws								To Nov. 1, 1907[1]	40
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1				To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[23]			To July 1, 1908[24]	41
	42	Oklahoma	All the year				All the year				Jan. 1-Dec. 1	42
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 19, 1910	All the year[25]			To Mar. 19, 1910	43
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	44
PACIFIC.	45	California	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[26]	All the year		All the year	45
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			To Sept. 1, 1906	46
	47	Utah	To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909			To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[27]			All the year	47
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 8, 1909	48
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1915	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 15[28]	49
	50	Oregon	Nov. 1-Aug. 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907					Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	50
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]						51
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 19	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	53
	54	Yukon[66]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1				54
	55	N.W. Territories	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[29]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[30]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[31]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[32]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[33]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[34]				55
	56	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[1]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[1]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[1]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[1]		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[35]				56
	57	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1				To Sept. 15, 1909	57
	58	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[1]	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[1]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 16, 1910	58
	59	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1[36]		59
	60	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15					All the year	60
	61	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Jan. 2-Oct. 1[1]	To Oct. 1, 1910				Mar. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	61
	62	Pr. Edward Isl.								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		62
	63	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1913	To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 31[1]						63

Birds Protected in a Few States Only.

Ptarmigan.

Nebraska	All the year.
Colorado	All the year.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
New Mexico	All the year.
Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
Yukon[66]	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
N.W. Territories	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1.[1]
Nova Scotia	All the year.
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Oct. 1.

Sage Hen.

Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Wyoming	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.
Colorado	Oct. 5-Aug. 1.
California	Feb. 16-Sept. 1.
Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15.
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.

Reedbird.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Delaware	Feb. 3-Sept. 1.
Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.

Curlew.

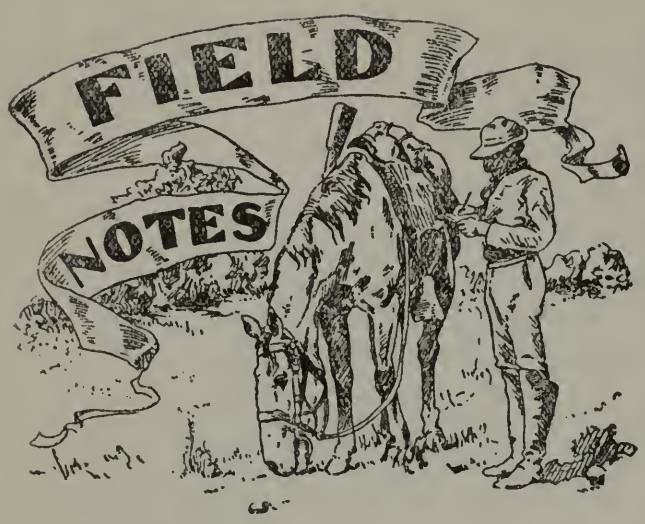
New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.
New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 10.
Long Island	Jan. 1-July 16.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20.
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
Nebraska	All the year.
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10.[2]
Tennessee	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
California	Mar. 1-Aug. 1.
Nevada	Feb. 15-Oct. 15.
Utah	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Idaho	May 1-Sept. 15.
N.W. Territories	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Quebec	May 5-Aug. 13.
Newfoundland	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	Jan. 12-Aug. 21.

Crane.

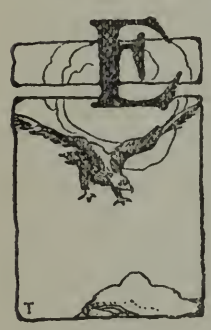
Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	All the year.
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.
Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 15.
N.W. Territories	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
Yukon[66]	June 1-Sept. 1.

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list: Dover Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Swan: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-16; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10 (under license); Michigan (bluebill, butterball, canvasback, pintail, redhead, sprigtail, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, goose, brant), Mar. 15-Apr. 11. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 19 counties to Mar. 11, 1906. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 1-Oct. 1. 8. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 9. In 10 counties to Mar. 11, 1906. 10. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck, 15-Sept. 1. 13. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Maitland and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. 14. Except sora. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Louisiana, to July, 1908; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover only. 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except guest, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 22. Except west of Cascades, to 1906, Sept. 8-10. 23. Sec. 602, ch. 168, laws of 1905, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 10. 24. Except brant, May 1-Oct. 1.

* Laws for 1905 not yet received.



MORE GRIZZLY BEAR LORE.



EDITOR "WESTERN FIELD": I see by your last issue that a gentleman by the name of Wright, who has been reading bear stories "since boyhood," has had the temerity to "Butt in" on the grizzly question. But inasmuch as he begins his article with a frank acknowledgement that he knows nothing about the argument—and then easily proves it by the text following—there appears to be no object in the "butt," except to inform your readers how assiduously he has employed his time in reading bear stories from boyhood to his present state of erudition. But considering the fact that the real grizzly has never been described by the naturalist, the unreliability of bear stories in general, and especially the one from which he seems to have drawn the major part of his information: wherein one Adams tells of seeing a bear that "looked like a moving mountain," and which this great bear hunter—on paper—who not only shoots grizzlies out of trees but from the very ends of the branches, acknowledges made him "tremble for fear that he would be discovered," your correspondent's information on the subject under discussion seems rather too limited for a successful "butt-in-ist."

The argument, which your correspondent acknowledges he knows nothing about (I have no intention of disputing this assertion) arose, I will state for his information, from an article written by Mr. Conway about the grizzly bear of California, his size, habits and characteristics. Mr. Conway came to California when the grizzly was extant and commonly met with, and knows the size, character and general shape of the animal so well that he gave a very faithful pen picture of it, mentioning the one very marked characteristic of the real grizzly: his extremely long hind foot—something not seen in any other species of the bear. This, a Mr. Boren disputed; possibly because he, like your correspondent, had been reading bear stories "since boyhood" and had found nothing among them descriptive of the true grizzly. Unlike your correspondent he does not claim that he ever saw a "female grizzly with one black and two white cubs"—something, let me say, no grizzly ever had outside of the bear stories that has occupied so much of the time of Mr. Wright since in his boyhood dreams he was thirsting for the blood of this monarch of the mountains. Let me add, in parenthesis, that I am very sorry that these dreams have never been realized.

The fact that the silver-tip of the Rocky Mountains was discovered by Mr. Clark—who had to climb trees to keep out of its way—and was named *Ursus horribillis* by Mr. Ord, or that Mr. Baird named the blackish-brown bear of New Mexico *Ursus horribillis horriœus*, does not make either of them grizzlies. They are only the descriptions of two bears by two men, neither of whom had ever seen a true grizzly or read a description of one by any naturalist who had. More than this, the naturalist has also given the so-called grizzly the name *Ursus ferox*, which relieves it of the incubus of Mr. Wright's "type" fallacy.

Mr. Ord and Mr. Baird got their specimens from the edges, as it were, of the field. They merely picked up intergrades on the outsides and gave them names to suit themselves, described the animals in their hands, and very largely guessed at their habitat, as was certainly the case with Mr. Baird's specimen. I know the bear Mr. Baird refers to very well, and it is never found west of the Colorado River, and Mr. Ord does not claim for his that either it or any of its sub-species ever reached so far west as California.

So far as the popular name "grizzly" is concerned, Mr. Clark did not give that name to the silver-tip at all; but he did call it the "white bear." It is the general impression that the name grizzly originated with the California pioneers, and is generally accepted as originally applied to the big brownish black bear of California, whose gray (not white) tipped hair gave it a grizzled appearance, a color it did not assume until at least three or four years old. It was this bear that the argument was about. And as it never has been described by any naturalist—and most likely never will be, for in all probability it is now extinct—it has never been given either a specific or a generic name.

"The large brown grizzly of Southern California, now very rare," says Mr. Hornaday in his American Natural History, as late as 1901, "has been described as a distinct species from the Rocky Mountain silver-tip." Mark the language. The California bear is referred to as a grizzly, but Mr. Wright's "female with one black and two white cubs" he calls a silver-tip. Again he says: "I once measured the dry skin of one of these animals which was 9 feet 4 inches long and 10 feet 3 inches wide across the shoulders." Had this species ever been scientifically described certainly Mr. Hornaday would have known it and been able to say it was a sub-species of Mr. Wright's so-called "type." But from the manner in which he speaks of it, and the measuring of a dry skin, it is evident that he places full confidence in the assertion that it is "a distinct species from the silver-tip of the Rocky Mountains." It is more than likely that had Mr. Hornaday or any other naturalist ever seen one of these grizzlies in the flesh, where they could have given it a thorough examination, they would have gone even farther and accorded it the honor of a distinct generic name also. Certainly its short neck, its tremendously broad head, its short muzzle and its very long hind foot distinguished it enough from any

other American bear to have accorded it that honor.

As I am writing now for the benefit of Mr. Wright "from Missouri," I am careful with my distinctions between specific and generic names. I used the word "species" in its popular sense in my last article because I was writing for the popular mind that had not made a study of bear stories from "boyhood," and had I used the term "genus" I fear that I would not have been understood. I therefore now repeat there is but one genus of the family *Ursidæ* recognized by the naturalist in America, including *Ursus americanus*, *Ursus ferox*, *Ursus horribillis*, *Ursus arctos*, *Ursus marinus*, etc.—all of the one *genus*, "*Ursus*." On the Eastern hemisphere there is the genus *Ursus*, the genus *Nelursus*, the genus *Helarctos* and one or two more.

Species signify but little to the naturalist, often nothing more than a mere geographical variation of color; and type, which Mr. Wright places so much stress upon, is nothing more than a convenience, which often causes bad blunders. A very marked instance of this was the naming of the valley and mountain quail of California. The naturalist first getting hold of a specimen of a small restricted race named it *Oreortyx pictus*, with the English name of "mountain partridge." This bird is a foothill resident and really a sub-species of the real mountain partridge which is a resident of the high Sierras to their very summits, and seldom seen below an altitude of 3,000 feet. Later when the real mountain resident came into the hands of the naturalist he named it *Oreortyx pictus plumiferus*, making it a sub-species of what in fact was nothing more than its own off-shoot. Exactly the same was done with the valley quail. One of a small race of birds occupying a restricted district in Northern California and a small part of Oregon, was first named *Lophortyx californicus*, and when later the naturalist received a specimen of the true valley quail, a member of a race occcupying the great valleys of the State on both sides of the Sierras and south to the very end of the peninsula of Lower California—a range of more than 1,500 miles—he had, under the type plan of nomenclature, to call it *Lophortyx californicus vallicola*, making it a sub-species of what in fact is really only an insignificant off-shoot of a great family.

Again, so far as type is concerned naturalists do not agree always by any means. There are many instances where they not only dispute the relationship of species, but where they actually refuse to place a given specimen in the same genus.

I trust that Mr. Wright, who so early in life developed so great a fondness for bear stories, will add this to his already large library on the family *Ursidæ*, as written simply as an explanation, and with no intent on my part to in any way dispute his assertion that he knows nothing about the argument. H. T. PAYNE.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION.

Editor "Western Field": I have studied the matter of game hunting and game preservation in Germany, Switzerland and Upper Italy quite thoroughly; I have hunted here in Germany; I have told them about our glorious, beautiful State of California, and have given to a few friends numbers of "Western Field." The difficulty is only the language; if "Western Field." was written in German it would be an easy and very interesting matter to read for a great many here. Besides, the difference in laws, institutions and conditions is very great between German and American hunting.

Still, I believe that we in America, and especially in California, can learn a lot from conditions and things here. Hunting is a great sport over here; game is abundant; I was quite agreeably surprised myself at the large number of deer (Rehe-roe), of hares and partridges and pheasants everywhere.

In comparing things in Germany with those in Switzerland and Italy one thing has impressed itself upon my mind with greatest force, and that is: if hunting wild game is continually practiced in the manner, as it is now in California, wild game is doomed to extermination, except on large estates of rich men.

Three things are absolutely necessary:

1. Leasing of ground to shoot over; do not call it preserves! But the hunting over a certain ground must be restricted and controlled.

2. The privilege to hunt must be licensed. Restrictions on the issuing of licenses must be laid; a felon, or a man who has violated the game laws cannot and must not have a hunting license.

3. Introduction of other varieties of game. Our beautiful game bird, the quail, is distinctly a wild country bird, it recedes before cultivation of the soil, it does not live on cultivated fields. I have noticed with great interest the efforts made and shown in your magazine of introducing bob white, Siberia quail, etc. I would strongly suggest to introduce the partridge (feldhuhn oder Rebhuhn; I do not know at this moment its zoological name). It is distinctly a field bird, and gives thorough satisfaction as far as breeding and hunting is concerned. I wish somebody with means would become interested in that bird and also in that beautiful little deer the roe. It can well live with civilization, does absolutely no harm to cultivated fields, does not bunch but is living in families and would certainly thrive splendidly all over California, giving magnificent sport. One thing would be necessary for partridge as well as for the roe, and that is vigorous persecution of the vermin, feathered and furred.

Yours truly.

DR. HENRY KREUTZMANN.

Munich, Bavaria.

THE CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB.

The organization recently effected under the title appearing in the above caption is one regularly incorporated under the California State law. Its object is to promote sporting events during the winter and summer seasons at Coronado Beach, Cal.

Its grounds have been provided with a race track, polo field, golf links, tennis courts, etc., for the use of its members only. A club-house, enlarged and improved, occupies a commanding position close to the grand stand at the side of the race track.

Admission to all club inclosures is absolutely restricted to members and their friends and will be by ticket only, but admission to the grand stand and grounds generally, exclusive of club-house grounds, is open to the public.

Membership fees are as follows: For resident members, including San Diego, entrance fee $25; annual dues $10. For members residing outside of a radius of 100 miles from Coronado

no entrance fee will be charged, but such members shall pay annual dues of $5.

Membership in the club entitles the holder to entry in any of the events and to the use of the grounds, courts, links and club-house.

Non-members will be permitted to use the golf links belonging to the Club for the usual "green membership" fees.

Visitors to Coronado, if members in good standing in any of the recognized country clubs throughout the United States, will be allowed the use of the Country Club inclosures free on application to the Secretary

All contestants in tournaments must be prepared to furnish the Secretary with satisfactory credentials covering their amateur standing.

Further particulars regarding sports at Coronado, where the climate is ideal both summer and winter, may be obtained by addressing Secretary, Coronado Country Club, Coronado Beach, California.

AN IDAHO OUTING.

Editor "Western Field": I have been reading "Western Field" for some time, and greatly enjoy the hunting stories told in them, but say! do you ever get stories told by little boys—boys like me, about 10 years old."

Some say boys should not have guns, but those men don't know what they are talking about. My papa bought me a little .22 Winchester, and I tell you it's a dandy! Last year I was out with papa in the mountains away up in the White Pine country, and my little .22 did good work. This was my first hunting trip; I killed nine ruffled grouse. We slept out doors and built great campfires at night. Say! do you know when men sit around campfires at night they can tell some great hunting stories—some that seem awful big to a little boy. But I think I will know how some day.

This summer I got a letter from my grandpa asking mamma and I to come and go with them way up on the Payette River for a month outing. I wrote grandpa that was just what I had wished for. You know we live away off and it takes a long time to get there, and trains seem to move very slow.

After being two days at grandpa's, the wagons (two of them) were all ready, loaded with lots of good things to eat. After three days of hard driving in the heat and dust over bad roads we reached the timber, and the next day had a fine camping place selected and soon all were at work fixing up camp.

Now, you know they generally say that boys are always in the way—at least some do when they have company—so I took my .22 and

"I FURNISHED THE CAMP WITH BIRDS."

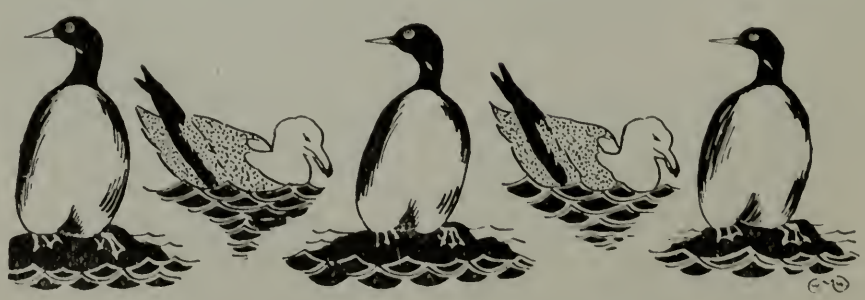
started down the creek; and I was mighty glad I did, for in less than an hour I was back, bringing four grouse, and from that time on I was appointed to furnish the camp with birds. This I did, not only for our camp, but also for some friends that were camped near by.

Mamma can beat me catching trout, and she goes after them like she meant business. I saw her one day, in less than one hour, catch sixteen of the speckled beauties from eight to fourteen inches long. We had all the birds and fish we could eat and had a real nice time. We staid four weeks.

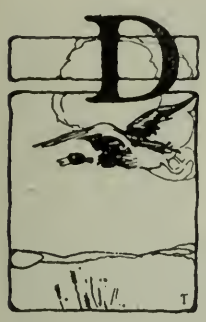
I will send you a few of the pictures we took while up there that are the real thing. If I can go next summer you may hear from me again.

ERNEST MARQUARDSEN.

Genesee, Idaho.



By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



DECEMBER was a busy month among the golfers of San Francisco and the vicinity. The ladies were especially active, so that for this reason (and others) an account of their doings) shall take precedence. On Tuesday, the sixth, the first half of a 36-hole home-and-home match between teams of eight ladies representing the Claremont and San Francisco Country Clubs was played on the links of the latter club at Ingleside. The hole by which a match was won counted one point and each additional hole counted half a point. Of the eight players who made up each team, five of the San Francisco representatives won their matches, two lost them and one match, that between Mrs. R. Gilman Brown of San Francisco and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood of Claremont, was tied. The results are given in the table:

SAN FRANCISCO GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB.

	Points.
Mrs. R. G. Brown	*
Mrs. J. R. Clark	4½
Miss Hager	1
Miss Chesebrough	0
Miss Ives	0
Mrs. R. D. Girvin	2½
Mrs. G. S. Garritt	1
Mrs. A. M. Shields	1
	10
	4½
	5½

CLAREMONT COUNTRY CLUB.

	Points.
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood	*
Miss Knowles	0
Mrs. W. P. Johnson	0
Miss Whitney	2½
Mrs. LeG. C. Tibbetts	2
Mrs. P. E. Bowles	0
Miss Deane	0
Mrs. C. M. Goodall	0
	4½

* All even.

As shown in the above table, the San Francisco team obtained a lead of 5½ points on the first day's play. This seemed scarcely a big enough lead to take to Claremont, where the second half of the match was to be played, but it proved not only enough, and more than enough, but wholly superfluous, for on the Claremont course not one of the home players won her match. Mrs. H. H. Sherwood tied with Mrs. R. G. Brown again, and Mrs. LeG. C. Tibbetts finished all square with Miss Hager. Six of the visitors won their matches, scoring 16 points in all, which added to the 5½ points in the first half of the match, gave the whole match to San Francisco by the decisive margin of 21½ points. The San Francisco players captured a handsome silver trophy for their club. Miss Chesebrough was captain of the winning and Mrs. P. E. Bowles of the losing team. The details are given in the table:

SAN FRANCISCO GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB.

	Points.
Mrs. R. G. Brown	*
Mrs. J. R. Clark	3
Miss Chesebrough	4
Miss Ives	1½
Miss Hager	*
Mrs. R. D. Girvin	1
Mrs. A. M. Shields	5½
Mrs. G. S. Garritt	1
	16
On December 5	5½
	21½

CLAREMONT COUNTRY CLUB.

	Points.
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood	*
Mrs. W. P. Johnson	0
Miss Knowles	0
Miss Whitney	0
Mrs. LeG. C. Tibbetts	*
Mrs. P. E. Bowles	0
Miss Deane	0
Mrs. C. M. Goodall	0
	0

* All even.

On Thursday, December 7, the first competition for the Mullins Cup, presented to the women of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club by C. F. Mullins, the well known insurance manager and sportsman, father of Mrs. J. R. Clark, took place on the Ingleside links. It was arranged that two competitions over eighteen holes against bogey, with handicap, should be held, the winner of the first being barred from the second. The names of the winners to be engraved on the trophy and the two winners to play for permanent possession of the cup. The contestants were Mrs. R. G. Brown, who won with a score of 7 down; Miss Ives, Miss Chesebrough, Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Miss Hager, Mrs. G. S. Garritt and Mrs. A. M. Shields. Mrs. Brown's name was engraved on the trophy as the winner of the first competition.

MRS. F. W. SKAIFE
San Rafael Golf Club.

MISS CHEESEBROUGH
Ladies' Captain S. F. G. & C. Club.

The second competition was held on Thursday, December 14, and was won by Miss Hager, who, with a handicap of two strokes, came in 2 down against bogey. Mrs. R. D. Girvin (handicap 9), Mrs. G. S. Garritt (handicap 9), Miss Ives (handicap 10), Mrs. A. M. Shields and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel also played. Miss Hager's name was engraved on the cup as that of the second winner. The final competition for the permanent possession of the trophy took place on Thursday, December 21, between Mrs. R. G. Brown and Miss Hager, the former winning and capturing the cup.

Early in 1905 A. Chesebrough, father of Miss Edith Chesebrough, captain of the Women's Annex of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, presented a handsome silver cup for competition among the women at match play over eighteen holes, with handicap, the trophy to be won three times by the same player before becoming her property. In the first competition an account of the earlier rounds of which was given in the January issue, Mrs. R. G. Brown, playing scratch, and Mrs. J. R. Clark (receiving 3 strokes) reached the final round. Two days before Christmas Day the match was played, Mrs. R. G. Brown winning 4, up 2 to play. At the twelfth hole the players were all square, but Mrs. Brown won the next four holes, finishing the match at the sixteenth hole. Her name has been engraved on the trophy as the winner of the first competition held for it. A second competition will be held on January 30 and 31 and February 1, and a third competition on March 27, 28 and 29. Mrs. R. G. Brown will not take part in either of these competitions, nor in the competitions for the Council's Cup for Women. From the beginning of the present year she retired from competition for club trophies to the end of the season and devoted her attention to strengthening her game, with a view to the championship of the California Women Golfers' Association and to Eastern tournaments.

Early in December of last year a schedule of events arranged by the Tournament Committee for the women of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club was issued. The opening event, a handicap over eighteen holes, match play, against bogey, was set down for December 12, 1905, but owing to the counter attractions of Christmas shopping did not take place till the nineteenth, and even then the field included only five starters. Mrs. R. G. Brown, playing from scratch, won coming in 4 down. Miss Hager, receiving two strokes, was second, and Miss Chesebrough (3), Miss Ives (9) and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel (12) also played.

On Tuesday, January 2, 1906, the first competition of the season for the Council's Cup for Women began, the qualifying round at medal play being dispensed with, as only six ladies presented themselves. In the first round of match play Mrs. J. R. Clark beat Mrs. R. D. Girvin, 4 up, 2 to play; Miss Chesebrough defeated Mrs. A. M. Shields, 7 up, 5 to play, and Miss Ives won from Mrs. G. S. Garritt, 6 up, 4 to play.

On Tuesday, January 16, driving, approaching and putting contests were held by the ladies of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. On Monday, January 22, the first annual tournament of the California Women Golfers' Association began on the Ingleside course, the opening event being the qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal play, of the competition for the women's championship of California. A full account of this tournament, which lasted six days, will be given in the March issue.

The schedule of events for the women of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club includes two more competitions for the Chesebrough Cup, the first taking place on January 30 and 31 and February 1, and the second on March 27, 28

and 29. Two more competitions for the Council's Cup will also be held during the present season, the first on February 27, 28 and March 1 and the second on April 10, 11 and 12. Four days are allotted on the schedule to each of these competitions, but, as the qualifying round is almost always dropped, each event is completed in three days. In addition to these events there will be an eighteen-hole handicap against bogey, and two eighteen-hole handicaps, medal play. The last event set down on the schedule is fixed for April 24. Besides these competitions women's foresomes or club team matches are held on every Thursday not otherwise occupied. From all this it will be perceived that the ladies have taken up golf with great spirit and enthusiasm.

On Christmas Day the men of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club took part in a match (the second) for the "Bogey Handicap Cup, 1905-1906," the play being over eighteen holes, the first round being counted. The same cards were reckoned also at medal play, prizes being given for the best gross and net scores. The competition for the Bogey Handicap Cup was won by H. A. Blackman, who received five strokes and came in 4 down. The scores of the other competitors were as follows:

Dr. J. R. Clark (handicap 5), 6 down.
Sherwood Hopkins (handicap 8), 7 down.
Captain J. S. Oyster (handicap 5), 7 down.
W. H. La Boyteaux (handicap 6), 8 down.
Dr. T. G. McConkey (handicap 5), 9 down.
R. G. Brown (handicap 5), 10 down.
R. J. Woods (handicap 9), 10 down.
Charles Page (handicap 6), 11 down.
W. J. Dutton (handicap 12), 11 down.
S. L. Abbott Jr. (handicap 2), 13 down.
L. B. Edwards (handicap 10), 13 down.
Leonard Chenery (handicap 9), 14 down.
F. H. Beaver, H. C. Breeden, C. W. Bennett and C. F. Mullins made no returns.

H. A. Blackman's gross and net medal play scores were also the best, but he captured the prize for best gross score only, as it is not permissible for the same player to carry off two prizes in the same competition. The prize for net score accordingly went to Sherwood Hopkins, whose net returns were the second lowest. The details are given in the table

Competitors.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
H. A. Blackman	87	6	81
Sherwood Hopkins	97	10	87
F. H. Beaver	96	8	88
Capt. J. S. Oyster	94	6	88
R. G. Brown	95	6	89
W. H. Le Boyteaux	97	8	89
Dr. J. R. Clark	95	6	89
Charles Page	101	8	93
R. J. Woods	105	12	93
S. L. Abbott Jr.	96	2	94
Dr. T. G. McConkey	100	6	94
Leonard Chenery	113	12	101
L. B. Edwards	*	14	..
W. J. Dutton	*	16	..
C. W. Bennett	*	16	..
C. F. Mullins	*	12	..

* No returns.

New Year's Day is always a busy and important one for the members of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, for not only is there a handicap contest such as is held on all public holidays, but on that day the championship at medal play of the club is decided, the winner receiving the Liverpool Gold Medal and holding it for the year. In order that the competitors might play under similar conditions of weather, the tournament committee notified all members of the club by printed notice that no returns would be accepted after 2 P. M. In accordance with this notice, the card of H. C. Golcher, which was handed in at 2:23 P. M., was not accepted. Had his card been admissible, he would have captured the medal play championship of the club and the right to hold the Liverpool Gold Medal for the year 1906, for his round of the eighteen-hole course was made in 89. As it was, B. D. Adamson's gross score of 90 was the best, and he is the gold-medalist for the present year.

The Liverpool Silver Medal was originally intended to be held by the winner of competitions taking place each month, the gold medal being for an annual contest. It has, however, become the custom to award the silver medal to the player whose net score, after deduction of the handicap, is the best. The best net scores were Lindsay Scrutton's and L. F. Monteagle's 87. These two tied for the silver medal, and will play off over eighteen holes for its possession for the coming twelve months. The scores follow:

COMPETITION FOR LIVERPOOL MEDALS.

Competitors.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
B. D. Adamson	90	2	88
John Lawson	92	2	90
S. L. Abbott Jr.	92	2	90
J. A. Folger	94	6	88
Lindsay Scrutton	95	8	87
Charles Page	97	8	89
Arthur Owen	98	8	90
L. F. Monteagle	101	14	87
J. W. Byrne	102	6	96
R. Gilman Brown	103	6	97
H. A. Blackman	105	6	99
E. N. Bee	107	16	89
R. J. Woods	108	12	96
R. J. Bentley	116	10	106
Leonard Chenery	117	12	105
C. W. Bennett	125	16	109

The scores in the third competition for the Bogey Handicap Cup were calculated from the same cards, each competitor receiving a match play handicap. B. D. Adamson, handicap 2 strokes, was 7 down, Dr. J. R. Clark, handicap 5 strokes, being second with 8 down. L. F. Monteagle (10), J. A. Folger (5), E. N. Bee (12) and W. H. La Boyteaux (6) were 9 down; J. Lawson (2) was 10 down, and so on. B. D. Adamson was declared the winner of the third competition, and will have his name engraved on the trophy. The two previous winners are Captain J. S. Oyster and H. A. Blackman, both of whom, with B. D. Adamson, and the winners of the three competitions yet to be held, are entitled to play for the ultimate possession of the cup. The winner of any one of the competitions is ineligible as winner of a subsequent one, but will receive a replica of the cup as a memento of his prowess, unless he should turn out to be the actual winner of the trophy, in which case he will need nothing further. A replica is one of life's might-have-beens; it is a miniature reproduction of the prize itself, and reminds its owner of the trophy that might have been his, had his lowest score been made on the right day.

At the time of writing (January 3) the new club-house at Ingleside is rapidly being put into full working order. Two bedrooms are ready to receive occupants, and more can be in readiness if needed.

MISS KNOWLES AND MRS. R. G. BROWN.

MRS. LEROY NICKEL AND MRS. GEO. ROE.

The "powers that be" at Claremont Country Club are much disappointed that the first annual tournament of the California Women Golfers' Association is not to be held on the Claremont course. As regards the domestic and culinary departments the Claremont Country Club would of course be eminently suitable for a large event like the annual tournament, and on that ground several of the members of the executive committee would have been glad to have the event held there. But, well as the Claremont club-house fulfills the requirements of entertaining, it was felt to be even more important (nay, absolutely necessary) that an event in which more than forty competitors are likely to take part should be held on a full eighteen-hole course in good condition—and the Claremont course (in the opinion of some well-qualified judges) does not answer this description. The first nine holes, while pretty and interesting, are narrow; and the second nine holes are not yet in good order. At the present time (January 3) it is rumored that the chagrin of the Claremont authorities will seriously affect the number of entries from that club; but it is earnestly to be hoped that, by the time that these words are read, the result will have shown the fear to have been exaggerated. Meanwhile the Ingleside people are doing all in their power to render the first annual tournament of the California Women Golfers' Association a great success. Here's to the first Champion Woman Golfer of California!

In the semi-final round Miss Chesebrough beat Mrs. J. R. Clark, 2 up, 1 to play, in a close and well-contested match, Miss Ives drawing the bye. In the final round Miss Chesebrough was in fine form, while her opponent, Miss Ives, was by no means at her best. Miss Chesebrough won, 8 up, 6 to play, and her name will be the first on the Council's Cup for Women. Though Miss Chesebrough has been one of the strongest women players of the San Francisco Golf Club for some time, she never succeeded in winning a Council's Cup competition. The first and second cups presented by the Council were carried off by Mrs. R. G. Brown, though Mrs. J. R. Clark, Miss Hager, Mrs. W. G. Miller and others had their names engraved on them as winners of one or more competitions. Each Council's Cup must be won three times by the same player before becoming her property.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE NEW DOG.

By PORTUS BAXTER.

MR. T. S. NELSON met Victor and the trainer at the station. It was something of an event in his life, because he had been trying to get a good bird dog for ten years. As Victor cut circles around Mr. Nelson, the proud owner commenced to smile, and remarked: "Seems to remember me. I always did think Vic was a knowing dog."

"He's knowing enough, all right," replied the trainer, who looked sort of careworn.

"What do you mean by that," said Nelson, a trifle suspiciously.

"Mean?" said the trainer. "Oh, nothing. Victor can cover ground with any dog I ever see, has a mighty good nose, can point, and if it comes down to a question of a bone will fight at the drop of the hat."

"Umph," grunted Nelson, "I wonder if there's going to be trouble with Sambo?" Sambo was a hound, one of the best that ever put his nose to a fox track, but grown old in tireless service of Mr. Nelson, who hunted a great deal and killed—well, stories conflicted on that score.

Victor was immediately put through a course of sprouts to give Mr. Nelson the correct idea as to discipline. The test was thoroughly satisfactory. With a training collar on his neck and a long string trailing behind, Victor gave heed to the command "Whoa." When the trainer said, "Shs," Victor would drop to earth, and if the word "Charge" was added he would go down still farther and remain very quiet, until the trainer clucked to him. Then he would jump up and go hunting around for birds. A fine specimen of the blue-blooded pointer, he made a pretty picture as he ranged over the broken ground.

"Well," said Nelson after Victor had been chained up for the night and the trainer had gone with a big roll of bills, "I've got what I wanted at last." Victor's virtues were known in every home in West Pawlet before night, and expectation ran rife as to the amount of game that Mr. Nelson would bring home the first time he went out.

The next morning Nelson went to the barn with a large dish of food, and practiced controlling his dog. He would allow Victor to rush up within six inches of the tempting dish, and then stop him with a "Whoa!" Once Victor went beyond the dead line, and Nelson said "Whoa!" so loud that some of the neighbors thought Nelson's horse was doing things to him. "A trifle eager, a trifle eager," said the proud owner, "but he is a mighty promising dog. Can't expect everything of a puppy—he's only a year old."

When Victor was let out to run he went across the lawn and around the house like mad. Once in a while he would let out a deep-toned bark that sounded just like a

"THE CRUCIAL MOMENT CAME."

hound. Suddenly from the front side of the house came a wild yell, followed by women's shrieks and more yells, and Nelson hurried his portly frame to the scene of distraction. Victor stood in the middle of the road smiling, with his tongue hanging out, but the women were rescuing little John Horner from a big mud puddle, where Victor's playful thrust with his front paws had sent him. Poor little John! What a wreck he was, and how frightened he looked as his glance rested on the sardonic face of playful Mr. Victor. "Naughty Victor!" said Mrs. Nelson, and she shook her finger at him. Victor took this as an invitation and jumped up on her, and tried to lick her face. She patted his head, which was much to his liking.

Just then Nelson came puffing around the corner. "Kate, Kate!" he yelled in a voice that made the church bell jingle, "don't do that. You will teach Victor bad manners. A hunting dog should never jump up on anybody."

"Well," replied Mrs. Nelson, "he just knocked John Horner into the mud and scared all the other children almost to death."

"He was only playing, Kate; he didn't mean anything. You see, he's young and full of ginger." About this time Victor broke away from Mrs. Nelson and with a joyful rush planted both muddy feet on Nelson's massive front. "Charge, Victor!" gasped the victim, "don't you know nothin'." Victor immediately obeyed, much to the surprise of the audience, and to the great delight of Nelson, who unburdened himself of a few points on the proper way to handle a valuable but impulsive dog.

That afternoon Victor was introduced to the exhilarating sport of woodcock hunting. It may seem strange to some that this rare shore bird may be found in one of the beautiful valleys between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, but the birds are there. Each year brings a few birds that nest, and each fall quite a number, for the big "Canadian" woodcock stop for a short period on their way south. Like the snipe, they are here to-day and there the next day.

Mr. Nelson knew where the game was, and he introduced Victor without delay. It was brush shooting, which means quick work and doubtful results. To Victor's credit it must be said that he covered his ground in good form, working a trifle fast at times, but always slowing up if there were evidences of game. The crucial moment came; Victor

"VICTOR HAD ALL THE WORK HE COULD DO."

stopped short, screwed his head around and looked intently at the ground. "Ain't that pretty?" said Mr. Nelson. "Now you walk up carefully and get on the rope. When the bird goes up I will kill it."

With the flushing of the bird it took a most unexpected course, aiming straight for Nelson's head. Victor made a lunge forward, but was brought up with a quick turn. Nelson, surprised at the sight of the bird charging on him and the attempt of the dog to charge on the bird, made a wild effort to get his gun on the bird, slipped on a round rock and fell on his back while the gun exploded, the charge going straight up into the air.

"Did I hit him?" he yelled. "Whoa, Victor, whoa!" For an answer he caught sight of something disappearing over a hill an eighth of a mile away. "Seems to me," said Nelson, "that bird must have been scared."

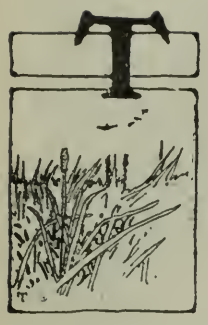
For half an hour Victor had all the work he could do, and the alder bottom rang with the sound of the guns. Luck was indifferent, but Victor was not. He kept getting more excited until he struck a rabbit, and away he went like a shot. "Hi, you, Victor!" yelled Nelson, "come around." But Victor kept on going. Then Nelson shrieked, but to no purpose. "I will get you," said he significantly as he cut a switch. Five minutes later Victor was telling him in piteous tones how it all happened, and Nelson was telling Victor what he thought of him.

And going home Nelson said to me in a thoughtful manner: "I wonder why it was that I did not shoot as well as usual this afternoon?"

"THESE ALSO RAN."

1—Encinal.
2—Senator's Dolly.
3—Mishap.
4—Senator.
5—Montauk Jr.
6—Hickorywood.

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.



THE twenty-third annual trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club was run at Bakerfield commencing Monday, January 8, with the Derby, in which there were twenty-two starters evenly divided between the pointers and setters.

The judges were W. J. Baugh, H. L. Betten and J. H. Schumacher.

The attendance was good and the weather pleasant.

The first brace cast off was J. W. Considine's blue belton English setter bitch Misfit (Count Rowdy-Roxane), handled by J. E. Lucas, and W. B. Coutts' liver and white pointer dog Tod Sloan (Bolin's Duke-Whisper) handled by owner. This brace ran for 35 minutes without finding any birds. Both dogs showed good speed and range, and during the heat covered a good deal of country.

J. E. Terry's English setter Merry Duchess (Fairyland Dude-Merry Heart), handled by Fred Coutts, and W. W. Van Arsdale's pointer bitch Sonoma (Doctor Daniels-Babe Jingo), handled by C. N. Babcock, were put down in the same section. Like the former brace these showed plenty of go, and ranged over a good deal of country, but without raising any birds.

S. Christensen's black, white and tan English setter dog Goliath (Kilgarif-Maggie F.), handled by W. B. Coutts, and W. W. Van Arsdale's white and orange English setter bitch Madera (Uncle B.-Count's Gift), handled by C. H. Babcock, were cast off in section 17. Both dogs got away well, Madera showing a little the best speed, but Goliath hunting out his ground to the best advantage, and with a high head and very merry tail action. A number of birds were found, though but one point was made. This, however, was a very good one, in which Goliath showed himself perfectly stanch.

J. W. Considine's blue belton English setter bitch Mishap (Count's Rowdy-Roxane), handled by J. E. Lucas, and W. J. Morris' liver and white pointer dog Navajo (Teddy Kent-Jack's Fashion), handled by S. N. Carlisle, were the next brace down. Mishap proved a merry little hunter with good speed and range, badly outclassing her opponent in these respects. Like in the last heat, there were many birds raised but only one point secured, that by Mishap, which proved a very stylish one.

Hugh Hopkins' liver and white English setter bitch, Aunt Marie (Uncle B.-Sport's Bell) handled by Fred Coutts, and Stockdale Kennel's liver and white pointer dog Hickorywood (Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella), handled by R. M. Dodge, was the first brace down after lunch. This brace was cast off in a good field where a large number of birds were found. After a merry run Aunt Marie worked through a large bunch of birds, but failed to point. Hickorywood also was on birds and for some reason he also could not locate. They were given a good trial and had many opportunities, but neither dog scored a point.

J. W. Flynn's orange and white pointer dog Senator's Don (Senator P.-Flynn's Dolly Jingo), handled by W. B. Coutts, and John Erikson's liver and white pointer dog Senator's Jack (Senator P.-Miss Rap), handled by Charley Coutts, were cast off in an open field with good low cover, and into which some forty or fifty birds had settled. This brace made a couple of very long casts and were finally brought onto the birds, where it seemed they certainly should have done some fine pointing, but while they flushed many birds no points were made.

Stockdale Kennels' liver, white and tan pointer dog Oakwood (Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella), handled by R. M. Dodge, and J. W. Flynn's lemon and white pointer bitch Senator's Dolly (Senator P.-Dolly Jingo), handled by W. B. Coutts, were put down in the same field as the last brace. After a short run they were taken across the county road into another field, where many birds had settled. This brace had many opportunities for point work, but like most of the dogs down during the day failed to locate the birds before running over them.

J. E. Lucas, black and white English setter dog Uncle Dudley (Count Whitestone-Count's May Belle), handled by owner, and F. H. Jermyn's liver and white pointer dog Raffles (Senator P.-Miss Rap), handled by W. B. Coutts, was the last brace of the day, and were worked in behind the Canfield school house. Birds were soon found, and an abundance of opportunities were given then to run up a good score of points. Each dog, however, placed to his credit but one point, while many birds were run over. Just what was the reason for so little point work with birds so plentiful in all but the first two heats cannot be determined. Certainly it must have been some peculiar condition of the atmosphere.

TUESDAY.

The first series was continued during Tuesday forenoon with no better results as to point work than on Monday. The day's sport opened by casting off Stockdale Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Baywood (Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella), handled by R. M. Dodge, and Mrs. C. E. Wilson's black, white and tan English setter dog Encinal (Clipper W.-Rod's Sylvia), handled by C. E. Wilson, in section 16. The morning was cool and one would have thought that point work would have been the main feature of the heat. Although plenty of birds were found this was not the case and what looked like inexcusable flushes became the rule instead of the exception. Baywood, however, did make one very nice point, to which he was quite steady, and Encinal made a very stylish one from which no bird was raised. Both dogs showed good speed and ranged out well, Baywood especially making one very nice cast.

J. W. Flynn's lemon and white pointer dog Senator (Senator P.-Dolly Jingo), handled by W. B. Coutts, and H. A. Jones' black, white and tan English setter dog Montauk J. (Bruce-Juno H.), handled by S. N. Carlisle, were put down in section 17. Montauk made one point after flushing many birds. He is a big dog, running with a low head and heavy action, but showed a good deal of hunting instinct. Senator is a light-

DERBY WINNERS
1—AUNT MARIE WINNER 2ND
2—LADY BELL WINNER 3RD
3—BESSIE MORTIMER WINNER 1ST

weight pointer of snappy action, very fast and a handsome mover, but he failed to locate any of the birds, though they were scattered well and lying like rocks.

The last brace of the series was J. E. Terry's lemon and white English setter bitch Bessie Mortimer (Kilgarif-Maggie F.), handled by Fred Coutts, and F. G. Schumacher's liver and white pointer bitch Lady Belle (Teddy Kent-Jack's Fashion), handled by W. B. Coutts. This brace gave a nice exhibition of classy range and speed, there being but little difference between them. Only one bird was found during the heat, and this was pointed by sight by Bessie, she standing but a half dozen feet from the bird.

This closed the first series, and the party drove over to the Gosford ranch, the usual lunching place. After lunch the judges announced, after a long consultation, that they would take into the second series the following dogs, to be run as follows:

Senator with Mishap, Goliath with Sonoma, Lady Belle with Encinal, and Bessie Mortimer with Aunt Marie, with Baywood and Uncle Dudley held in reserve.

Senator and Mishap were turned down in a vineyard about a mile below the Canfield school house. Mishap, a very stylish little bitch, with extremely smooth action and very snappy motion, went away like the wind and soon found herself in the midst of a large bevy of birds on the bare ground. She had flushed part of them by running into them, and concluding that she might as well complete the job got the rest on the wing as rapidly as possible, much to her own enjoyment and her handler's disgust. Working into cover, several more birds were flushed by both dogs, it seeming impossible for the dogs to catch the scent.

Sonoma not being on the ground, the judges after waiting over half an hour for him, put down Goliath to run alone. When Goliath had been down about twenty minutes Babcock arrived with Sonoma, and wanted to run him. The judges informed him that under the rules they had declared him out, but if the owners and handlers of the other dogs in the series had no objections the dog could run. The other handlers were called up, and making no objection, Sonoma was put down. When Mr. Van Arsdale, the owner of Sonoma, learned the situation he went to the judges as soon as the heat was ended and insisted on withdrawing him, an action which was most highly commended by all present, whose sympathies were, nevertheless, with that most sportsmanlike gentleman.

The last brace of the day was Encinal and Lady Belle, which were put down in a new field. Encinal made one stylish point to which he was perfectly steady. While Encinal is quite a stylish dog he did not show the speed or range of the pointer, which was quite brilliant in all but her work on birds.

This closed the running for the day.

WEDNESDAY.

Aunt Marie and Bessie Mortimer were the first dogs down on Wednesday morning. This pair showed up well and very soon established their claims to a good place in the money. Both bitches pointed and proved perfectly stanch to shot and wing.

The next brace was Goliath and Encinal. Goliath sustained his good work of the heats before, but Encinal hardly showed up to his form of the previous day.

Lady Belle was put down alone, and while she had made no points in any of her heats, the judges considered her fine speed, range, style and desire to find birds sufficient to give her a place in the money.

The judges after a few minutes consultation announced the winners. The awards were well received by the party present.

First—Bessie Mortimer.
Second—Aunt Marie
Third—Lady Belle.

ALL AGE.

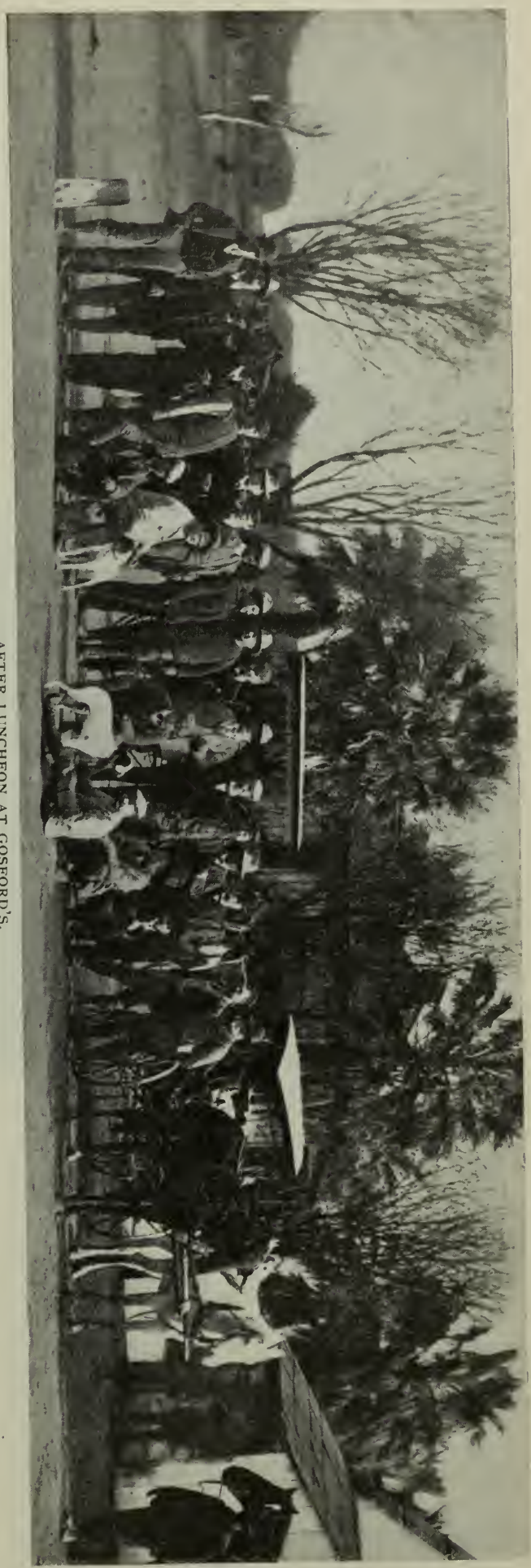
Immediately on the conclusion of the Derby the All-Age was started. Mr. Schumacher having a dog in the All-Age, Mr. Wm. Dormer was selected to take his place in the saddle.

The first brace in the All-Age consisted of J. E. Terry's black, white and tan English setter dog Kilgarif (Orion-Mary Lou), handled by W. B. Coutts, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter dog McCloud Boy (Tony Boy-Sadie Hopkins), handled by C. H. Babcock. Both dogs got away well, ranging wide and covering a wide piece of country, Kilgarif working over to the northwest corner of the section crossed through the fence into some small willows and a few minutes later a number of birds were seen to flush. His handler hurried over and called point. From this a nice little bevy was flushed. Both dogs were now put on the scattered birds, and Kilgarif soon demonstrated that the conditions were ideal for him, no matter what they had been for the Derby dogs. After thirty-five minutes they were taken up.

J. E. Terry's black, white and tan English setter dog Kenwood (Kilgarif-Iona S.), handled by W. B. Coutts, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter bitch Count's Gift (Count's Mark-Verona School Girl), handled by C. H. Babcock, were the next dogs down. In this heat there was plenty of speed and range, but birds were scarce and points therefore still scarcer.

It was now noon and the party drove over to the lunch station. After lunch, Stockdale Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Cuba Jr. (Cuba of Kenwood-Florida), handled by R. M. Dodge, and J. E. Lucas' liver and white pointer bitch, Chiquita (Doctor Daniels-Fango), handled by owner, were put down in a new field about a mile south of Gosford's ranch. The speed of this brace was not as great as that of either of the other braces, but the range was fully as wide. Nor were there as many birds found. Cuba made one good point, to which he showed his usual stanchness, and Chiquita made one just the moment before the bird flushed. Down 37 minutes.

S. Christensen's blue belton English setter bitch Belle Fontaine (Count Whitestone-Gracie Gladstone), handled by W. B. Coutts, and J. W. Considine's black, white and tan English setter bitch Policy Girl (Dave Earl-Top's Queen).



AFTER LUNCHEON AT GOSFORD'S.

handled by J. E. Lucas, was the next brace, and gave an exhibition of fast snappy work that was worth the trip to Bakersfield to see. Policy Girl found and pointed the bevy which possibly was moving, and as she moved up closer Belle snapped in and took the point. From this on the heat was a race for birds. The bevy scattered wide when flushed, and the two bitches ranged wide and fast in search of them, giving a really spectacular exhibition of real classy work. Belle secured the most points, but the little Girl had far the best of the race in all other respects. This heat was run on ground where the whole crowd could get a fine view of the work, which proved a very acceptable treat after the disappointing work of the Derby.

The last brace of the day was Stockdale Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Checkmate (Cuba Jr.-Bow's Daughter), handled by R. M. Dodge, and J. E. Terry's white and orange English setter dog Romp (Orion-Terry's Lady), handled by Fred Coutts. This brace was on plenty of birds, but neither dog showed merit enough to carry them any farther in the race.

THURSDAY.

The weather conditions of Thursday were not favorable by any means. A strong wind and sand storm sweeping over the Tehachapi Mountains from the Mojave desert filled the air with dust to such an extent that the best of dogs were unable to locate their birds with any certainty. In fact, this became so bad by the middle of the afternoon, when the first series was disposed of, that the running of the second series was postponed to the morrow, much to the satisfaction of the half-blinded followers of the sport.

T. J. Watson's orange belton English setter dog Star's Rod (Starlight-Rod's Sylvia), handled by C. E. Wilson, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter dog Calaveras (California Bell Boy-Peach Blossom), handled by C. H. Babcock, was the first brace down in the morning. The field in which this brace was put down was an open one, giving a plain view of the dogs at all times, and the spectators had an exhibition of what a couple of fast, wide ranging dogs can do in covering ground. While there were no birds found, the work of these dogs was of a very high order, and marked them in big letters for the second series.

Stockdale Kennel's liver, white and tan pointer bitch Ivywood (Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella), handled by R. M. Dodge, and Mr. Estabrook's black, white and tan English setter bitch Del Rey Belle (California Bell Boy-Countess Mark), handled by Charles Coutts, were put down near where the last brace were taken up. They were soon on birds a plenty. Belle took advantage of this and scored three points, to all of which she was perfectly stanch. Ivywood seemed out of condition, or else she has been overworked, for she ran without spirit. Belle is no doubt a bird finder, but she lacks the other important elements of a field-trial winner.

MR. ESTABROOK'S DELL REY BELLE.

Stockdale Kennels' black and white pointer dog Cuba's Japan (Cuba of Kenwood-Winnipeg Fly), handled by R. M. Dodge, and J. W. Flynn's liver and white pointer bitch Sabine Molly (Sabine's Rip Rap-Fanny Coin), handled by W. B. Coutts, was the next brace down. The sand storm which had been increasing since morning had now reached a point where hopes of any further point work were futile. But it was thought best to finish the series as three braces had already run in the storm, therefore W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter dog Avalon (California Bell Boy-Peach Blossom), handled by C. H. Babcock, and Briggs & Cox's black, white and tan English setter bitch Countess Lou (Count's Mark-Mary Lou), handled by W. B. Coutts, were cast off and worked toward the dinner station. This brace

covered a large amount of territory, but while their speed was rapid and their range wide they failed to find birds.

The party went to lunch, and as it was a cold day the proprietors of the Hotel Southern warmed up to the ocasion, and though we lunched ten miles from this popular hostelry we were served with hot clam chowder as an introductory to the many other good things that followed.

After lunch a drive was made to the new section, where it was known there were plenty of birds.

J. H. Schumacher's black and white English setter dog Sir Roderick (Detroit Joe-Dolores), handled by W. B. Coutts', and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter bitch Keepsake (California Bell Boy-Peach Blossom), handled by C. H. Babcock, were cast off. About a hundred birds were soon flushed, which scattered in various directions, and the dogs worked over the country for 37 minutes, with the result that only one point was made. That was by the little Keepsake, and in her characteristic snappy style. Keepsake showed fine speed and range, but Sir Roderick was nowhere near up to his last year's form.

All day long the intensity of the storm had been increasing, and at the close of this heat, which was also the close of the first series, the president of the club announced that further running would be postponed until Friday morning.

FRIDAY.

Calaveras and Countess Lou were the first to go down on Friday morning. They went away with a clipping pace, ranging out wide. After about ten minutes run they found birds, which both assisted in flushing until no more were left, without either making a point. Ten minutes of this work satisfied the judges, and they were ordered up.

Avalon and Star's Rod were the next brace down. Both dogs are fast and very wide rangers. A good deal of country had been covered when Avalon was seen stiff on point about four hundred yards away. His handler started to go to him, apparently with perfect confidence as he didn't seem much in a hurry. In the meantime Rod came up and twice passed between him and the bevy. Babcock walked in front of him and the main part of the bevy flushed. Avalon moved slightly to the right and pointed again, from which two birds were flushed. This bevy find and the fine manner in which Avalon held it, and his rapid swing onto the two outlying birds was the prettiest piece of work so far during the trials. At the close of this they were taken up.

Policy Girl and Keepsake were cast off near the same place and worked northwest. This brace gave an exhibition of speed and range seldom seen even by old-time trial followers. Policy Girl was a bit the fastest and selected the ground for her cast with the better judgment. She proved herself the fastest and widest ranger in the stake, and what was better than all there was no perceptible slowing of her terrific speed up to the last minute she was down. No birds were found during the heat.

MR. S. CHRISTENSEN'S BELLEFONTAINE.

Kilgarif and Belle Fontaine were the next down in the same field. Kilgarif soon showed the Belle that she wasn't in it with him in range, though her speed was fully equal to his. No birds were found.

After a short rest Kilgarif and Policy Girl were cast off on the same grounds and worked to the north. This was a wide ranging pair, but the little girl was too much for the heavy dog in speed, and had a little the best of him in range. A fast race with no birds was the net results of the heat.

After a short consultation the judges announced the winners. The decision was not ex-

ALL AGE WINNERS
1—KILGARIF WINNER 1ST
2—POLICY GIRL WINNER 2ND
3—AVALON WINNER 3RD
Runner-up in California Stake.

pected by the great majority of the spectators, and was not well received. Kilgarif had made a number of points in his first heat it is true, but he had his birds in one of those swales where they will always lie like rocks. He is quite a wide ranger and is also reasonably fast for the first ten or fifteen minutes. He is also honest in his work and a good bird finder. But when it comes to a really classy performer he cannot be compared with the fiery little Policy Girl whose very motion is a symphony, whose every action is grace, and who never tires nor lags for a moment. If the decision placing Kilgarif first was based on a few flushes of the bitch the day before, it should have been remembered that Kil flushed also. If it was based on point work, then Avalon stood without a peer, for the heat ran to-day was his only opportunity on birds. In his heat in the first series there were no birds on the grounds where he was run. In his heat to-day, wherein he had his only chance to point, he found and pointed a bevy stanchly while his handler walked fully three hundred yards and that, too, with the competing dog running twice between him and his birds. Then when the birds he was pointing were flushed he turned his head to the side and pointed a couple of outlying ones. The whole performance being almost the one oasis in a desert of bad point work characteristic of the whole meeting. He was the only dog in the stake that ran an absolutely errorless heat. He is nearly as fast as the fastest, and ranged as wide as the widest. He handled all the birds he had an opportunity to point, not only perfectly but he handled them beautifully. No other dog in the stake did the same or anywhere near the same. I can only account for the decision on the hypothesis that the judges failed to remember that he had only had this one opportunity, or that from the distance they were from the dog at the time they failed to see his faultless handling of the little bevy and the two outlying birds.

The decision was:
First—Kilgarif.
Second—Policy Girl.
Third—Avalon.

THE MEMBERS' STAKE.

The Members' Stake that had eight entries was run Friday afternoon.

The first brace down was W. S. Tevis' liver and white English setter dog Cloudlight, handled owner, and Lloyd Tevis' black and white pointer bitch Elsie, also handled by owner. They were worked over a considerable country without finding any birds, Elsie making by far the best showing in covering her ground.

The next brace down was L. McDaniel's lemon and white English setter dob Cloudlight, handled by owner, and C. Christensen's liver and white pointer dog Raffles, handled by owner. As the dogs were cast off Cloudlight, a puppy that had only been in the field three times, pointed a single before he had gone thirty yards, his handler

did not think there was a bird there, and only attempted to flush after considerable urging. The bird was there, however, and as it flushed the crowd cheered heartily. Going on the little puppy ran into a small bevy which flushed all around him, and he became wildly excited. He scored four pretty good points in the heat, but kept close tabs on his handler. Raffles was a stranger to his handler, being taken out of the hands of the trainer for the occasion, and showed but little desire to form his acquaintance. He worked out well, but could not be brought in to put on the birds already located.

M. J. Donally's lemon and white English setter dog Monterey, handled by H. W. Keller, and Clinton E. Worden's Betsy, handled by owner, were the next to go down. This brace soon found a bevy, which both pointed. On the scattered birds Betsy secured three points to Monterey's one. They worked their ground to very good advantage.

The last brace of the series was F. D. Ross' black and white pointer dog Swede, handled by owner, and W. W. Van Arsdale's lemon and white pointer bitch Lottie Ripstone, handled by Howard Smith. This brace did not behave near as well as the last one down, nor did they have the birds to work on.

This closed the series, and the judges called for Elsie and Raffles and gave them a long heat on new grounds. Plenty of birds were found, both dogs handling them well and running up a good score of points.

At the conclusion of this heat the winners were announced as follows:

First—Raffles.
Second—Elsie.
Third—Betsie.

THE CHAMPION STAKE.

The Champion Stake, which is a two hours' stake, was run off on Saturday, all four dogs entered in it having run in the All-Age.

The first brace down was Stockdale Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Cuba Jr., handled by R. M. Dodge, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan dog McCloud Boy, handled by C. H. Babcock. Both dogs got out well, making many wide casts before any birds were found. The first to find was Cuba, who, catching scent tried to locate, but failed for some time. At last he located his birds just as a couple of them flushed, but held his point well on the balance. No more points were made on these birds. Going into a wash filled with tall brush a number of points were made, but most of them were non-productive of results, each dog got one point from which his handler was able to flush. Working out of this brush McCloud pointed a single. To Cuba's next point no bird was raised. Each dog then secured a point on singles. Cuba then pointed but soon moved away. The bird was afterwards flushed. McCloud working into the old river bottom dropped to a point from which half a dozen birds were raised. This was the last of the point work. While McCloud was the faster dog at the start, the long heat was too much for him, and he was all in before it closed. Cuba had slowed down a good deal, but was going well at the finish of the heat.

The other brace of the stake was W. W. Van Arsdale's setter dog Avalon, and setter bitch Policy Girl, he having purchased the bitch during the running of the All-Age stake. Babcock handled Avalon, and Lucas handled Policy Girl. This proved a brace of very fast wide rangers, and snappy on their point work. After a run of half an hour's duration, Policy, working out onto slightly higher ground, snapped to a point in fine style, and was stanchly backed by Avalon. A nice bevy was flushed from this point, which scattered in fine cover and over a big piece of ground. The two dogs now went to work on the scattered birds, making rapid casts and swinging into points and backs in the most stylish manner. This fine exhibition of really high-class work continued for half an hour, each

MR. S. CHRISTENSEN'S RAFFLES
Winner 1st Members' Stake.

POLICY GIRL, AVALON, BACKING IN CHAMPION STAKE.

dog scoring a half dozen or more good points, nearly all of which were promptly backed by the other dog. Very few flushes were made, but several false points and one or two points on rabbits were interlarded during the exhibition. When all the birds had been got up, the dogs were worked away until the time limit had expired. Just before the end of this heat the little bitch, which during the whole heat had been going with a killing pace, was put through a big patch of tall grass and weeds that took the go out of her very rapidly. The dog, however, stood it all right, and as soon as he was out of this, and into good going, went off on one of his characteristic long casts, and was fully three or four hundred yards away when they were called up.

The two judges, Messrs. Betten and Baughn, evidently were not agreed on the merits of the dogs, for after a discussion that lasted fifteen minutes they announced that they would run Cuba Jr. and Avalon together at 3 o'clock for half an hour. This was certainly a hard deal on Avalon, for Cuba had been resting during the two hours in which his opponent had been putting up a very fast race.

At the conclusion of the half hour heat Cuba was announced as the winner, with Avalon as the runner up.

This decision was well received by the spectators, who warmly congratulated Mr. Dodge on his dog's well earned win. Mr. Van Arsdale was also the recipient of enthusiastic congratulations, and everyone went away cheered and enthused by the magnificent work which marked the last days of the meet.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting of the club was held on Thursday night with a large attendance.

The following new members were added to the club: J. D. Roberts of Madera, John Eriksen of Seattle, Rube Louis of San Francisco, Dr. J. M. Dunn of San Francisco, F. D. Ross of Hanford,

Stockdale Kennels' Champion

CUBA JR.

Winner of Championship in 1906 P. C. F. T. C. Trials.

STOCKDALE KENNELS' BAYWOOD.

COMBINATION BOY POINTING.

A. B. Spreckels of San Francisco, Victor Caglieri of San Francisco, and Lloyd Tevis of Bakersfield. W. J. Baughn, Ridgeville, Ind., was elected an honorary member.

The officers for the ensuing year are H. W. Keller, Santa Monica, President; J. H. Schumacher, Los Angeles, and J. E. Terry, Sacramento, vice-Presidents; and Albert Betz, San Francisco, re-elected secretary-treasurer.

The following gentlemen were elected as an executive committee: Elmer Cox, W. W. Van Arsdale, William S. Tevis, C. N. Post and F. H. Jermyn.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. William S. Tevis for the many favors he has rendered the club.

A committee on ways and means, with full power to purchase or lease grounds for the use of the club, was appointed as follows: W. W. Van Arsdale, H. W. Keller, Elmer Cox, C. W. Hibbard, F. H. Jermyn and J. E. Terry.

It was decided that hereafter the Members' Stake is to be run between the Derby and All-Age stakes, and that all dogs shall be eligible to enter except those that have been placed in any stake except a member's, and such as are to start in the All-Age Stake of the current year.

The date of the trials hereafter are to be the last complete week in January.

A DEPLORABLE LOSS.

In the death of Combination Boy Manager R. M. Dodge of the Stockdale Kennels at Bakersfield suffers an irreparable loss. Combination Boy was one of those rare specimens of the highest class pointers which combine in themselves all the good qualities of a perfect field dog with the faultless form and other physical excellences which win on the bench.

He was a dog of rare promise, and his death came at a most inopportune time, for he was at concert pitch for the music of the near-by field trials, and was confidently expected to make as good a showing in the trials as he did on the bench. His loss is one that will affect the whole Coast fancy, and we sympathize deeply with his owner in his most unfortunate loss.

STOCKDALE KENNELS' HICKORYWOOD.

COMBINATION BOY.

TRADE TOPICS

BETTER THAN EVER.

This is the age of improvements and the ingenuity of modern man seems illimitable. In proof whereof it is our great pleasure to chronicle what years ago we would have deemed a sheer impossibility, namely, a material improvement in the hitherto conceded perfect Lyman sights system. As will be seen by reference to the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation's advertisement elsewhere in this issue, this company has produced and is now offering for sale a folding combination rear sight which can be instantly locked and thereby reliably held in exact position regardless of position of rifle. By an ingenious arrangement the sight can only be locked when it is in correct shooting position, and when so secured can be carried through the woods, on horseback, in a wagon, or in any other imaginable way without risk of being displaced from its correct position when the shot is to be made. As is characteristic of all Lyman products this is effected in the same simple and durable way; nothing complicated or hazardously delicate about its parts, and built for business every time. It will doubtlessly be adopted wherever rifles are shot in the world, and we hasten to offer our congratulations to the Lyman Company on their achievement and its logical returns.

* * *

SOME NEW BOOKS.

"Lady Penelope," by Morley Roberts (L. C. Page & Co., Boston), will appeal to a certain class of readers very forcibly—and to others not at all. As a bit of frothy time destroyer it is a great success, but viewed from any other standpoint it is inconceivable why it should first, have been written, and second, published. It is a good book not to buy.

"Slaves of Success," by Elliott Flower, has considerably more license to live and be read, because it deals with live topics of interest in a very entertaining way The situations are a bit overdrawn, and the characters a little crude, but it is good wholesome reading and contains not a few morals very nicely pointed. That it will sell is a foregone conclusion; that it will work out any lasting effect is a matter for the future to determine. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

A good, clean, wholesome and altogether worthy book is "Return," by Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke. (Page & Co., Boston.) It is a love-story of the old Colonial days in the city of Charles Town, S. C., and is full of life, action and human interest. The dialogue is sparkling, there are many dramatic situations and the whole story hangs well together. The local color is rich and effectively portrayed, and we are glad that we have read it —so will others be, for the volume is worthy of the investment and will go into more than one edition unless we are very badly mistaken.

MARCH FIRST

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"The Game," by Jack London (MacMillan & Co.), falls much short of this author's fair promise. It is clever in a way—but a way that will not add means to either London's purse or his reputation. It is merely a bit of erratic pandering to a popular craze that works only to the brutalization of the species. As a pot-boiler it may serve; but London ought to be ashamed of himself!

* * *

MADE BY SPORTSMEN FOR SPORTSMEN.

Who is the maker of your sporting equipment? Is it the firm who turns out an article by the million and looks at it merely from a commercial point of view, little thinking or caring whether that particular article will please a particular customer?

The Marble Safety Axe Company are not included in the above class of manufacturers. Mr. Marble, the inventor of nearly every article they make, spent the greater part of twenty-five years in the woods and on the waters of the Northwestern States. Every man in their plant is a sportsman. These men have taken up this line because they love the work. They put the best that is in them into each individual hunting knife, each individual axe, rifle sight or other of the many useful implements turned out by this company.

They have men in their sales and correspondence departments whose entire duties are to carefully study the needs and fancies of the sportsman or nature lover, and to correctly supply these needs. They seem to take particular delight in meeting the requirements of men who want things just right—"cranks."

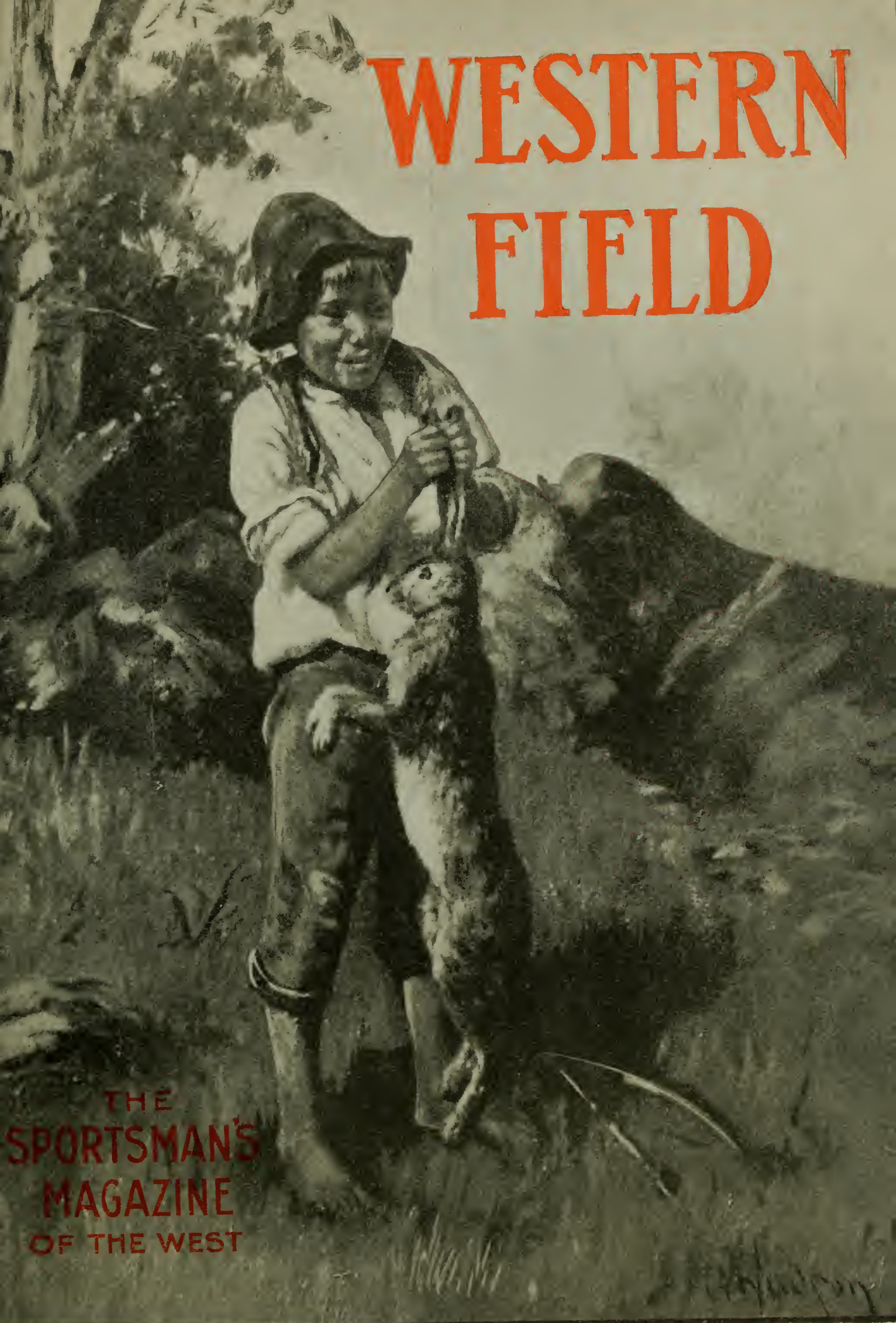
Their address is Gladstons, Michigan, U. S. A.

* * *

ON HIS QUEST FOR CONFECTIONS.

The genial gentleman whose picture is herewith appended requires no introduction to Pacific Coast circles. Mr. H. V. Ramsdell, as man-

WESTERN FIELD



THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

AN FRANCISCO MARCH 1906 CALIFORNIA

Goose Shooters

WILL FIND EVERYTHING
FOR THEIR PET
SPORT AT

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538 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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ANSWER—Because they don't use—

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REMEMBER—One (1) dead bird in the pocket is worth two (2) in the tule.

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—"*The Twilight, with her key,*
Has locked the golden portal."

WESTERN FIELD

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262

Vol. 8 MARCH, 1906. No. 2

GOLDEN GATE

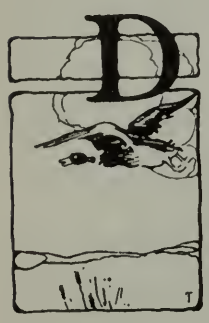
'TIS here the Evening enters; through this Gate
The dreamy Night descends upon the shore;
The astral hosts that on the Goddess wait
Announce her coming through the dark'ning door,
And one by one the jewel-stars are placed
Throughout the boundless canopy of blue—
The Night is come! and on her brow is traced
That somber splendor which the Day ne'er knew—
An infuscation that but charms our view.
The Gate grows dark; the Twilight, with her key,
Has locked the golden portal, and has flown
Beyond the shore, the silence, and the sea,
And Night is Queen, triumphant on her throne!

'Tis here the Day-god passes; through this Gate
The sleepy Sun descends unto its rest;
The light is fled, nor man, nor God, nor Fate
Can call that vanished crimson to the West;
The blush of Youth is not more lost to Age;
The light of Love is not more lost to Hate;
The leaf is turned, nor can we claim a page
Which once is read, or through that Golden Gate
Recall one hour of rapture. Such is Fate.
The Gate grows dark; the Twilight, with her key,
Has locked the pearly portal. Thus the soul
Shall pass beyond the sunset's Mystery—
Beyond the Gate that opens to the goal.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

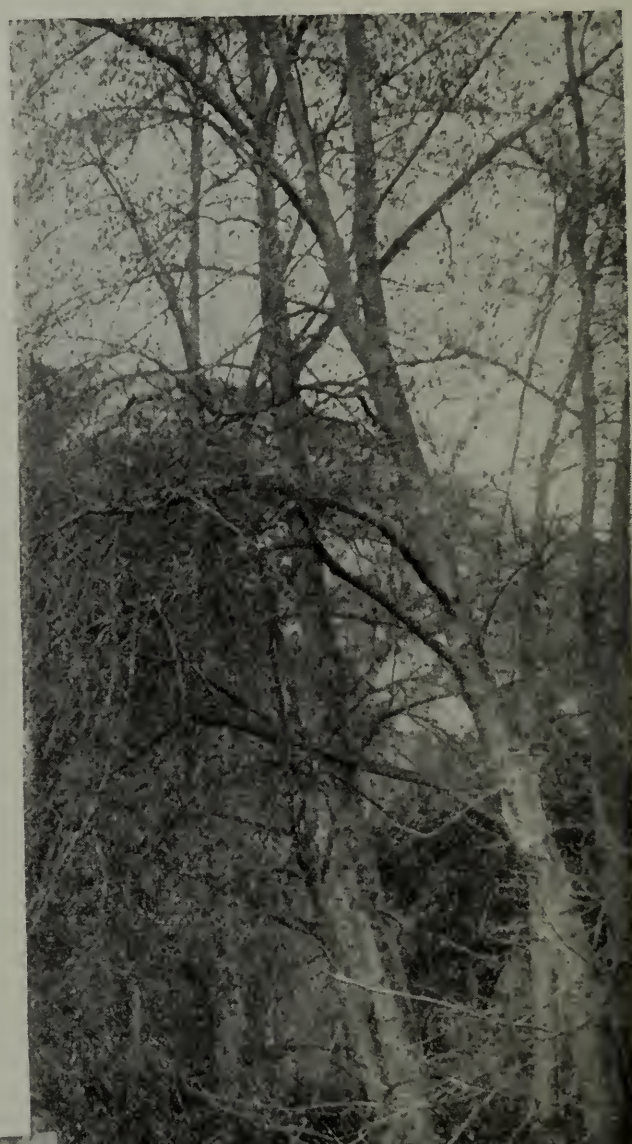
RIVER SONGS

By Harry H. Dunn.



DID you ever try to analyze your feeling of friendship or love for a very and dear companion? Did you ever lie at length along a California stream and try to tell yourself just why you had rather lie there and build castles in the spray than be about the business of your life, no matter how close that might be to you?

And yet the reasons are indentically the same. Men love their friends and companions of years for the nicety with which their natures fit together; so those of us who go much to the world of the wild come to love the brook because it comes closer to us than any other manifestation of the hand of nature in all the outdoors. Men learn to love the desert or the gaunt ledges of the barest mountains in the same way, but those are likings that take years in the forming; the brook is always ready to meet you half way, always ready to furnish just a bit more of an afternoon's entertainment than do you, always ready to sing to you the lullaby of sleep or the pean of praise as your



"THE CRADLE SONG OF THE HILLS."

soul may wish—for after all, it is the ear that hears which makes the sounds of the wild rather than the wild itself. No one ever heard a midnight breeze sob the same sad song two nights in succession; no one ever heard the same thunder-clap twice, yet they all are manifestations of the same power—it is only the hearer that changes.

Around the cabin on the mountain top the great wind sways the pine tree's tips, and to you, sleeping there, it is an eerie sound, inexpressibly sad and lonely. You cannot enter into its spirit; you cannot even superficially understand it; you grow to hate it and to dread the night, unless you are of long kin with the powers of the wild, and then it is a voice so much beyond you that you never care for it—you endure it because you cannot escape. Down on the oak flats the same wind, lessened by long drives through tree-lined gorges, scatters the dead leaves of last year in your face, sobbing among the branches as it goes, until you are prone to flee its mournful mutterings, fearing lest you, too, be blown, as are the leaves, headlong into that eternity of time and space whence you came.

But with the brook all this is different. You lie along the green edge, or on some sandy bar as the case may be, in winter or in summer; the waters plashes on your hands and face and all the while it talks to you softly. Out in the middle the deeper channel is chanting happily to itself, but in near shore where every grass blade has its bubbling eddy, where every little pebble arouses the crystal water to fresh murmurings, ah! there is where you learn the secrets of the brook, the cradle song of the hills. All the soft whisperings of the pines, as they bent above the spring where it was born, the brook brings down to you; all the tales of new-hatched grouse brood, brought to waterside to drink for the first time, are told in that gray and brown and gold feather that floats among the grass stems. The pine cone, drifting down the stronger current in the center, would speak of the gray four-foot who cut it from its resting place at tip of swaying limb and cast its rifled husk into the stream below.

And when the rhododendrons and the purple smoke flowers bloom, then down the brooks and rivers is told a wondrous tale of flower-covered hillsides far above. The brook, so long as it remains walled in by the higher hills, reaches out curling fingers of liquid light, seeking to seize upon everything in sight that it may bear with it to the fields below. Corolla of blossom, cone of pine, downy feather of nesting bird, mayhap the empty shell of one of her eggs and sometimes her whole nest, all drift by on the gentle floor of the waters, blindly trusting to the tumbling stream to find them a last resting place.

But more than this, aside from all the streamlet tells of the place whence it came, every brook has a song all its own, a song within itself and appreciable only to those that have lingered long beside flowing waters until their ears have become attuned to the slightest ripple-note. Up near its source, where the sides of the hills come down closely to the water, it sings of the things it will do and the stream it will be when it once is released from the binding wall of the mountains. How it splashes and boils and storms at every stone in its bed, and how it tears at the sides of the course it has worn for itself in the bottom of the cañon! It has all the rage of the small boy despoiled of some cherished plaything, all the ambition of the youngster longing for the day when he shall become the full man stepping boldly out into the world of other men to meet them all on an equal footing. As the little side streams add to it, they in turn only swell its desire to reach the open land of larger rivers, knowing as little, mayhap, as the boy, of the sea that lies beyond—waiting to engulf. Here the trees which bend over it in tenderest embrace, striving to hold it among them forever, seem to it restraining giants that would keep it from knowing the world outside.

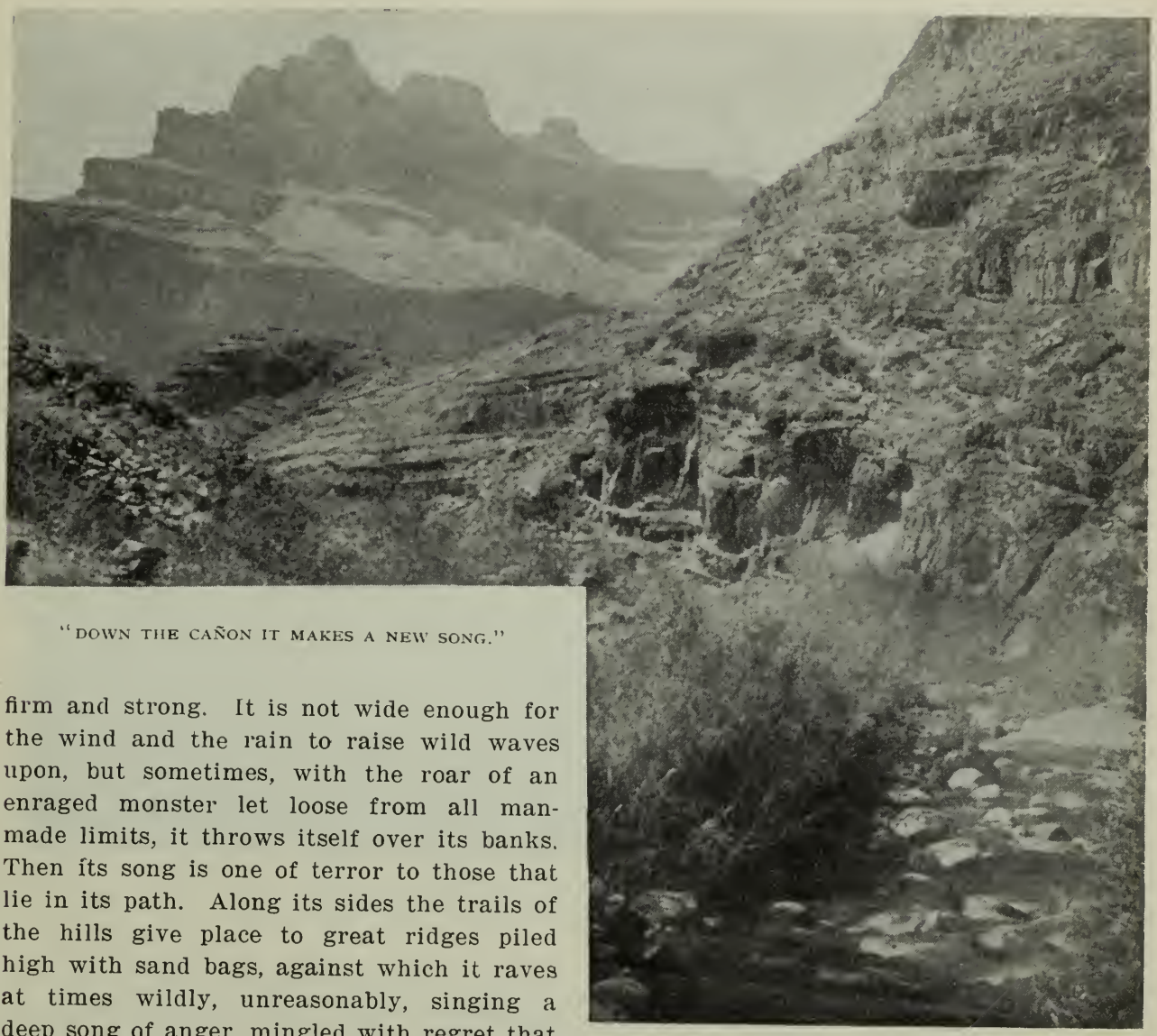
Down the cañon, as the hills broaden out and the rains and the side streams add to the body of its waters, the young river makes for itself a new song. This time it is a song of half-satisfied desire, a more settled, less boisterous melody than the first it sang, but yet there is in it a note of longing, a note destined never to be satisfied ere the sea shall engulf it. Its bed, too, has broadened and its waters become more shallow than they were in the close-walled cañon, so that its tones are neither so deep nor so

resonant as they were further back. The little stones no more bother it, but it makes bubbling eddies around every larger boulder, and over the very shallow places it raises a soft hum of happiness. Even when it crawls through the roots of trees, growing close to its edge and forming deep grottoes for silver-sided trout, it has a song; only this time it is more still and deep, more like the steady roar of the river it will one day be. Along the edges, where there are flats and sandy stretches, its own resonant tones drown out the chorus of frogs and insects that are forever lifting a varied hymn to the river god for his goodness to them. This stream of the lower hills grows larger, apparently without appreciable reason. One sees no side streams entering it, and yet, foot by foot and mile by mile, it becomes greater in volume, louder in tone, until with a rush and a roar that is half a sob it is out of the hills forever—is a river, wide and deep and strong, cutting its way through the level tableland, seeking the sea.

The brook that comes out of the hills to be at once a river must draw largely on the soil around it for the great access of water which it receives; all nature seems to be helping it to fill and hold its broad bed. All its character changes, too, and it becomes imbued with a purpose; its boyhood, the days of its dreams, lie behind it; now it is preparing in a few short miles to carry the ships of a world, to turn the wheels of many a mill, to be bound beneath the webs that men spin from steel, and to hum no more the songs of the wilderness but to roar the grand anthems of industry. In its center no more its torrent spirit tumbles and plays, but a long, narrow ripple marks where the current runs strongest. Along the edges it moves but lightly the willow leaves that trail themselves lovingly down upon its face. Now time is a precious thing, and the river has a great work to do, a work it seems to know and appreciate, a work about which it is forever talking to the master ships that come and go on its tide.

Storms never ruffle a river; sometimes they add to it by cloudbursts in the hills until they raise it out of all bounds, but its song is always the same, always deep and

"THE STREAM OF THE LOWER HILLS GROWS LARGER."



"DOWN THE CAÑON IT MAKES A NEW SONG."

firm and strong. It is not wide enough for the wind and the rain to raise wild waves upon, but sometimes, with the roar of an enraged monster let loose from all man-made limits, it throws itself over its banks. Then its song is one of terror to those that lie in its path. Along its sides the trails of the hills give place to great ridges piled high with sand bags, against which it raves at times wildly, unreasonably, singing a deep song of anger, mingled with regret that it has ever left the pleasant bondage of the hills. But the torrent behind crowds it on. It is no more the creature of its own desire. It must obey the circumstantial forces that surround it and on it goes, on and on and on, sometimes welcoming another mountain-bred stream—more often broadening out to form a lagoon or bayou, sometimes crowded through innumerable wharves at some city's water front, only to be released at last, bearing a trifle heavier freight of debris, to find its way to the sea.

And then, some morning, the first wave of the full tide meets it—perhaps three or four miles from the real sea, but nevertheless a wave of the salt deep it has sought so long. Then, if ever, the river regrets that it has hastened so fast to meet the world of waters; then its dream of the power it would be amid the full tides of the ocean vanishes, and once more it longs to be back among the pines and the rhododendrons where it was born, or even to dally a little space among the oaks and water beeches and ferns that made pleasant aisles for it in its course through the lower hills. Then it would say with the plaided wanderer, far from his Highland home:

"O ken ye the lan' o' the laight grey skies,
Whaur the green pine nods and the wild bird cries;
Whaur the heather blooms and the gowan blows,
An' sweet is the breath o' the wild brier rose?
O, ken ye that lan'? I am fain, I am fain
Tae see the blue hills o' my ain lan' again."

But like the blue hills of boyhood, the blue hills of the river can never lean above it again; the pines have but one time for telling it their secrets, and when it has come to the sea, this liquid song of bird and pine-scented wind is of no use to it. It must

"IT GOES ON AND ON, SOMETIMES WELCOMING ANOTHER MOUNTAIN-BRED STREAM"

go down to the ocean's bed alone, and the solemn sob of the surf above the bar at the river's mouth is quite another thing from the runes of the mountainside.

And yet the river does not go peacefully into the arms of the sea; there is a long battle between the tide waters that the great body of the ocean has forced up the river channel ere the fresh waters, new drawn from the mountain ranges so far away, will mingle with the brine that washes world wide coasts. Long time they sway, backward and forward, indeed sometimes a whole tide lies in the river's grip ere with a long rush it falls away over the sands of the bar to mingle with the great flood, to make one with the roaring, pounding surf—to forget forever the saga of the hills.

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD

THERE'S a pathway in the forest
  Where the wild birds sing.
Where the gold and green are gleaming
  Like the livery of a king.
It is there that Joy and Gladness
Laugh and mock at Pain and Sadness;
Through the fretted vaults of Nature
  You can hear their laughter ring.

There's a highway in the city
  Where the crowds surge by,
There gaunt Care and Want are groping
  Praying that they soon may die;
There's a crowd upon the highway.
Surging in through street and by-way,
And their eyes see but the pavement
  And not one beholds the sky.

Oh! it's peaceful in the forest;
  There the heart grows gay,
For the laughter of the brooklet
  Is like music 'long the way;
And the sunlight ever playing
Tells us Care has gone a-Maying;
Dread Disease is on vacation,
  Death has found a holiday.

There's an ominous roar and rumble
  Where the great cars roll.
And the church bells, deep and gutteral,
  In funereal dirges toll.
There's a pallor on the faces
Of a hundred alien races,
And the furtive eye and watchful
  Tells of hatred in the soul.

Oh! it's gladness in the forest
  And the heart rings true;
There still lingers that rare spirit
  Of the times ere empires grew.
But the highway of the city
To the poet wakes but pity;
In its fountains tears are flowing
Though the skies above are blue.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

ON DEER CREEK

By JOHN B. HAAS.

DEER CREEK is in Wyoming and runs into the Nebraska or North Platte river.

When we camped there in '53 there were no names for States or Territories, excepting Utah. About a week before then we had joined forces with another small train, in charge of one Peak, so that we numbered fourteen men and six women, besides a number of children. Feed was scant near the road and we concluded to drive some four or five miles up the creek and rest our stock for two or three days. Some of our oxen had become very footsore. The sharp, gritty gravel on the black hills had worn their hoofs almost to the quick. It became necessary to shoe them.

We found a splendid camping place in a perfect meadow of rich green grass, on Deer Creek, a beautiful, clear stream, with fine quaking ash and some oak timber along its banks. We couldn't wish for better.

Our camp appeared quite like a settlement, after we had drawn up our wagons in a half circle and put up our tents inside. The cattle needed little or no herding, lying down close by after filling themselves, taking a much-needed rest.

After supper one of Peak's men hauled a fiddle out of his wagon and in a little while the company was enjoying a "hoedown" to the tune of the "Arkansaw Traveler." I have often since thought of it, what a careless lot we were. If the Indians had seen fit to attack us we would have been lost. As it was, we had met so many of them on perfectly friendly terms that we had no fear of them whatever. Yet, we should have had guards out.

We got a surprise. Pat Ryan and myself were lying by the fire, when our dog gave a low growl. Looking up, I saw a stranger standing before us. I saw at once that he was a white man, his short cut bushy black beard told that. Dressed in buckskin from head to foot, he stood there leaning on his rifle, regarding us, without saying a word.

"Hello, stranger!" I addressed him. "How came you here, and without being seen?"

With a low chuckling laugh he replied: "How come I? You no guards. You have good time, yes!"

Our dog now jumped toward him, but a word from me brought him back growling.

"Come and sit by the fire," said Ryan. The stranger sat down by us. I handed him my tobacco pouch and we were friends, smoking together.

"Where you from?" he inquired.

"St. Louis. You are a Frenchman?" I answered in French, being sure of it by his accent. That, of course, opened the conversation at once.

"I am and came from there myself a long time ago. My name is Lacrosse. I have a brother living there, a watchmaker."

I knew a good many of the old French settlers in that city, amongst them the jeweler. I had to tell him all I knew about them and his brother.

"I am trapping here," he told me. "I will stay here about two weeks longer, then I leave. You don't know. This is neutral ground for the Indians. It's the finest hunting ground for hundreds of miles and, of course, the Indians know it. They have their certain time for hunting here, and even when at war they never fight here. But whites are not welcome, and though I am well known by them, I never stay here very long. Just now the Pawnees are at war with the Sioux. The latter will be here soon."

Pat Ryan had been listening with ears and mouth open. "Why don't yez talk so that an American can understand yez? Here I've listened all this time and the devil a word do I know what yez are talking about?" he grumbled.

"I am a Frenchman," Lacrosse said, holding out his hand to him. "I meet your friend, he talk good French. I not often hear it."

Pat took the proffered hand and shook it heartily. "So am I, too," he said. "Only they talk a little different sort of French down in Tipperary," and began jabbering away in ancient Irish, to the great confusion of Lacrosse. "Un sacre patois!" (a devilish dialect) he observed, and finally took his leave, proposing to see us again before we left camp.

We had a great job shoeing our oxen on the next morning and this caused me to miss the fun of a good hunting party. There were no cowboys then and none of us had acquired their skill in handling cattle. The boys had thrown one of the oxen and gotten me to hold down his head while one of them tacked a rawhide shoe to his hoof. Through carelessness they let go of the rope without notifying me. The steer arose, and in doing so struck me with his horn along side of the head, knocking me senseless.

When I came to myself, I was lying in our tent, and one of the boys, Louis Golder, was putting wet cloths on my head. For a while I could not tell what was wrong, but, oh! how my head ached. Golder told me that with the exception of himself and two men, who were guarding the cattle, all had gone on a hunting trip. "Pat Ryan got your shotgun and pony and went off by himself," he told me.

After about an hour he proposed that we should go fishing in the creek. We hadn't far to go to find a beautiful shady place on its bank, and from it we could see the trout darting in and out of the same under cover of overhanging bushes, playing hide-and-seek, as it were. It was surely as fine a sight as any sportsman could wish to see. My head still felt sore, and therefore I laid down in the shade while Golder dug up some angle worms in the moist earth and went fishing.

There surely had never been any angling in that stream. The fish fairly tumbled over themselves to get to the hook, and in a very short time Golder had caught quite a string.

"It's no sport at all," he grumbled. "Why, they would rather be caught than not. We have enough for a mess, anyhow. Let's go back to camp."

"Not yet," I answered him. "This is too fine a spot to leave in a hurry," and I turned over while he stretched out alongside of me. It was late in the afternoon when we awoke and returned.

The hunting party came back, their horses loaded with game, amongst it a black-tailed deer, an elk and a couple of antelopes. They were in great good humor, bragging on their good luck and their skill as hunters. It was proof that the fame of Deer Creek as a hunting ground was not exaggerated.

It was now growing dark, and until then no one had noticed that Pat Ryan was missing. "Where is Pat?" one of the women asked. "Yes! Where is he?" No one knew.

"Got into some durned scrape again," the captain growled. "We will lose that Irishman yet," another said.

Just then Lacrosse came up to our campfire and spoke to me in French. He told me that Pat was waiting at the creek, and for me to send him out a pair of pants. To tell the truth, I owned only the pair I wore, and when I stated Pat's request to the boys, of course, they wanted to know what was up. All I could tell them was that Pat had lost his trousers. Surmises as to how he lost them were many, but at last Nason, as a discharged soldier the owner of an old pair of army blue, brought them out and I went with Lacrosse.

Sure enough, there stood Pat, shivering, holding my pony by the bridle rein. He wasn't long getting into the breeches.

"What have you been up to, Pat?" I asked him.

"Up a tree, me boy," he answered. "And sure he never left me time to unbutton them when he reached for them, the dirty black beast. Wait for him? Indeed, I didn't, but made for the nearest tree. My! but he was quick. I just got hold of the lowest limb when I felt his claws in the seat of my breeches and in that part of me next to it. It was lucky they were an old pair or he would have had me down with them. As it was, the divil tore them into tatters. I got up in the tree as far as I could, thinking maybe he could climb as well or better than mesilf. Indade, he was going around the tree, growling all the time, looking for the best side to climb up on, and looking up at me with those pig eyes of his, and at last I made sure he was coming for me as I wouldn't go down to him. He reared up on his hind legs and reached for that lower limb. Just then I heard the crack of a rifle. It was a bit the finest music I ever listened to, and I saw the beast let go his hold and tumble over. Then I saw our friend Lacrosse step out of the brush. Yez should have seen him grin when he saw me bare and bloodly legs.

"'Ah! you Sans Culotte,' he laughed. Phat the divil he meant I dunno, but he sed it."

At this Lacrosse, who had listened to Pat's excited recital, burst out laughing. "I was looking after my traps on the creek," he told me, "when I heard a shot. *Tiens!* I said to myself, that was no rifle shot. Then I heard another shot, and then a fine deer rushed by close to me. As I had plenty of meat in camp I did not shoot, but curious to see who fired the shot, I went toward to where the sound came from, and I see my *compatriote* from—what you call—Tipperary—up that tree and a black bear making ready to pay him one visite. I take good aim and the bear was dead. Then my friend come down—Sans culotte and all bloody. He looked for his money. He said he had one dollar and a half dollar in his pocket. We found the dollar. Then I took him down to the creek and we wash off the blood. He is not much hurt, but he will not ride a horse for a week. We then find the pony and skin the bear."

"Yes," Pat added, "it's his bear, but he would have me take the hind quarters. There they are on the pony. Oh! but I am sore!"

Of course, Lacrosse and Pat had to go over the whole adventure in camp, to the great amusement of the boys. But Pat was none the less the hero.

"But how come you to attack a bear single and alone with a shotgun?" the captain asked him.

"Sure, I had to," he answered. "When I came to that thicket I tied the pony and went into it and the first thing I knew a fine deer jumped up. I fired at it, sure that I would kill it. When the smoke cleared away, the divil a deer was there, but in the place of it was that bear and he making for me. Then I shot at him, and when he wouldn't stop I climbed the tree."

We had lots of fresh meat in camp, and stopped another day cutting it into strips and slinging it over the wagon covers to dry. When we started, Lacrosse bade us a hearty good bye. I never saw him again, and more than likely the genial French trapper lies alone and forgotten by all but me in some lonely spot in that great Far West.

Lassoing a Mountain Goat

BY G. P. CATER

WE were camped on the headwaters of the Thomson River in Northwestern Montana. There were three of us: Jerry Grange, Frank Thornton and myself. Game was all around us; hunting was a pastime, fishing recreation. Black and cinnamon bear, black-tailed deer, mountain sheep and the white Rocky Mountain goat abounded, all easy to get but the latter. He who would bag a mountain goat must have wings of an eagle and a footstep as noiseless as the fall of a snowflake.

These animals feed high up, away above timber line among the mosses and lichens, on the tender grasses that spring up just below the melting snows. It is almost impossible to get above them, for always a sentry—usually an old Billy—is posted on some outlying crag, and his sharp eyes are sure to detect the approach of an enemy. Then there is a wild scamper to other and safer pastures.

We had been in camp six weeks and had secured several fine bear skins, deer heads and also some fine specimens of the big-horn or mountain sheep, but no goat had fallen before the crack of our rifles. Every few days we would see some white whiskered old patriarch doing guard duty, and often we had made long detours, spending hours in climbing slippery rocks, covering our heavy boots with gunny sacks, sneaking, twisting and crawling to where we could get a safe shot, only to find the quarry had flown.

It was very provoking, all the more so as right above our camp, about a thousand yards distant, a particularly fine specimen made it his business to nonchalantly inspect us nearly every morning. His sentry box was a ledge of rock that jutted out from a high bare wall that terminated in a point about sixty feet above and directly over his beat. From the upper aerie our camp was invisible, as a few pine trees lower down intervened; so he chose the ledge below. He would stand there for hours watching the smoke from the camp fire, which appeared to have a great fascination for him.

One morning I remarked to my companions that inasmuch as we could not get a goat by shooting it, I was going to capture one alive. Then there was merriment in the camp. After the laughter had subsided, I was asked how I proposed to do the job, whether I would "put salt on his tail or butter on his whiskers."

"Neither one," said I, "But I intend to drop a slip noose over the horns of 'Billy, the Watchman'" (the name we had given our inquisitive friend on the ledge above).

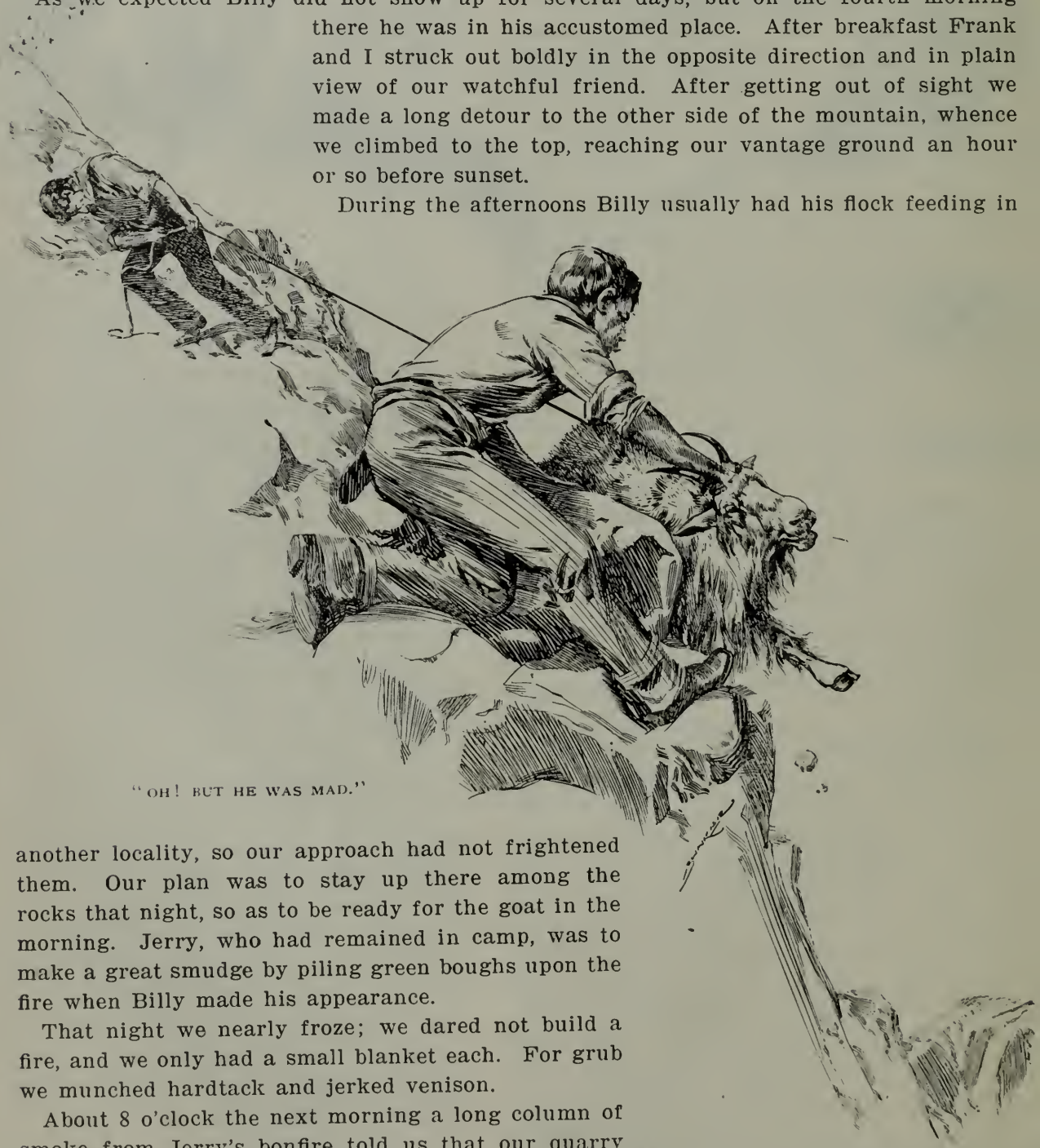
"Of course, the goat will stay right

there, while you are climbing up and arranging the details," observed Jerry. This sarcastic remark being unworthy of notice, I proceeded to unfold my plan. Frank and Jerry admitted that it was feasible, but—it all depended upon the goat.

That afternoon Frank and I climbed to the point of rocks above Billy's perch, taking a couple of strong lariats and a heavy burlap sack with us. We carefully brushed away all loose bits of rock and moss from the point, fastened one of our lariats to a projecting boulder, neatly coiled our ropes, placed a rock on our burlap, and then clambered down to camp.

As we expected Billy did not show up for several days, but on the fourth morning there he was in his accustomed place. After breakfast Frank and I struck out boldly in the opposite direction and in plain view of our watchful friend. After getting out of sight we made a long detour to the other side of the mountain, whence we climbed to the top, reaching our vantage ground an hour or so before sunset.

During the afternoons Billy usually had his flock feeding in another locality, so our approach had not frightened them. Our plan was to stay up there among the rocks that night, so as to be ready for the goat in the morning. Jerry, who had remained in camp, was to make a great smudge by piling green boughs upon the fire when Billy made his appearance.



"OH! BUT HE WAS MAD."

That night we nearly froze; we dared not build a fire, and we only had a small blanket each. For grub we munched hardtack and jerked venison.

About 8 o'clock the next morning a long column of smoke from Jerry's bonfire told us that our quarry was at hand. Taking off our boots we stealthily crept to the point. I peered over; there stood Billy, not sixty feet below, intently watching the ascending smoke. Every once in a while he would stamp his feet and shake his head; so much smoke puzzled him. A gentle current of air was rising upward, so he did not catch our scent. I hardly dared breathe as I stretched myself on the rock. Taking the coil of rope in my hands I slowly lowered the open noose until it was only a few inches above his horns. A wild goat's

horns are short and slightly curved outward and backward, with none of the spreading and twisting turns of the domestic variety.

I knew that the instant the rope struck Billy's head he would give an immense leap clear out into space to a large flat rock below. All I had to do as he stood with lowered head, thus bringing the point of his horns upright, was to suddenly lower the line, at the same time giving it a slight jerk, when Billy would do the rest. The noose dropped, there was a wild plunge, the lariat tighted with a twang, and there suspended in the air was a hundred and fifty pounds of kicking, squirming goat. No more caution now. We both sprang to the rope and began to hoist hand over hand. As the captive's head appeared level with the top of the rock, I held him by snubbing the rope around a boulder, while Frank slipped another noose over his hind feet. We then landed him; there he lay helpless, stretched out by the horns and feet. Oh! but he was mad. His mottled eyes blazed with a deadly hatred. He would have fought anything just then, and one rip from those sharp horns would have put either one of us out of business. Now we had use for the heavy burlap sack. Cutting a small hole in one corner, we pulled the bag over his body and tied the mouth of it securely below his haunches. Just the tip of his nose stuck out of the sack, but we still had the lariats drawn taut and fastened to projecting rocks. The capture was complete.

I waved my hat to Jerry, who stood out in the open watching us through a field glass, and in two hours (such was the circuitous route taken) he appeared with Dolly, our gentlest pack horse. Now Dolly would pack anything except a live bear, so we had no difficulty in placing our game upon her back. Tying the goat's fore and hind feet together under the mare's belly, we were soon on the way to camp.

The latter part of the next day we reached a tie camp, where we made a wooden cage for our charge. During the journey Billy lived on air and what mountain scenery he could observe through the meshes of the burlap. He was too mad to eat, anyway; besides, being a member of the ruminant family, he could chew his cud, even if it was only the cud of bitter reflection. However, we soon had him eating bran and hay, and eventually we arrived in the Eastern states with our prize.

There he was installed in a park zoo; but alas! Billy could not live outside of his beloved mountains. He missed the lean pastures and rocky crags of his old haunts above timber line. He soon sickened and died, and thus perished the only wild specimen of the genus *capra* that was ever lassoed.

MARCH

OH! MARCH, thou bleakest of them all,
You bring from out the year
The shrieking wind's despairing call—
The desolate and drear.
E'en where the trees through Autumn grace
In saffron glory stood,
Thy blighting hand hath left the place
A bleak and barren wood.

Thy voice far in the mountain deeps
A mighty roar intrudes;
Nor notes the silence as it sweeps
The barren solitudes.
The branches bow before thy wrath—
Fair tribute to thy might,
And wheresoever trends thy path
Is blight. and only blight.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

CALIFORNIA

OLYMPIAN land, where all divinities,
Forsaking Thrace, have reared another shrine.
All patron deities, save Mars, are thine.
Pomona ladens all the luscious trees,
And Flora sprays each scented random breeze
With perfumes as from fountains filled with wine.
Here Bacchus, lord of every purpling vine,
Doth hold his merry hillside revelries.
Here Ceres binds her sheaves, and Venus smiles
In eyes of many hues; and Hymen wreathes
A bloom for every brow. Here Pan might roam
Adown the green of mighty forest aisles.
Here Peace from brooding symbol branches breathes.
And Neptune harnesses the champing foam.

—*Maurice Smiley.*

A PICTURE

THE black smoke drifts in menacing clouds across the bay;
The sodden skies hang heavy, low, in sombre gray;
The waves, o'erflung by silver foam, in mighty sweep
Dash high to meet the conquering wind that rules the deep.
Like ships o' dreams, the anchored boats upon the breast
Of waters' lie; each throbbing heart is hushed—at rest.
The circling gulls, in widening curves, now high, now low,
Gleam through the air like spirit shapes that come and go.
A sudden swirl of blinding rain wraps all the earth
In rhythmic billows like a veil of leaden hue;
The sulky Sun, capricious in his moody mirth,
Lured by the lowering scene, peeps slyly through,
And on the instant, born of his transfiguring light,
A beauty vast breaks on the rapt beholder's sight.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

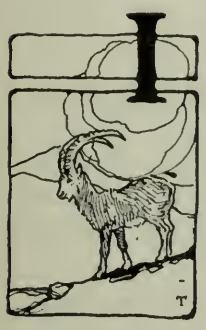
THE MOON IN THE BROOK

DANCING in glee, the laughing brook
Speeds o'er its rocky bed;
And the wild rose, lulled by its crooning song,
Dreamily droops her head.
The thistle down, kissed by a wandering breeze,
Over the blue rill floats,
While rustling leaves, of red and gold,
Sail by in their fairy boats.
Rippling along 'neath the murmuring pines,
But returning again—ah!—never,
The madcap waves, with their merry tune,
Rush onward and on, forever.
Babbling along, between mossy banks
Where violets open their eyes,
The frolicsome brook wooes the virgin moon,
'Till pale on its breast she lies—
A fair young queen in the arms of night,
With pearls on her trailing gown
And glittering stars like uncut gems,
Studding her jeweled crown.
Then the waters murmur a song of love,
And my heart goes singing, too,
As I throw a kiss to the moon in the brook—
May the waves waft it, dear, to you!

—*Agnes Lockhart Hughes.*

CAPTURING BIG HORN

PART II.



I FOLLOWED the track of the drag down the cañon for several hundred yards, and presently jumped my sheep out of a clump of desert willows where he had evidently went to hide, or to get in the shade, for it was terrible hot.

Away he went down the cañon, over the rocks and through the bushes as fast as he could go, with me after him. I could outrun him quite easily, and when I came up with him he tried to climb up over some rocks on one side of the cañon; but as I had my rope ready this time, I lassoed him before he could get out of my reach.

I now had him safe enough, but just what was the best thing to do with him I did not know. Of course, I could get him down from there easy enough, but what would happen when he got down was what was worrying me.

Although he was a full grown big-horn he was not near so large as the buck that had beaten me up so badly. He was scrawnier, and had a rough, ugly looking head on him. He was not a fine specimen by any means, still he was a big-horn, and worth a lot of money if I could save him. The first thing to do was to get him in the shade, and get that trap off him as soon as possible.

When I was a cowboy I learned a few tricks about tangling an animal up in a rope and throwing and tying it down alone. So I brought my old-time experience into practice and soon had Mr. Sheep tangled up, and all in a wad at the bottom of the bluff. I jumped on to him and had him tied down before he could say *baa!*

I then took the trap off him and examined his foot, finding that it was all right; that is, no bones were broken nor out of place. I dragged him across the cañon about twenty yards and tied him to a desert willow.

In tying up a wild mountain sheep two ropes are necessary, one to each of his horns, tied out at right angles from the animal. Tie him pretty tight at first, too! It prevents him from winding up, and keeps him from lunging, and so hurting himself. After about a week one rope is enough.

I then went to camp, got a canteen of water, some grub and a blanket, and came back to stay and work with him till he would lead. It might be a good plan to leave a sheep tied up for a week or ten days, until he has tamed down a little, before attempting to learn him to lead; but they are always caught in such terribly bad places, and usually so far from camp, that it is a job to carry water for the sheep, take care of him, attend to your camp and watch your horses. And he is sure to be in a place where you cannot get a horse near him to haul or sled him out; and no matter how long he may be tied up, there will be trouble when you try to lead him. He is sure to fight and baulk.

Considering all the circumstances, I think that it is probably the best plan to begin with him at once while the memory of the

first fight and how it turned out is fresh in his mind, and while he is still sore and used up generally from being caught in the trap. So that evening, as soon as it was cool enough, I untied Mr. Sheep and very politely asked him if he would come to camp with me; whereupon he very promptly knocked me down!

Should any of you ever have the fortune, or misfortune, to get mixed up in a fight with a mountain sheep, here are a few things that may come handy to know. No one told me this; I learned it by experience, and experience is the best teacher—the severer the better. But when it is mauled into you by a big-horn mountain sheep, you never, never will forget it. And no matter how dull or stupid you may be, you will be an apt scholar during the lessons. You will be deeply interested in the proceedings and give that sheep your undivided attention. The man standing out to one side may burst his sides laughing, but you will never even smile. You are not quite sure but that your own sides may burst directly without laughing.

After you have untied your sheep, and he starts off in a direction contrary to your wishes (a thing he is almost sure to do) and you pull him back, and he whirls around, and humps up his back, and lowers his head, and all the hair along the sides and back of his neck begins to turn forward and take sight at you, you may know there is going to be something doing around there at once, that you are sure to take part in.

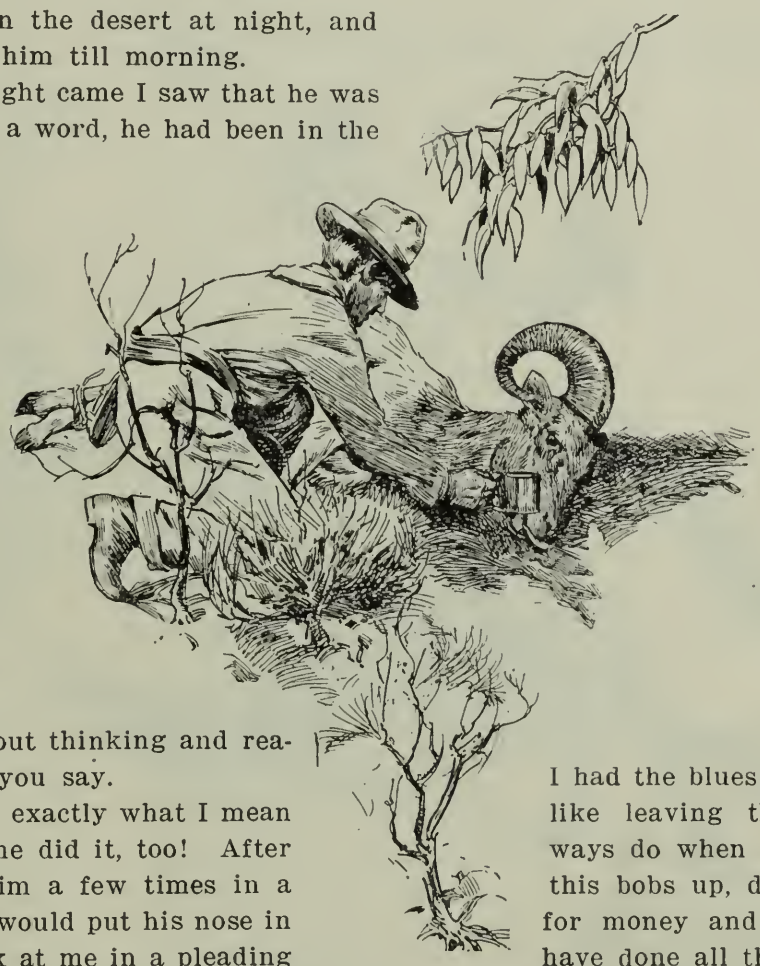
But as you value your bones, don't run! You cannot get away from him. Brace yourself and catch him by the horns as he comes. You cannot stop him—the weight of the sheep will be too much for that—and he will most likely knock you down; but you can check the force of the blow, till it will not hurt you very much. But do not let go of his horns; for so sure as you do, he will back off and jolt you again about the time you are getting up. And if he hits you on the head, you will never hunt mountain sheep again.

Any animal with sharp-pointed horns, like the deer or cow, will continue the attack on an enemy after he is down; but an animal that depends on the force of the blow, for the injury that it does, will always step back a little after delivering a blow, in order to have room and power to strike another. Therefore, as you care for your life, hold on to his horns! Pull his head tight against your body and hold it there. Then as the sheep tries to break away he will actually help you up. The moment you are on your feet, twist his head all you can, and hold it low; if you allow him to raise it up, he will paw and kick you at the same time. (A buck deer will do this same trick.) But if you keep his head well twisted, the first time he jumps all his feet off the ground at once he will light on his side. Jump onto him instantly, bearing most of your weight on his hind quarters, to prevent him from kicking your head off.

Keep his head well twisted if you can, and give him a good shaking up. Slap his jaws good and hard, it is better than hitting him any other place, and it takes a big lot of the fight

out of him. When you let him up, he will not be so keen to run into you as he was at first; and by the time you have taken him down, and slapped his jaws a few times, the moment he sees you have the best of him in a tussle he will lie down. That is his token of surrender. There is no use to slap him then; you might slap his head off and he would never even flinch. So that evening when the performance had advanced to the "lay-down-act" I knew that the play was over for that time. I then gave the sheep a cup of water, and tying him up again, I wrapped myself in a blanket, for it is always cool on the desert at night, and lay down beside him till morning.

But when daylight came I saw that he was a sick sheep. In a word, he had been in the trap too long. He was quivering as though he were cold, but in reality he was hot and feverish and continually begged me for more water.



"What! do you mean to tell us that this wild animal begged you for water? Why, he could not do that without thinking and reasoning?" I hear you say.

Yes, sir, that is exactly what I mean to tell you, and he did it, too! After I had watered him a few times in a small tin cup he would put his nose in the cup and look at me in a pleading manner. If I paid no attention to him in a few minutes he would again put his nose in the cup and push it around on the ground to attract my attention, and look at me in a manner that was as unmistakable as any words could have been, begging for water. When he saw me pouring out the water there were certain motions, and expressions of his head and eyes that I cannot describe; but they indicated his gladness and thankfulness beyond all possible doubt. Yet there are those who will tell us that an animal cannot think. But in my own humble way, I declare that they can, the statements of Mr. John Burroughs to the contrary notwithstanding. I gave him but little water at a time. I did this to keep him begging for it and to show him that I was his friend, and to win his confidence and love. For although firmness must be used to command respect, love can only be won by kindness. I carried water for him, and gathered grass and made him a soft bed, and did everything that I knew to do, but my pet was doomed. He never stood up again. The next day when I returned with more water he was dead.

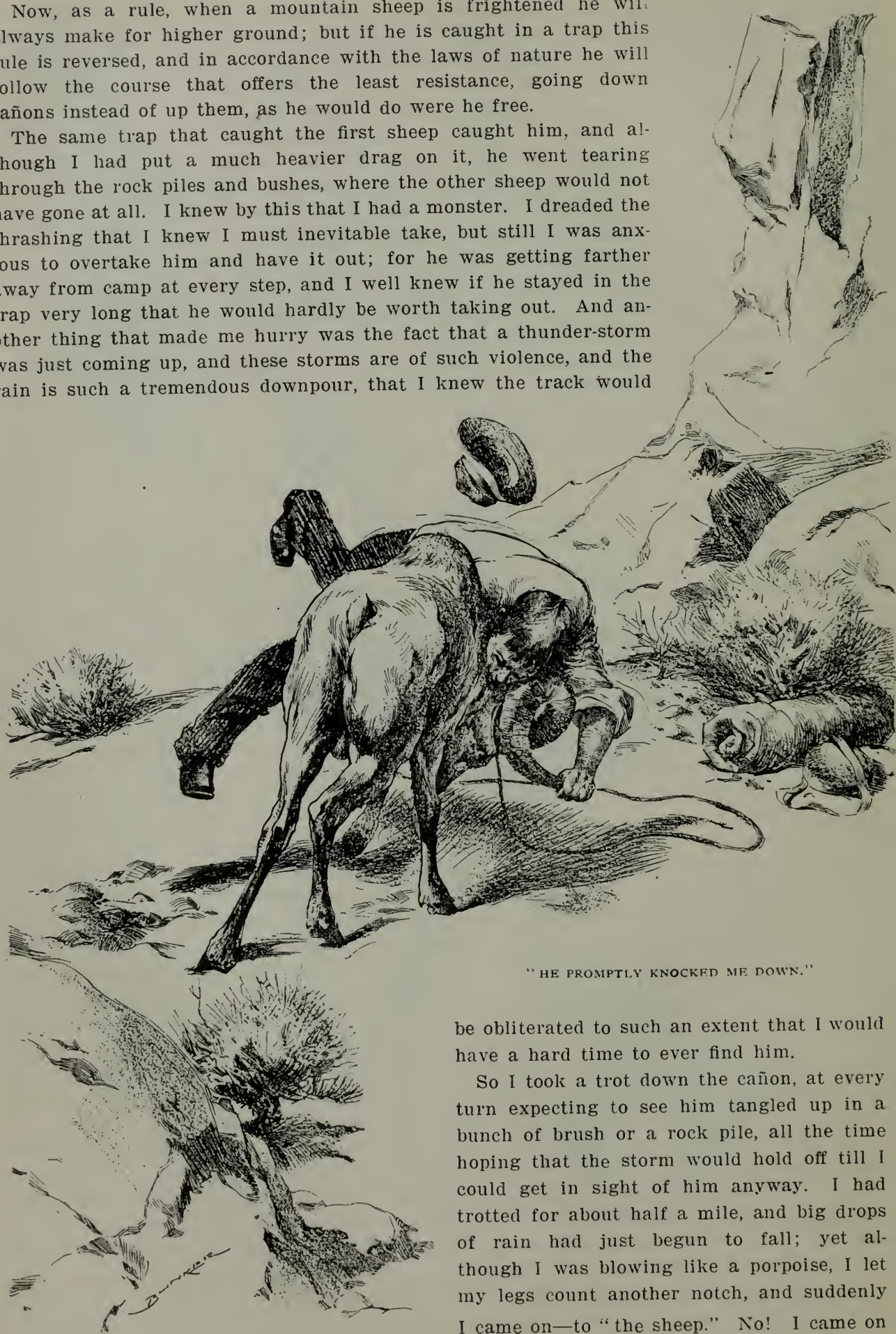
I examined him and found that his lungs were badly congested, being nearly closed up. Doctors to whom I have described the symptoms said it was pneumonia, brought on by getting too hot and then being tied up in the cool, almost cold, night air.

I skinned off half his hide to make me a pair of mocasins, picked up my blanket and canteen and went to camp. Of course, I had the blues very badly and felt like leaving the country. I always do when a circumstance like this bobs up, destroying my plans for money and happiness, after I have done all that I know to avert the disaster. But in spite of my feelings, philosophical reasoning told me that the best thing that I could do was to cheer up, stay there, and try it again.

So I went round and reset my traps, for I had taken them all up when I caught the first big-horn, not wanting to catch another till I had this one so I could handle him. I watched the traps from daylight till dark, but in spite of all my vigilance, one day while I was eating my dinner a sheep came and got in one of them and was gone down the cañon before I knew a thing about it.

Now, as a rule, when a mountain sheep is frightened he will always make for higher ground; but if he is caught in a trap this rule is reversed, and in accordance with the laws of nature he will follow the course that offers the least resistance, going down cañons instead of up them, as he would do were he free.

The same trap that caught the first sheep caught him, and although I had put a much heavier drag on it, he went tearing through the rock piles and bushes, where the other sheep would not have gone at all. I knew by this that I had a monster. I dreaded the thrashing that I knew I must inevitable take, but still I was anxious to overtake him and have it out; for he was getting farther away from camp at every step, and I well knew if he stayed in the trap very long that he would hardly be worth taking out. And another thing that made me hurry was the fact that a thunder-storm was just coming up, and these storms are of such violence, and the rain is such a tremendous downpour, that I knew the track would



"HE PROMPTLY KNOCKED ME DOWN."

be obliterated to such an extent that I would have a hard time to ever find him.

So I took a trot down the cañon, at every turn expecting to see him tangled up in a bunch of brush or a rock pile, all the time hoping that the storm would hold off till I could get in sight of him anyway. I had trotted for about half a mile, and big drops of rain had just begun to fall; yet although I was blowing like a porpoise, I let my legs count another notch, and suddenly I came on—to "the sheep." No! I came on

to a broken trap in a rock pile, with a log tied to it. I have never seen that sheep from that day to this, nor ever expect to.

I expressed in words a few thoughts that I happened to think of about that time, picked up my trap, hurriedly got under an overhanging rock, and waited till the storm was over.

Love may have its high exaltations, disappointments and sorrows; but if you have rather a good opinion of yourself, and want to get up against a true soul-withering vanity destroyer—hunt mountain sheep!

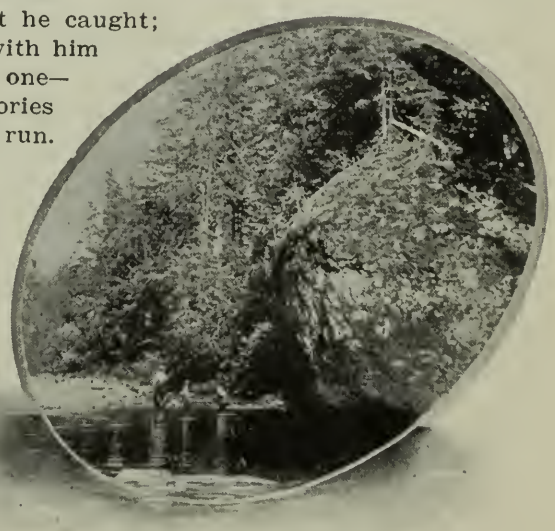
WHEN THE TROUT BEGIN TO RUN

MAMMA says that pa's a puzzle—
Says she can't quite make him out.
Ain't no corkin' up his muzzle
When he's talkin' 'bout the trout;
He's a fisher, is my daddy!
Guess he's somethin' like his son;
For he jes' goes all to pieces
When the trout begin to run.

'Fore I wake he's up an' fixin'
All his tackle, bait an' lunch;
An' the way he tries to hurry
Seems as though he had a hunch;
Then he gets a flask o' snake-cure
" For the rattlers "—just like fun!
Mamma says that dad is crazy
When the trout begin to run.

Onct my daddy took me with him,
But he made me keep so still
That 'twas worse 'n some old funeral
'N I almost had er chill;
Guess the snakes they must a bit him,
Though I didn't see a one—
For he emptied the whole bottle
When the trout began to run.

Never makes a bit o' difference
If he brings home fish or not,
Daddy always tells my mamma
'Bout the whoppers that he caught;
But the days that I waz with him
Seems he didn't catch a one—
Daddy tells some funny stories
When the trout begin to run.



SOUTH COAST FISHING

By STILLHUNTER.

V.—SOME SHARKS.

ALL the sport in sea fishing is not to be had from those finned wanderers which the fisherman can eat. Some of the leather-hided, iron-muscled fellows that wander about in deep water will give the average rod and reel enthusiast about all the work he cares to do in one afternoon, and then, oftentimes, because they are better provided with weapons of offense and of defense, they will escape where an edible fish would have been ignominiously gaffed.

Among these and probably most attractive because least slimy, least odorous of the living things of ocean's caverns, are the sharks. And by sharks I do not mean those shovel-nosed and round-headed creatures which every wharf fisherman sooner or later pulls in from the surf, struggling as best they may to wrap themselves in seventeen different kinks around his line. Those are "skates," according to the natural history books, harmless and inoffensive beasts enough, quite unlike the various dangerous rays that inhabit like localities. Indeed, the skates are a sort of intermediary link between the rays and the real sharks of the deep sea, but let me tell you there is a whole lot of difference between some of the sharks I am showing you to-day and the little two-foot rays and skates of the beach. These big fellows were photographed just as they came from the water and their taking is no uncommon thing at Avalon during the summer season when the fishes on which they feed are running in such great numbers just outside the harbor bar.

These, of course, are all deep-water fish, but as I sit here to-night beside the open grate and its roaring fire, my flying fingers on the keys keeping time to the pitter-patter of the rain outside, I am minded of an afternoon on Alamitos Bay, three years and more agone. The tide was full, such a tide

> "* * * as moving seems asleep,
> Too full for sound and foam,
> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home."

Clear to its brim the long, narrow bay was full of silent, cruel, blue water. Noiselessly it lapped among the sedges of the mainland side, rolled against the sloping sand spit that separated it from the sea on the west. As through a lake of oil the launch droned its way up the middle of the

channel, dodging here a snag, there a buried mud bank until the little footboard which led from the water's edge to the car line should come in view. For Alamitos had not then become prosperous "Naples," and where to-day fifty foot squares of sand sell for a thousand dollars, the whole beach could then have been bought for that sum. And, as we approached the landing-place something long and slender and black broke water noisily, throwing his whole length clear of the surface, evidently in pursuit of some lesser fish.

"Sharks," said the boatman sententiously, "chasin' mullets." I knew that there were a few mullets in the little bay, knew that they were seldom taken with hooks, but that they did come up sometimes in the nets the fishermen drew for "sardines," so I determined that if the sharks of Alamitos were of this size and liked mullet so well, I would endeavor to supply them with some. Next day, I drifted down to the bay just as the men were drawing the seine, and got from them what few mullet had become entangled in their meshes. These were not more than a half dozen, all told, I believe, and two of these were such large, fine specimens that I put them back in their beloved bay.

Provided with four, however, I seated myself in the stern of the launch that afternoon, just as the sun was beginning to throw long sandhill shadows across the deep blue of the bay. Just where we had seen the shark leaping there is very deep water, the bank goes off into the bay with a sheer drop of some fifteen feet, about three feet of which is above water at high tide. At the bottom of the fifteen feet there is another drop of between five and ten feet to the bed of the channel. In this portion, some two hundred yards long by half as wide, from shore to shore, there are no snags nor mud bars, so here I determined to try my luck. Knowing nothing about the kind of fish I was going against, I had taken one of my strongest greenheart rods, and a comparatively heavy Cuttyhunk line of unknown length, presumably about 150 yards. To the end of this latter I now attached a piano wire leader with a medium sized bonita hook on the end. There are several kinds of leaders used in shark fishing, some preferring the small brass chain, others the piano wire, and still others a heavy buckskin thong. All have much to recommend them, save the buckskin, which can be used but once and is liable at any crucial moment to be bitten in two, an irremediable calamity in the midst of a fight with a heavy fish. The piano wire with a fair-sized hook has always been my favorite, both for sharks, halibut and the larger rays, which sometimes, though rarely, come to this part of the Pacific Coast.

I put no sinker on this line, but dropped the fish-laden hook gently overboard and we went ahead, just fast enough to pay the line out easily and, at the same time, let the fish sink of its own weight and struggle naturally as it went down. All things worked together nicely and, when I had let out some hundred feet of line, I set my thumb against the reel and, without telling the boatman to speed the boat up, began drawing the fish through the water. Once we crossed the space of clear bay and turned again into it; the sun was almost half below the sea; birds of the night made eerie sounds round about us, and the smelt leaped at the very edges of the launch, so slowly did we move. All the west was golden, all the bay was ink; afar across the sand spit we could hear the surge's roar as it lashed with long white arms the golden beach. Once more would we cross the bay, and then it would be home and supper for us.

And then, as the wind died down and the soft veil of the silver night was about to fall from the heavens, moon-illumined and almost as brilliant as the day, there came a resounding splash. There, not fifty feet from the launch, was the widening, bubble-centered ripple of his fall—the same mighty fellow we had seen the night before. Silently, almost drifting with the tide, which had now turned and was setting to the sea, we moved down toward the bar. Half way across the open space and I felt the fish on the end of my line strike something. Snag, I thought; then it came again, still more resistant, and I raised my hand for a little more speed, at the same time reeling in with uneven jerks, to simulate as much as possible the movements of a fleeing fish. For the

space of a dozen of screw beats there was silence, broken only by the rhythmic sobs of the engine, and then—the strike.

I cannot exactly describe it. It was as if a man, walking across a field, had picked up a gold piece in which was set a hook which bedded itself in his flesh. His first impulse would be to back up, and his next to follow the line to which the hook was attached and thereby shake it out. And this is exactly what my shark did. First he picked up the mullet, hook and all; then he felt the hook, and with that prick he threw his whole weight against his unseen enemy. For me this was the best thing he could have done for it set the hook firmly in his jaws, and then he rushed straight ahead. I felt the slack on the line and yet I knew with that strange intuition which sometimes persists in us clear down from the Stone Age, that he—whatever *he* was—was on the end of that line fast and sound.

I began to reel in line. The boatman had stopped the launch and was endeavoring to hold her in one position in spite of the tide. Slack line by the yard rolled over the little wheel, and then, of a sudden I came on the shark. He rose within twenty feet of the boat and, apparently catching sight of us for the first time, sank again. Right there I got in all the slack I possibly could and struck him hard and fast. I suppose he had been headed for the open sea to lose the torment of the hook if he could, but he now turned back up the bay at full speed, taking line with him at a rate that would put many a yellowtail to shame. There was nothing for it but to let him have the string while my man turned the boat, which he did as rapidly as any man could have done, yet if that shark had had another half minute in which to go he would have reached the end of the line and there would have been freedom for him.

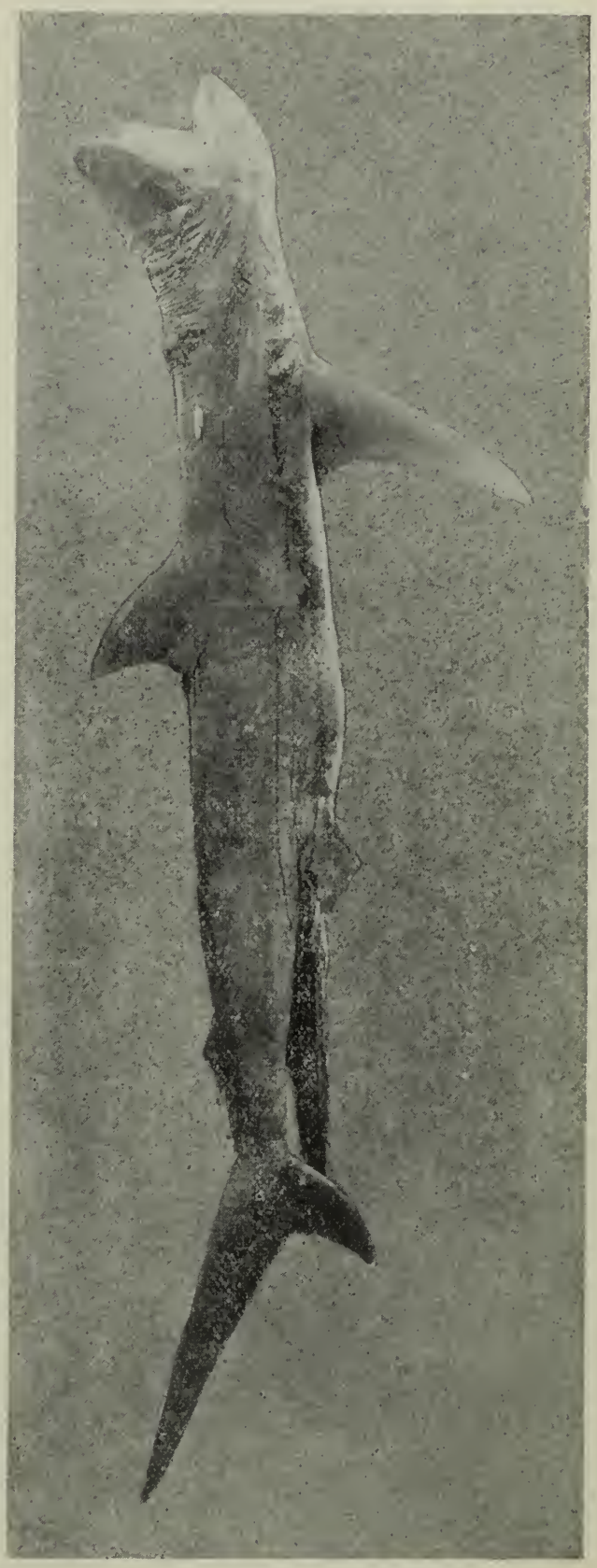
But he didn't get away, though he did get up among the snags and shallows of the river which here empties into the sea, and we had a long hard fight getting him down into open water again. For more than an hour we fought him there beneath the moon's shallow light, and there were times when I know that at least one of us would have been glad if the fish had escaped. For this he was too well hooked, however, and eventually we brought him alongside and towed him in to the little wharf. What did he weigh? A trifle over forty pounds, though I would have sworn at some moments during that long fight that he weighed at least a hundred. He was only a little dog shark, too, but he was a stayer and a fighter, and I'm not real sure that I shall ever try to catch any more of his kind. The game isn't worth the candle, and he is much too fierce a pirate to kill for mere wantonness.

But the sharks of Catalina waters—me for them. There is game worthy of any man who ever threw leg over gunwale and trolled, as we who go to Catalina troll, for all things of the depths. There the little fellows are caught, too, but they scarcely cause a ripply of excitement among the hooks full of huge two and three-hundred pound creatures brought in from the depths. Indeed, one sometimes wonders what the place of these sharks and sword fish and giant rays is in the great "system"; they never seem to diminish seriously in numbers, though they come and go in the channel in front of Avalon with the coming and going of the yellowtail and white sea bass and mackerel hordes. . Probably they spend the greater part of their time in the deep waters on the other side of the island, in the open sea, as it were. At any rate, they furnish excellent sport, much better than do the jew fish and much more reliable than the tuna. As a rule the smaller the shark, that is down to a limit of say thirty pounds, the better fight he will put up when hooked on light tackle. However, it required forty-five minutes of Captain A. W. Lewis's time to land the huge "ground" shark shown in one of the accompanying photos. The creature weighed 450 pounds and was 11 feet 8 inches in length, not by any means a small shark, and one which is more given to fighting for its life than any other. The powerful fins and tail of the fish are well shown in this photo, but their real strength can never, perhaps, be so well realized as by one who has watched them chasing a band of yellowtail in twenty-five or thirty fathoms of clear blue water.

Many a time when fishing for bass or

yellowtail in the mid-channel have I seen these and small hammerheads—though these latter are by no means common—cruising around beneath the boat's keel. Once when I was very young at the fishing game I snagged one under a forefin. He made one lash with the great propeller of his tail and was ten or fifteen feet away with my leader and three hooks sticking to him. I think the largest of these dog sharks that I ever saw came cruising up around the end of the wharf at Redondo one afternoon when I was fishing there for the "calico bellies" I have described in a previous article. He swam leisurely up one side of the wharf almost to the line of the first breakers, and then, crossing through between the piles of the wharf, came down the other side, played around the end of the pier for a few moments and went on out into the open sea. He was fully as large as the one I am showing you to-day, possibly larger, and he swam very close to the surface, his dorsals sometimes cutting the air as he rose over some short ground swell. Apparently there was nothing for him to catch near the wharf, or else he was not hungry, though when he headed out for the channel he put on speed as though he had just had a tip on the last race and the books were about to close.

I remember an amusing incident which happened to a friend of mine—or rather came under his observation when he was fishing off the north end of Catalina last summer. He had been out most of the afternoon, had made a reasonably good mixed catch and was well satisfied to smoke a pipe with the boatman ere they turned the launch toward Avalon and the evening meal. Just as they got settled they descried in the distance, squarely in "the eye of the sun," to use my friend's expression, another launch bearing down on them rapidly. The lee side of the island shelters water as smooth as glass on a calm day and they could see the strangers making zigzag lines within a limited bit of the channel. Presently they rushed by at full speed, but close enough to be seen easily, and then it was evident that they had hooked more than they could handle. There were two men besides the boatman in the launch and they were both



GROUND OR "DOG" SHARK.

HAMMERHEAD SHARK.

engaged in paying out a huge handline over the bow, despite the fact that the launch was going at full speed. In another minute the boat was taking a great angle out into the channel, and my friend and his boatman determined to run alongside if opportunity offered and see what manner of game these wanderers had hooked. Presently the strange boat came back and the fishermen started in pursuit. Running as close alongside as they dared they could see that the pile of line in the bow of the craft was about paid out and that the fisherman did not seem to be getting any of it back.

Inquiry at the top of his voice elicited the information that they had inadvertently hooked a huge hammerhead a few miles up channel and were trying to get rid of him without cutting the three hundred feet of line of which the shark had possessed himself. They had been fighting him for more than an hour and a half, most of the time coming pretty straight down the channel, with occasional side rushes such as they had been compelled to make a few moments before when they came in view of my friend and his man. They had seen the hammerhead but once, and described him as monstrous, weighing at least a ton, which was probably no exaggeration, as a pair of these great beasts fished through the channel a season or two ago, neither one of which fell far short of three thousand pounds. When one man, or two men—for two men in a fishing boat often only hinder each other—go after a creature of this size, the chances are ten to one with the fish, even if he only sulks on the bottom and does not attempt to tire out his tormentors. Side by side to a point opposite Avalon these two launches ran at top speed, and there my friend regretfully turned in, the other boat keeping on down the coast, the elder of the two fishermen declaring that "he was going to have that fish if it took him clear to San Lucas." Presumably he is going yet, for I have no idea that he ever caught the hammerhead.

Because this shark is good-natured, as sharks go, and because it is comparatively easy to find and catch small members of his tribe—up to, say, two or three hundred pounds, people imagine him but a sort of hog of the sea, comparable only to the jew-

fish and sunfish. But if you ever see a thousand pound hammerhead—as I have seen him—levying toll on a band of yellowtail, rushing through their midst, seizing one, outswimming the fastest and largest members of the band, leaping two or three feet clear of the water as he finishes some great rush, you will think him anything but logy or slow. Built like a battering ram, with the most powerful tail and fins of any fish in the world—in proportion to his size—the speed which one of these sharks can maintain is phenomenal. I have no doubt that in the open sea they could catch even bonita without over great effort, though I imagine that their chief food is neither albacore nor yellowtail, but the smaller fishes, smelt, mackerel and rock bass.

I remember fishing for bass once over the rocks north of Catalina. We had been having excellent sport, when of a sudden, not a strike was to be had. I picked up the fisherman's "water telescope" and gazed through it into the depths below. The water was here possibly fifteen feet deep and as clear as the proverbial crystal. Directly beneath us, apparently almost resting on the rocky bed of the sea, was a hammerhead of about the size, I should judge, of the one shown in the accompanying photograph. We pulled up the drag and moved over about three hundred yards, finding the fishing as good as ever. I presume, after the shark left, that we might have had as good sport there as we had been having.

Another powerful fish found in these southern waters is a species of sword fish, known locally to some as the "belaying-pin fish," an apparently appropriate if uncouth name. This is a strong fish and a powerful fighter. Few of them are taken, however, though most are of good size. Whether they live permanently in Catalina waters or merely come here at certain seasons of the year I have been unable to learn. They do not follow any particular run of fish as do some of the sharks, but are generally taken in deep water. They bite fiercely, and from the time the hook strikes home in the jaw there is something doing for the fisherman and the boatman as well. The one shown herewith, though comparatively

"BELAYING-PIN FISH"
(Variety of Sword Fish.)

light—125 pounds—required practically an hour and a half of strenuous fighting before so experienced a fisherman as Mr. Llewellyn landed it.

The finest fishing waters in the world are those of Avalon, but nowhere does the injunction to "fish or cut bait" come home more strongly. There is something new to crowd into every moment of a day spent there, and if you do not take your opportunities out in the great red channel when you have a chance, you are going to lose them for all time, and some other fellow will come sailing in with the bonny red flag floating from his peak. It is a life of work, this catching of big fish, perhaps not quite so hard as the hunting of big game, but sufficiently hard to bring into play every muscle to make the body and the brain glow with health.

SONNETS OF SIMPLE LIFE

A twenty thousand dollar cottage, where
We can forget the stress of town, and be
A simple happy pair again; the free
And pulsing life-suburban, where the air
We breathe is life itself, and, biding there,
We cry the town afar a mockery,
And list the eerie-woven symphony
Of rural night, nor dream the cost—nor care.

Ah, the expense? A truce to thoughts of it:
Live—till the checks come back marked "overdrawn"—
The simple life; a landscape artist—at
A price to make a pauper throw a fit—
To carve a grotto in our greening lawn,
And dig a little lake to go with that.

* * * * * * * * * * *

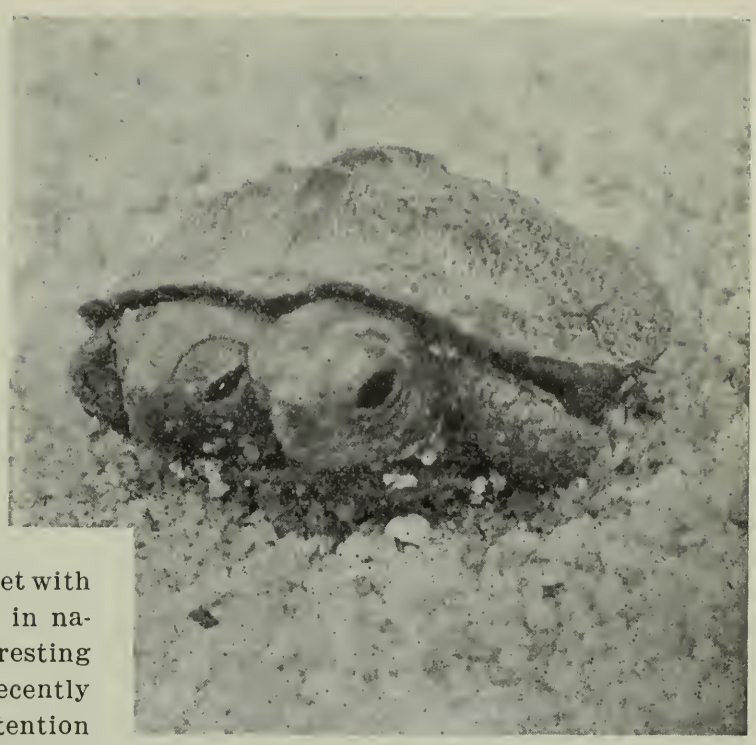
O, love, for you and me, the simple things!
The budded dell, the babble of the rill,
That flows adown the artificial hill,
Breathe ever of the gentleman who brings—
A saucy slap at simpleness that stings!—
At last, a forty thousand dollar bill
For us to pay, as tribute to his skill;
'Tis thus our fortune leaveth us—on wings.

Sweet silence, tempered with the evening breeze
And blended with the harmony of song—
A cricket chorus chirping soft and clear—
The vesper whispers of the nodding trees,
In glades where minstrel nightingales belong—
Simplicity like this were ever dear.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

DOUBLE-HEADED ANIMALS

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.



YOUNG DOUBLE-HEADED BOX TORTOISE.
(*Terrapene carolina.*)

WE OCCASIONALLY meet with double-headed animals in nature, and a very interesting case of the kind has recently been called to my attention by Mr. Edw. S. Schmid, the proprietor of the Pet Stock Emporium of Washington, D. C., who owns the specimen. This latter is nothing less than the young of the common Eastern box tortoise (*Terrapene carolina*) which was found in Fairfax County, near Mt. Vernon, Virginia. The specimen is but a few months old, but from last accounts was in as thriving a condition as any normal little turtle of the species that ever was hatched. Several beautiful photographs have been made of this specimen by R. G. Paine, one of the scientists of the U. S. National Museum at Washington, D. C., and I am indebted to Mr. Schmid for two of these, one of them being reproduced to illustrate the present article.

It is well known by what processes these abnormalities are produced, but though while extremely interesting, it would occupy far too much space to enter upon a description of it here. There is nothing very wonderful in it, however, and it would be quite erroneous to speak of it as a "freak of nature"—a term frequently used to cover up our ignorance of such matters in cases yet unexplained.

Two living forms may be ligatured together quite as intimately as these little turtles are—where the only evidence of two individuals apparent is the presence of the double head—or the bond of union may be more or less slender, as was the case in the famous Siamese twins, where only a narrow band of flesh joined their bodies. It must be remembered, however, that in our own species double-headed children have been born, and others will be born in the generations to come.

In the case of viviparous vertebrates the mother usually perishes in her attempts to deliver these rare conceptions, very commonly known as monstrosities. Years ago I saw a cow endeavor to give birth to a double-headed calf, but though the body and limbs were born she died in her endeavors to give birth to the twin heads, and her calf also succumbed. Nevertheless such calves have been born alive, and lived for some little time, but just now I do not recall the case of any animal that has grown up having two heads.

Thoroughly authenticated cases are on record, and some of them I have personally examined, of double-headed prong-horn antelope, ruffed grouse, chickens and ducks, snakes and lizards, various species of fish, and in fact it is a thing that can occur in any of the vertebrata. Some very curious double beings have come into existence, through the fertilization and maturation of double-yelked eggs, and they well deserve our careful study and description.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND

By D. W. Prowse, LL. D.

"Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open—what the covert yields."

WHEN old Somerville sang so enthusiastically of the delights of partridge shooting in Southern England, the joys of the heather and the far superior sport of the northern gunners on the grouse moors was hardly known to the old author of "The Chace."

In the Old Country, grouse shooting is the pastime of princes and the delight of nobles and millionaires. In Newfoundland it is the fishermans' amusement, open to everyone who can beg, buy or borrow a gun and steal a dog. Though only a small brown bird, *Tetrao scoticus* is a power in the Mother Land. Parliament is prorogued in his honor, the House always rises on the 12th of August, and the coveys rise on the wing for sporting Members of Parliament. Anyone who has happened to be in Scotland about the 11th will not readily forget the scenes at the Scotch stations, especially such a one as Perth. The endless gun cases, the splendid setters and pointers, straining at the leash, the eager-gaited and well got up sportsmen, the gillies and the garb of old Gael, all bound for the land of the bonnie heather.

Punch describes a worried Scotch railway porter wrestling with a lot of pointers and setters: "What am I going to do with these tam dugs? They have all aiten their tackets."

Our sporting demonstration on the opening day does not quite come up to this fine show. If you look into the luggage van at the railway depot you will find, about the 14th of September, eight or ten fine dogs variously occupied with their chains, and a small but illustrious band of keen sportsmen (the noble Von Stein, with his ample person bestowed on a box, the voluptuous form of John Strang reclining on a sack, nearly as popular as the ample flask he carries in his bulging pocket). Three or four minor individuals, with pipes, seriously occupied with the care of their impedimenta and eager to display their more or less well-formed calves and brand new knickerbockers.

The journey down to the barrens, whether by road or rail, is always pleasant. You are out for a holiday, there is a freedom from all restraint; care and anxiety and all earthly troubles and worries are for the time banished far away. The fresh sparkling water, the sweet breath of the pine wood, the fresh breezy air are all delightful, and above all there is the joyous anticipation of good sport on the morrow. Every now and then there are kindly greetings on the road; you meet your old friends of former trips. "What about the birds, Mick?" "Well, you see," says he, "I'm tuk up with the voyage, and so I don't be follying the country, but the bys that's be after the cows seed a few scattered covies about the Burnt Hills and the Look Out. I don't be thinking there powerful plenty at all." Your informant is probably a shooter himself, and this pessimistic report is a dodge to keep a few birds for his own gun. Bye and bye you meet another more genial and inventive liar, and with an air of simple candor and veracity he says: "How be the birds? Well, I never heard tell on the like. Jim Malone cum across the country from beyant tudder day, may be a week agone last Sunday; he had nara dog, he never stepped off the pat, and begob he put ten fine covies to wing." I knew one gifted artist in mendacity who promised an exalted personage royal sport.

W. T. Gracey, Photo. THE HOME OF THE ROCK GROUSE.

"Come out to me, Sir William, and I'll show you thirteen fine covies." The reality, after a hard day's tramp, materialized into one solitary old cock. However, all things come to an end, and by nightfall you have reached your destination—either a camp in the woods or your headquarters at a fisherman's house.

It is worth while to make the journey for such a kindly welcome. All the village has foregathered in your honor—the old man

and the boys are soon puffing away with your tobacco, the guns are always a special object of attraction, and all the queer odds and ends of tinned provisions are turned over and examined. In the meantime the mistress and the girls are busy about your supper.

A wise man, you go early to bed, and don't take too much of the "craytur." There is no need to rouse you in the early morn, you are off before dawn; the dread of some keener sportsman cutting you off lends wings to your movements, and before sunrise you are climbing the hills. We breast the long ascent; it takes it out of us a bit. We stay a moment to draw breath; the sun is just touching the eastern hills with a soft roseate light; below us lies the bay with its brown-sailed fishing boats and its purple islands. Through the pure air for miles away we can see the gleam of white houses behind the dark pine woods. The fir-clad hills, the broad open moors, interspersed with verdant marshes in the long distance, seem as bright and green as the new-mown meadows. The wild far-stretching moorland that lies before us has a beauty of its own. Everywhere there are wild flowers and low berry-bearing shrubs, with clear bright purling streams and endless lakes; much of the open country is stern, wild and bare, but it has a weird beauty of its own and the clear exhilerating atmosphere braces you like a subtle tonic.

Before we commence our day's sport let me say one word about your Newfoundland guide. In his old canvas jacket and patched moleskin trousers, your Terra Novian fisherman is not so picturesque a figure as the Scotch gillie in the garb of old Gael; but for keenness of sight, knowledge of birds and their habits, for accuracy in marking where the covies pitch, for endurance and walking powers, and above all, for courtesy and kindly manners, I will back him against the best of the braw Highlanders that ever drank the mountain dew, or scratched himself in the early dawn. If you make a bad miss he will always find an excuse for you. "Sure, they're as wild as hawks; the devil wouldn't kill the like of 'em."

I remember, one day, five birds rose; two crossed as I fired and both came down. My companion killed right and left, and I finished off the fifth bird with my second barrel. The whole thing was a pure fluke, but our guide turned to two old fishermen who were cruising the hills: "Dat's the way, Paddy," said he, "they're doing it all day."

All the English and American sportsmen who have visited Newfoundland—Selous, Guille Millais, Pritchard the novelist, and Vanderbilt the millionaire, speak in the highest terms of the never-failing cheerfulness, their patient endurance of fatigue, the remarkable knowledge of all woodcraft and habits of the caribou shown by their Newfoundland guides. All unanimously declare that no better companions, for the woods and wild sport, can be found anywhere. And now—

> "Of all the joys that sporting yields,
> Give me to hunt the stubble fields
> Quite early in September."

Out range the dogs, away they go, with a rushing gallop right and left across the wind, and bye and bye you notice Grouse is on a hot scent. Don and Ranger take it up, and you get excited and nervously finger your gun. You work the ground carefully all over, but it ends in a fiasco. The birds have lain there all night, and at early dawn they have flown to the feeding ground. On go the dogs again. Presently you notice Grouse begins to draw. He has the birds this time all right. As you mount the next low hill you see him just below, his lashing tail has become stiff, and with head outstretched and rigid body he slowly moves along, until at last he stands as motionless as if carved in stone. Ranger and Don, as they mount the ridge, suddenly catch sight of Grouse, and at once you see them also transformed into statues, backing their companion.

Slowly you saunter up to Grouse. Mick—your man with the Celtic temperament—may be excited, but if you are a genuine sportsman you will keep cool. You have broken in your dogs; you know them well, and you know, too, that if you get flurried they will soon copy your example.

As you approach Grouse, slowly and cautiously he moves ahead. Whilst you have been walking up to him the birds have also moved on, not far, but still further off than the old dog considers the correct thing. You look about you, wondering where on earth are the birds, when—*whirr!* there is a startling

sound, and a dozen brown birds are in the air scudding away. With your right barrel you pick off the old cock, and with your left down goes another; shot through the back, he lies with wings outstretched. Mick declares, "Begob it was a great shot!" but you know in your heart that it was plain and easy, and that you would be the veriest duffer if you had missed them. All the same your sportsman's vanity admits the soft impeachment, "Not bad, Mick." The remaining birds have taken refuge in a big tuck—a lot of stunted spruces on the hillside leading down to the brook. They are scattered and lie close. This is the prettiest shooting of all, and one and by one you work them all out, getting every variety of shot, and if you are in good form you will bag nearly the whole covey.

On you go over the barrens, meeting birds more or less, singly and in covies, and by the brooks an odd snipe. Presently, about 11 o'clock, you look about for a place to boil the kettle.

This is the most delightful time of all for Mick. The amount of "tay" a good hearty Newfoundlander will swallow is something incredible. He won't eat so much meat, unless you force it on him; but after you have done, he loves to refill the pot and go at it again.

The knowing shooter takes a good long time over his lunch. In the middle of the day is the worst time for the birds, whilst the late afternoon and evening are the best. On the return tramp all the scattered covies will be found in their old haunts. By this time you will be a bit stiff and tired; and probably, good shot as you undoubtedly are, you will miss an occasional chance; but you have had a good day's sport, a good tramp, and you will enjoy your supper as if you had earned it.

A good day's grouse shooting in Newfoundland affords as fine a sport as there is in the world. This, at least, is the opinion of Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, the best all-round sportsman in the British navy.

And now in conclusion let me say just a word about the natural history of our fine indigenous bird. The Devonshire men, who first settled in this country, had never seen the moor fowl, so they named our bird after their own "Partridge." The correct description is the "Willow Grouse" (*Tetrao saliceti*). He is a distinguished member of the great family of the *Tetraonidoe*, all northern birds; they range from the Capercaillie, or Cock of the Woods, weighing seventeen pounds—an inhabitant of Northern Sweden and Lapland—to the little Rocky Mountain grouse of less than one pound. In Newfoundland we have two distinct forms of the grouse.

The willow grouse, too well known to need description, varies in weight from twenty-three to twenty-seven ounces, whilst the rock grouse or American ptarmigan (*Texrao lago pus rupestris*) is smaller than its congener and rarely exceeds twenty ounces. Its general plumage is gray, or gray brown, and the tail and wing feathers a blackish brown, much darker in the willow grouse than in the rock grouse, which is slightly reddish gray about the head, which is also smaller. Altogether, in its more sober colors, it differs from the rich reds and brown of the larger species.

The habitat of the rock grouse is high mountains. In Newfoundland it is only found on the south and west of the island. Both species are spread over Hudson Bay, Labrador and the Arctic regions of North America. The Scotch grouse has been naturalized in Sweden. It seems to me desirable that an attempt should be made to introduce both the black cock and the grouse into this country; more efforts should also be made to re-introduce the moose. The funds obtained from deer and licenses for sporting dogs might very well be set apart for the laudable purpose of preserving our rivers, and stocking valuable game birds on our wild lands.

The native grouse is being rapidly thinned out; I know many places from whence it has entirely disappeared. An effort has been made to prevent the extinction of one of the most valuable game birds in the world by stopping all shooting for one year and putting back the opening season until October. We shall see this year how it has worked. Grouse being mainly a ground bird can be easily decimated.

AFTER THE HUNT

By F. M. Kelly.

WILLIAMS threw several great logs of resinous wood upon the open fire then burning to good advantage, which caused a spreading shower of sparks, some of them falling so close to Grant and myself that we had to move quickly in order to avoid them. Grant growled, for it happened he was not in the best of humor that night. I wondered why; for we had been out some two weeks and had no success whatever until that day, and the sport had then been all his own. Each prior night he had been the life of the little gathering by the fire in a corner of a rough, deserted cabin in the northern interior of Vancouver Island. Many were the tales he told; for he was a hunter of big game in strange places. We could do no better than listen; our experiences, exciting enough though they were to ourselves, being petty indeed when compared with what he would relate. What then was the cause of his silence? An hour had passed since we banqueted heavily off the choicest portion of a bull elk and filled our pipes to burn incense to the god of contentment. At least Williams and I were burning that incense; but Grant was not. For a moment I had thought that the weariness of his tramp with the huge head and its wide-spreading antlers had something to do with it; but I couldn't entertain that for long, for he was massive of build and showed strength in every inch of him; was hard, too, of that hardness which a man acquires only in the open places—and he was ever there.

Williams at last broke the silence, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe bowl, all that remained of its second filling of fragrant Virginia.

"'There's a silver lining,' Grant," he ventured.

"Eh?" Grant questioned, starting from his reverie.

"'There's a silver lining.'"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, you've heard. 'A silver lining to every cloud,' you know."

"Rot, sheer rot! Silver linings may go with blotches of airy vapor, but when the cloud comes to the realm of man's memory, there's naught of the kind. Such a cloud hangs over me now. Would I had not come."

"Not come!" we both exclaimed, and Williams continued:

"Not come! Why, you have a record head behind you."

"It's a good head, I'll admit; but there's a bigger one back yonder where I was to-day."

"You missed him?"

"I never figure on that."

"But to-day?"

"Who said anything about to-day? We do not all live for the day that is with us, for the morrows that will come; some of us have our yesterdays, must think sometimes of them. I'll tell you: where I shot that great elk you may see the well-plucked bones to-morrow if you wish."

"It was seven years ago, on the 9th of November—"

"That's what it is to-day—the 9th of November," I put in.

"Exactly. You've never heard me speak of Baxter. What can I say of him? Nothing worse than this: You'll never meet a sportsman more entitled to the name. If you know what that means you'll understand I try to follow his precepts and his practices, but I'm afraid I do not succeed so well as I might.

"We had been hunting for several days, our headquarters this very cabin, but had not succeeded in scoring. Signs were not lacking, though, that game was in the neigh-

"LESS THAN THREE MONTHS SAW HIS PASSING AT ALERT BAY."

borhood; but it was almost an impossibility to tell within a day or two just how old they were on account of the dry weather. On the evening of the 8th, however, things seemed to be shaping for a change; and before we had turned in a flurry of snow was falling. At daybreak next morning there were at least two inches on the ground, which made it ideal for tracking. We were soon in harness. Setting out, we went in different directions. My preliminary objective was a sheltered gully over the first ridge, and some three miles from here, where I was almost certain the elk would harbor during the snowfall; for a thick growth of small spruce clung to its sloping sides, under which there would be good protection. To my knowledge, it was the most likely place within a long day's tramp.

"It was as I reckoned. Quite a number had been in the thicket there during the night; and a bunch had left it in the early morning, turning up the long valley. I followed the trail for two hours, when it turned at right angles and went up a ravine of the next ridge. At no time was I very far behind the band, and the chances seemed rosy. The air was clear and cool, and the wind was not stirring. Moving cautiously, it takes time to cover ground, and it was a good hour before the top of the ridge was reached. You haven't hunted in that direction, have you?" He didn't give us time to answer.

"On the other side there is a great open space extending for about a mile along the side of the hill, and about 500 yards in width. I expected to see the game there, for it faces the eastern sky, and the sun was full in my eyes when I gazed across the

"YOU'VE HEARD THE CHALLENGE OF THE BULL ELK?"

open. I looked long, and saw—full half a mile away, and at the edge of the small timber below—a band of seven, among them the most glorious bull it has ever been my lot to gaze upon. There are times when even the old hunter becomes fascinated. For a few moments I was nothing else. Then every fibre within me grew tense with desire to obtain the splendid head which seemed to challenge defiance as it towered above the height of the cows. There was something worthy of a hunter's best effort.

"I moved silently along the ridge, keeping well out of sight. Judging distances closely is a happy knack of mine, and when I made the top of the ridge again the elk were not more than 400 yards away. Jubilant I was, but never more confident. That there would be no hitch, I took ample time to arrange things. I knew the cartridge was in the barrel, but opened the breech to make doubly sure. Then I adjusted the sight and took a kneeling position. My eye was along the blue metal, my finger was on the trigger. In another second the bullet would have sped on its mission. You've heard the challenge of the bull elk? Ah! I was thrilled as it rolled along that hillside, and hesitated to shoot. I saw the cows take cover quickly, but the bull was made of sterner stuff. It charged along the edge of the bush. I followed it with the rifle. Then I saw a man, not fifty feet from the enraged animal. It was he who alarmed the band, coming on them unexpectedly. His rifle cracked, for it went to his shoulder in a hurry, but the lead didn't score. By that time the bull was almost upon him; then my rifle spoke, once, twice, and I knew I had hit; but was too late, for the man had slipped on the snow as he tried to get away, and the hoofs of the elk reached him as it fell, an inert mass, upon him. That man was Baxter. It took us some time to reach camp; he tried to make light of it, but it was no use. Less than three months saw his passing at Alert Bay. I saw the whitened bones and antlers of the great elk today, and you may see them to-morrow if you so desire, and go as I tell you."

Williams struck a match; his pipe had gone out while Grant told of the great elk. For myself, I sought the couch of spruce boughs in the corner of the cabin, where I saw it all happen again in the magic of slumber.

EQUINOX

WHEN toward the vernal equinox,
Careens our planet through the seas of space,
Tumultuous rise the elements before its face,
Like storm-tossed ship among the rocks.
Fierce fall the buffets and the shocks
Rude Boreas in his wrath, with harsh grimace,
Vents ruthlessly upon the feeble race
Whose hopeless impotence he mocks.

* * *

'Rouse, all ye gales beneath the arch;
Let the fierce mountain torrents rush uncurbed;
Rage, mighty ocean, rage, and be disturbed;
This is the Ides of March!

—*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

THE SHIPS

COME, watch the ships beat in from sea"
And moor beside the tide-lapped quay;
There we may hear the greetings fair
From hull to hull pass lovingly.

There we may hear the tales they tell
(Oh, quaint sea-speech) of what befell
Old Neptune's brood, of seas were wooed,
'Ere they swung homeward with the swell.

How one had rushed the wild typhoon,
How one had felt the hot simoon,
From Afric's plains, glow on her chains
While land-locked in a broad lagoon.

How through the fogs of northern seas,
Where giant bergs toss with the breeze,
Ploughing the foam, full-winged for home,
Another cut the wide degrees.

How north and east, how south and west
Rich tribute paid each flitting guest
That wore a gale and leagues did sail,
To give and take of traffics best.

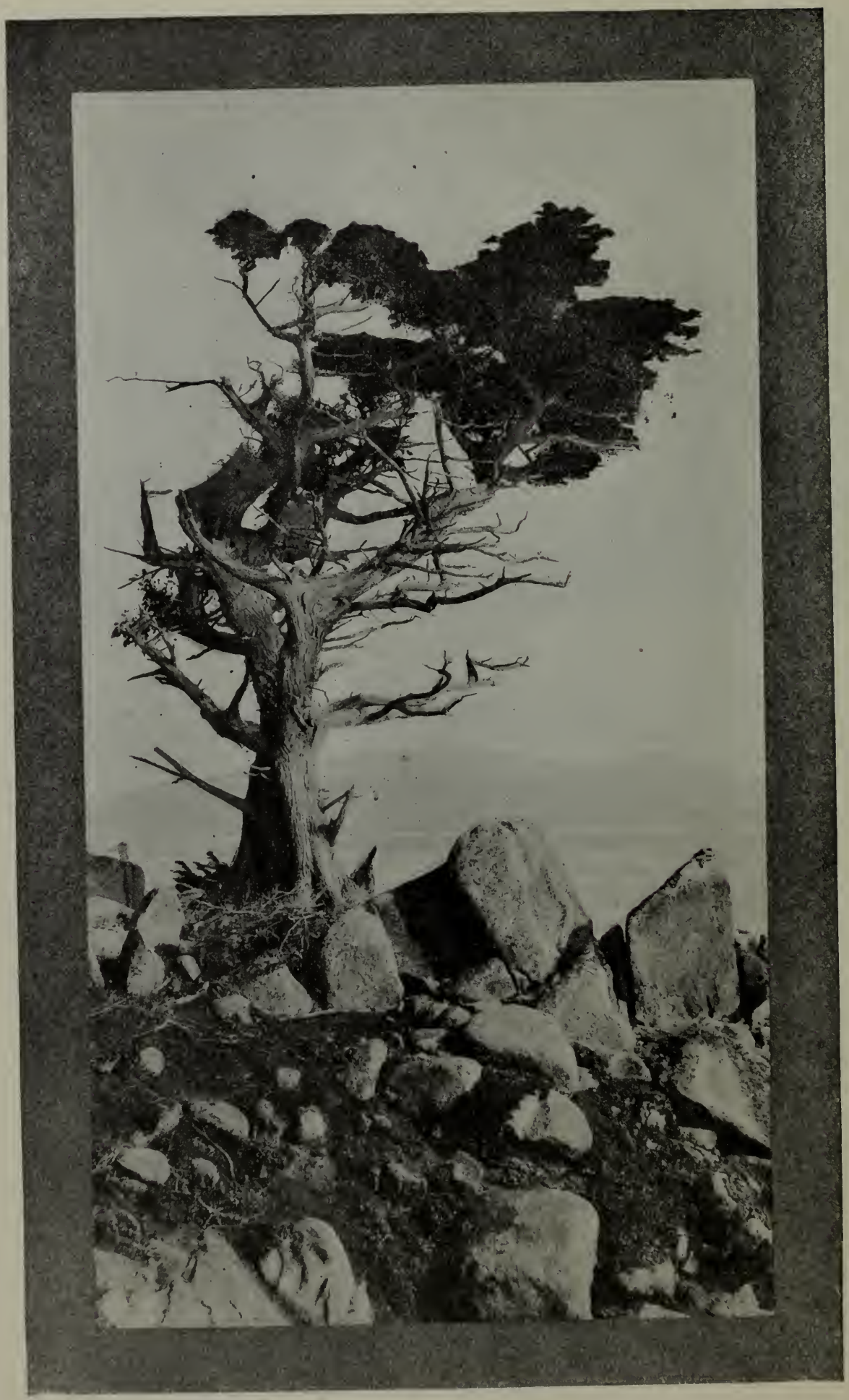
—*F. M. Kelly,*

THE HERMIT THRUSH

I SAT beside a wood one summer day
And watched the sun go down behind the trees,
And heard the last faint gurgle of the breeze
Rustle the pines and slowly die away.
The vesper sparrow sang his evening lay,
The robin voiced his drowsy melodies,
The robber jay came home with noisy pleas
Until the night let down its pall of gray.

Then through the silences there welled a note
That thrilled the farthest glen with magic rune—
Ten thousand forest orchestras in tune—
And all the woodland choir with one glad throat
Seemed suddenly in song;—out of the hush
The ecstasy that stirred the hermit thrush.

—*Charles Henry Chesley.*



A. H Cowan, Photo. THE SENTINEL.

SNOWSHOEING A BEAR

BY CLARENCE CURTIN DAVISON

BLUE CANON is a small town in Placer County, California, pretty well in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where the snow flies in the winter and makes everyone happy. Just as soon as it clears and gets cold, boys and girls are in for a good time with their sleighs and snow shoes. Of course the boys are in for larger sport than the girls and will take more dangerous chances, starting down some of the steep cañons just to see how far they can go without falling.

On the morning of December first about 3 A. M. I looked out through the telegraph office window to see how hard it was snowing, and was greatly surprised to see that it had cleared off and was starting in to get cold. Well, this looked good to me, as there was about six feet of snow on the ground then, and I resolved that when Henry (the caller for engine crews who was out calling some crews to take a couple of light engines west) would come in I would suggest that we take a long journey on our snow shoes as soon as we got off duty in the morning; when this was put to him he said, "Sure, we will go to the American River."

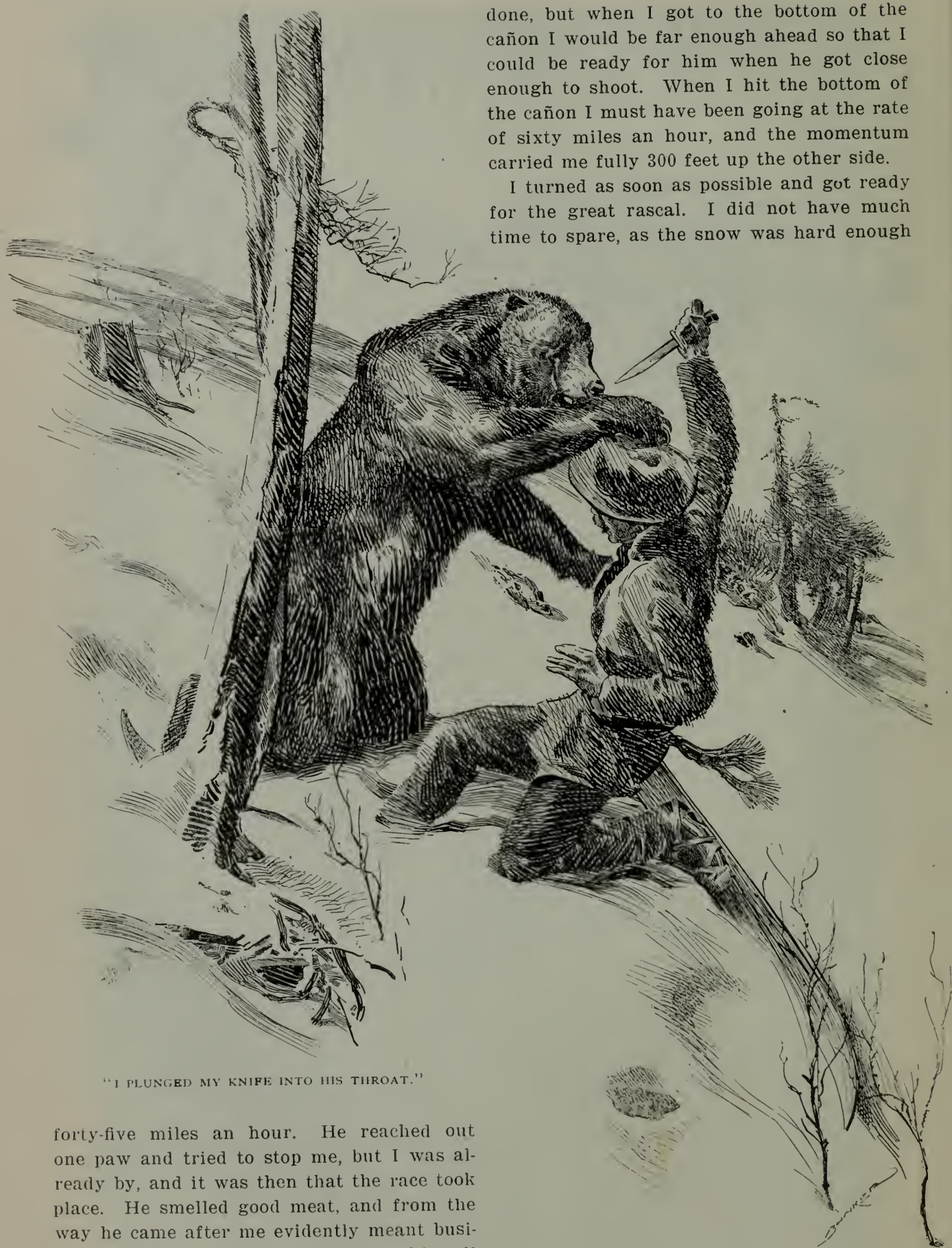
This was a fierce trip, but on the out-going it was a fine ride right straight down cañons for five miles, one of the most enjoyable that a person would want to take on snow shoes. We made all preparations before we got off duty, and after breakfast we started; at least we left the hotel where I was boarding, when Henry was called back as his father was taken sick, so the long journey was left to me to make alone.

I walked up the railroad track about a mile to the trail for the American River; from this point there is no more hard work until you get to the river and start back. Of course this latter part of it is never thought of until the pleasure of it is over, when you come to start back and are looking almost straight up for five miles thinking to yourself, "What a fool I am." I started at the top of the hill with my gun strapped over my shoulder and my feet strapped in my snow shoes, and was making all of thirty miles an hour down this steep cañon over little pine trees and logs. Oftentimes the lower sides of the logs would have no snow on them, and this would mean a jump, some times of ten feet; but I was lucky and kept on my shoes, right side up, going faster and faster every minute, sailing through the avenues between the large trees —and it kept me busy to keep from striking some of them. I had no time to be looking out for anything else, and my hair stood on end when I suddenly saw, about thirty feet ahead of me, a big grizzly bear gradually making headway to get right in front of me as I came along toward him.

There was no time to take my gun from my shoulder, and even if I could have done so it would have been ticklish work to shoot at anything the way I was sailing down through the pines. I just had presence of mind enough to say to myself that I would let the snow shoes out and see if I could not beat Mr. Bear to our meeting point. This worked very well, as I went by him about

done, but when I got to the bottom of the cañon I would be far enough ahead so that I could be ready for him when he got close enough to shoot. When I hit the bottom of the cañon I must have been going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and the momentum carried me fully 300 feet up the other side.

I turned as soon as possible and got ready for the great rascal. I did not have much time to spare, as the snow was hard enough



"I PLUNGED MY KNIFE INTO HIS THROAT."

forty-five miles an hour. He reached out one paw and tried to stop me, but I was already by, and it was then that the race took place. He smelled good meat, and from the way he came after me evidently meant business; but of course I was gaining on him all the time. It was no use for me to stop and try to turn around and shoot him, as he would be right on me before this could be

to keep him from having much trouble in coming right along behind me. But I was prepared for him, and kneeling down partly on my snow shoes had the little .30-30 across my knee, holding it right on him all the time waiting for him to get close enough. When he got within about forty feet of me I turned loose on him and put four shots right into his head; but this only knocked him down and dazed him a little. He got to his feet again and by this time he was pretty close to me, so I gave him the remaining five shots in my magazine, knocking him down repeatedly, but still he got to his feet and each time was about to bounce on me when I dodged him and went to the bottom of the cañon, dropping my gun in the excitement. Although I had shot both of his eyes out he could smell me, and came staggering down the hill after me. The only thing I had for protection now was my hunting knife, which I got out and again was ready for him. He had just strength enough to raise himself to drop on me and being still on my snow shoes I could not get out of his way. My strength was nearly gone, so I waited until he came close and plunged my hunting knife into his throat to its full length. This finished him, but he fell on me just the same, crushing me into the snow, and there we both lay all in a heap until he finally breathed his last.

It was at least ten minutes before I could make a move, but after struggling a little I managed to roll him off me and you can bet I felt good to know that I was alive and practically unhurt. After getting my belongings together again I started for home, reaching there at 6:30 P. M, all tired out and excited so badly that I could hardly tell my story. But they all knew that something had happened to me, for I was blood from head to foot, and my clothes were all torn into threads. I went to bed and got up to work my trick that night at 10 o'clock and worked all night.

Next morning everyone, it seemed, wanted to go with me and get the bear. There were five or six of us started out on snow shoes, soon overtaking the team which we had started out for the scene at 6 A. M. to pull the load to town. We got Bruin to town in good shape, and found the whole population awaiting our arrival to see the largest grizzly bear ever killed in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The monster weighed exactly 1,353½ pounds, and if this isn't "going some" for a common telegraph operator still working as third trick operator at Blue Cañon, Placer County, California, I am badly off my trolley.

WESTERN FIELD

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

OUR COVER DESIGN

THE striking picture which serves as a cover design for this month's issue is a purposely rough engraved enlargement of a miniature photograph of one of Mrs. Grace Hudson's splendid Indian paintings, kindly loaned to us by her for purposes of reproduction. Realizing the utter impossibility of faithfully reproducing in printer's ink the exquisitely life-like coloring and living flesh effects of the original, we preferred to utilize it in the manner shown, as any attempt to offer it in colors would be a positive injustice to this famous artist and her work.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that Mrs. Hudson is and has for some time been abroad, studying Continental methods and technique. It is doubtful, however, if the galleries of the old world will yield her anything but comparisons, for her style is uniquely her own and her drawing, composition and handling of color is not excelled by any painter living or dead.

GAME SANCTUARIES

THE contemplated action of the general government in setting aside portions of the public domain in each state as sanctuaries for our game is one that cannot be too highly commended. Some years ago the editor of this magazine portrayed the necessity of just this very action, and advocated it strenuously through the columns of the sporting papers, setting forth exactly the same arguments which are now being presented by the Federal authorities.

The value of inviolable sanctuary for the game while it is propagating will be conceded by everyone. Here, freed from harassment and disturbance of every sort, the desirable species will multiply and increase at a rate impossible in even the least shot-over preserves in the country, and the natural overflow will be the most satisfactory means of annually replenishing the coverts in which shooting is permissible.

Such sanctuary must, however, be sanctuary not only in name but in reality. In it the game should be insured freedom from disturbance, not only from man alone, but from the other predacious animals as well that go to swell the number of their natural enemies. The retreats should be patrolled, guarded and policed by competent men who would exterminate all ground vermin, raptores and other agents that make for the destruction of the game—in short, it should be *sanctuary* absolute and inviolate.

The States should meet the Federal authority much more than half way in this, the greatest movement of the age toward practical game protection and conservation. If one section of state school or indemnity lands in each township were constituted a game sanctuary it would mean the absolute perpetuation of what is now conceded to be one of the state's most valuable assets; and if this were increased to whole townships, in sections where the natural and other conditions justified and permitted, it would be all the better.

We sincerely hope that the state authorities throughout the Union will co-operate freely and fully with the general government, setting aside both lands and money for this purpose, and that consistent and vigorous means be adopted to meet all the

requirements. In California there are thousands of square miles of woodland, of no use presently for any commercial or industrial purpose, that could be most advantageously devoted to this purpose, and we hope that our legislators will remember, that if the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one blade grew before, is a public benefactor, the making of two quail, deer or trout grow and live and multiply where there is not but one individual now —and it virtually dying—is the work of noble philanthropists.

Let us have the sanctuaries—and let us have them soon, and of a size and general appointments befittingly worthy of this, the greatest and most favored state of the Union.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW

ONE of the fundamental rules of conservative finance is that there shall be no sentiment in business. When an individual, corporation, municipality or nation once begins to substitute sentiment for justice, he or it is dropping the tailboard of the wagon of prosperity and advancement, and that, too, on a sharply steep up-hill pull.

Laws are made not for our oppression or to our prejudice, but for our good, personally, individually and collectively, and their letter represents their real and true spirit, no matter what sophistical weak-kneed temporizers may say; and the only logical enforcement of them is in the letter. The spirit will be fully conserved if the letter is adhered to, or if such be not the case, the sooner the letter of the law be changed, all the better.

Take, for instance, our game laws in this state; under their present administration the individual violator is summarily and drastically dealt with, while the corporations whose malefactions are exaggerated to a degree generally proportionate to their increased financial and business capacities, are either practically immune, or at least enjoy a freedom from interference by the game wardens which is very demoralizing in its effects on the public taken individually.

If there be any reason why storage concerns, "hunters' transportation companies" (!) or prominent commission firms, etc., cannot be reached, under the statutes, with identically the same ease and certainty as can simple John Smith or Richard Roe, it is up to the State Fish Commission to make that reason public and to inquire into and arrange for means to remedy the situation, even though revision of the statutes be necessary. And if there be any just and valid reason why minimum fines should be requested by the prosecuting officials when the evidence warrants and the judge is ready to impose maximum fines, we would like to be apprised of it. There is presently an unwarrantable inclination on the parts of our official game protectors to accede to the imposition of minimum fines in order to induce pleas of guilt and so secure convictions. This may be excellent practice, but it is certainly execrable policy. We believe that a minimum fine for the first offense is a satisfactory and humane adjustment, but we insist that chronic violators ought to receive the full maximum in every instance.

We are not offering this as a criticism of the methods now in vogue; we only state it as a deplorable fact and in the hopes that our laws may be enforced in a manner a little more consistent with game protection's requirements.

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San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Marie, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.

Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River—F. & G. Ass'n.—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed. Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada, 1905.

Compiled by T. S. Palmer, Henry Oldys and R. W. Williams, Jr., U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey.

(Corrected to August 15, 1905.)

BIRDS.

		State	Quail	Grouse	Prairie Chicken	Wild Turkey	Dove	Plover.[4]	Snipe.[4]	Woodcock.[4]	Rail.[4]	Duck.[4]	Goose, Swan.[4]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[7]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[5]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]			All the year	Mar. 1-July 15[11]	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[5]		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[5]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	6
	7	New York[3]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 10[7]			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 10[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 14	Jan. 1-Sept. 14	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-July 15	Jan. 1-July 16	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[14]	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10		All the year	Jan. 1-May 1[16]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[11]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[16]	May. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			All the year				Feb. 3-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[5]	Apr. 16 Oct. 1	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[7]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb 1-Sept. 1	Apr 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept.[1] 16	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]	All the year	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20[7]	Feb. 1-Nov 1[7]	Jan. 1-July 20[11]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[11]	Apr. 1-Oct 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[16]	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-Aug. 20		Apr 1-Aug 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[12]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1908			Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]	17
	18	Michigan	To Oct. 15, 1907	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[11]	To 1910	To 1910	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 2-Sept. 1[5]	Jan. 2-Sept. 1[5]	18
	19	Indiana[14]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 10[7]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[16]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[16]	Oct. 1-Nov 10[16]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[16]	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 26-Nov. 10	To May 15, 1909	To May 15, 1909	To Apr. 25, 1906	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1910	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1[7]		All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[5]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Nov. 1-Sept 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr 15-Sept. 1	Apr 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[5]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug 1	Jan. 1-Aug 1	May 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15[5]	24
	25	Kansas	Dec. 16-Nov. 15[7]	Oct. 15-Sept. 15	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[7]		Sept. 15-Aug 1	Sept. 15-July 15	Sept. 15-July 15			Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[5]	25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 1	May 16-Sept. 1[7]			Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[5]	27
	28	North Dakota	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[5]	28
	29	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[5]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[7]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 16-Aug. 1		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[7]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[7]	Apr. 16-Sept. 16[7]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar 15-Nov. 1		Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia[9]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-July 15		Mar. 15-July 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		35
	36	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws				36
	37	Mississippi[1]	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Aug. 15-Aug. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[7]		Dec. 1-Oct 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year							39
	40	Louisiana	Mar 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[16]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan[7]-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1							43
	44	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			44
PACIFIC.	45	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[7]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[7]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[14]	45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	All the year[14]	46
	47	Utah	All the year[1]	Dec. 1-Aug 15	Dec. 1-Aug 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	47
	48	Idaho	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 10			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan 1-Sept. 1[7]		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 16	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Sept. 1[7]	May 1-Sept. 1[7]	49
	50	Oregon[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[11]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Sept. 15, 1909[7]	Dec. 1-Oct 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[16]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]	50
	51	Alaska		Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar. 1-Sept. 16				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 16[4]	May 1-Sept. 18			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	All the year[14]	53
	54	Yukon[8]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1		June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	N. W. Territories		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 28	May 5-Aug. 28		May 5-Aug. 28	May 5-Aug. 28		55
	56	Unorganized Ter		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	56
	57	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[16]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 16		57
	58	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910.	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 16	58
	59	Quebec		Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[7]		59
	60	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 16				Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[11]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[16]	60
	61	Nova Scotia		Dec. 2-Oct. 1[7]					Mar. 1-Aug. 20[7]	Mar. 1-Aug. 20[7]		Mar. 1-Aug. 20[11]		61
	62	Pr. Edward Isl.[8]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1					Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Aug. 20		Mar. 1-Aug. 20		62
	63	Newfoundland		Jan. 12-Oct. 1				Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[16]	63

MAMMALS.

		State	Deer.[4]	Elk.[4]	Moose.[4]	Caribou.[4]	Antelope	Sheep, Goat.[4]	Squirrel.[4 2]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasant.[4]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[5]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 28, 1913	1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[5]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2
	3	Vermont	Exc'pt Oct. 23-29		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1909	3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1908						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Oct. 1, 1907	4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1908						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	6
	7	New York[3]	Nov. 16-Sept. 1[7]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 10[7]	Local laws	To 1910	7
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov.[10]						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[7]	8
	9	New Jersey	To April 5, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	10
	11	Delaware							Jan. 1-Nov. 15[7]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		11
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		13
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 16-Oct. 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 16		15
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 15[7]	Sept. 15-Nov. 16[7]		16
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[16]	To Nov. 10, 1908	17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 10[7]	To June 16, 1918	To June 16, 1918	To June 16, 1918			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910	18
	19	Indiana[14]	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[16]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[16]	To Feb. 24, 1911[7]	19
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 28, 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To Apr. 28, 1908	20
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[7]						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept 1	To Oct. 1, 1910	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year					To Jan. 1, 1910	22
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1						Jan. 1-July 1		To Dec. 1, 1910	24
	25	Kansas					To Mar. 18, 1908		All the year[7]		To Feb. 28, 1907	25
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	All the year			Nov. 16-Aug. 16		All the year		All the year	26
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec 1-Nov. 1[16]				27
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	All the year	All the year	To Jan. 1, 1911	All the year[11]			Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Dec 1-Sept. 1			All the year	29
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912		Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[16]			To Sept. 1, 1906	30
	31	Colorado	Oct. 11-Sept. 25	To Nov. 1, 1907			To Oct. 15, 1907	All the year[11]			All the year	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Local laws			32
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]									33
	34	Georgia[9]	Jan. 1-Sept 1								To Nov. 30, 1906	34
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1									35
	36	Alabama	Local laws						Local laws		Local laws	36
	37	Mississippi[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 15									37
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[7]						Mar. 1-June 1[7]		To Nov. 1, 1907[7]	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[5]								To Mar. 14, 1916	39
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1				To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[11]			To July 1, 1908[7]	41
	42	Oklahoma	All the year				All the year				Jan. 1-Dec. 1	42
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 13, 1910	All the year[11]			To Mar. 13, 1910	43
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year[11]			To Mar. 1, 1911	44
PACIFIC.	45	California	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[11]	All the year		All the year	45
	46	Nevada	Nov 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			To Sept. 1, 1906	46
	47	Utah	To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909			To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[10]			All the year	47
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 5, 1909	48
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1915	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 15[1]	49
	50	Oregon	Nov 1-Aug. 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907				Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	50
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[16]			Mar. 1-Sept. 16	51
	52	Hawaii										52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	53
	54	Yukon[8]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1				54
	55	N. W. Territories	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[16]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[16]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[16]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[16]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[16]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[16]				55
	56	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]			To Sept. 16, 1909	56
	57	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1				To Sept. 15, 1910	57
	58	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[5]	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[5]			Dec. 16-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		58
	59	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]		Jan. 1-Sept 1[5]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[5]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]	All the year	59
	60	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept 15					All the year	60
	61	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Jan. 2-Oct. 1[5]	To Oct. 1, 1910				Mar. 1-Nov. 1		61
	62	Pr. Edward Isl.[8]								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		62
	63	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1912	To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 91[5]						63

Birds Protected in a Few States Only.

Ptarmigan.

Nebraska	All the year.
Colorado	All the year.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[5]
New Mexico	All the year.
Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[5]
Yukon[8]	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
N.W. Territories	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
Quebec	Feb 1-Nov. 1.[5]
Nova Scotia	All the year.
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Oct. 1.

Sage Hen.

Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Wyoming	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.
Colorado	Oct. 5-Aug. 1.
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1.
Nevada	Feb. 15-July 15.
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.

Bobwhite.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Delaware	Feb. 2-Sept. 1.
Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[5]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.

Curlew.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.
New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16.
Long Island	Jan. 1-July 16.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Virginia	Jan. 1-July 25.
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
Nebraska	All the year.
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Feb. 16-Sept. 10.[5]
Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1.
Louisiana	Mar. 1-Aug. 1.
California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15.
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Utah	May 1-Sept. 16.
Idaho	May 1-Sept. 1.
Washington	May 1-Sept. 1.
Oregon	All the year.
N.W. Territories	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
Yukon[8]	June 1-Sept. 1.

Crane.

Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	All the year.
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Utah	Mar. 1-Aug. 1.
N.W. Territories	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
Yukon[8]	June 1-Sept. 1.

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list: Dove: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Swan: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-16; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10 (under license); Michigan (bluebill, butterball, canvasback, pintail, redhead, spoonbill, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, goose, brant), Mar. 15-Apr. 11. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 10 counties to Mar. 11, 1908. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck, to July, 1909. 13. Except upland plover. Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except goat, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except wood duck, Louisiana, to July, 1909; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 14. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 16-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except swan: Except west of the Cascades, in 1905, Sept. 9-19. 22. Sec. 605, ch. 169, Laws of 1905, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 10. 23. Nov. 6, 10, 15, 17. 24. Except brant, May 1-Oct. 1.

* Laws for 1907 not yet received

OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.

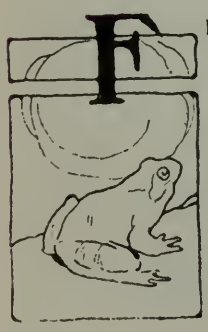
WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, Rail. — *25 in one day*												
Ducks, — *50 in one day.*												
Deer (male) — *2 in one season*												
Trout, 50 fish (not exceeding 25 lbs total weight) in one day.												
DEER,										Oct 15		
DOVES,		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN,		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL,		Feb 15								Oct 15		
SNIPE,										Oct 15		
TROUT,												
STEELHEAD TROUT {Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st.									Sep 10	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th),									Sep 10	Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 9½ in. long),									Sep 15			
BLACK BASS,												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back),												

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years Imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and Imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and Imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game?" As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commissioner's office — records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between January 1 and February 1, 1906.

E. H. Hulbert, killing swans, Fresno, Dan Dismukes; $25.

Jas. Beckert, dead swan in possession, San Luis Obispo, H. J. Abels; pending.

C. Schiefferly, dead swan in possession, San Luis Obispo, H. J. Abels; pending.

S. S. Stephenson, dead swan in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Frank Wilkinson, dead swan in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Arthur Holmes, killing swans, San Jose, I. L. Koppel; $25.

Sherwood Wheaton, killing swans, San Jose, I. L. Koppel; pending.

A. Krueger, excess bag limit, steelhead trout, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

Crow, excess bag limit, steelhead trout, Loleta, W. P. Huestis; pending.

J. B. Inguglia, underweight striped bass, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; $20.

Jos. Garibaldi, shipping robins, blackbirds and larks, Martinez, Ernest Schaeffle; $10.

Wm. Winzler, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls; $50.

Bert Bryant, having in possession one dead eagle, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $5.

Geo. C. Douglass, night shooting, Oakland, Thos. Woods; pending.

Frank Gonsalves, shooting robins, Oakland, H. W. Gooch; pending.

B. Blocksburger, deer meat in possession, Blocksburg, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis, $50.

Thos. Haney, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

G. W. Jackson, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

Chas. Jacobson, pheasants in possession, San Francisco, Chas. A. Vogelsang; dismissed.

Joe De Rosa, underweight striped bass in possession, Black Diamond, J. H. Dans and Ernest Schaeffle; $20.

John Gabriel, offering quail for sale, San Francisco, Chas. A. Vogelsang; $25.

B. Carinini, killing an eagle, Guadalupe, H. J. Ables; $5.

Ed Howard, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

D. Casassa, shipping robins, Santa Rosa, Ernest Schaeffle; $10.

J. R. Harrison, deer hides in possession, evidence of sex removed, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; $100.

W. C. Ross, deer hides in possession, evidence of sex removed, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

Wm. Hughes, underweight striped bass in possession, Pinole, Geo. Neale; $20.

Frank Ghiorsso, deer meat in possession, St. Helena, A. F. Lea and W. J. Moore; $25.

Henry Ghiorsso, deer meat in possession, St. Helena, A. F. Lea and W. J. Moore; $25.

Levin Tannery Co., polluting the waters of Santa Rosa Creek with substances deleterious to fish, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

T. J. Condare, underweight striped bass in possession, Benicia, Ernest Schaeffle and E. E. Pedlar; $20.

Andrew Frost, sturgeon in possession, Rio Vista, Ernest Schaeffle and E. E. Pedlar; $20.

A. Trapani (Western Fish Co.), sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle and E. E. Pedlar; $20.

G. Mosearelli, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; $5.

A. Besich, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; $5.

T. Magatoicke, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; $10.

B. Antoinali, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; pending.

SEIZURES MADE DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1906.

2,800 lbs. steelhead, bearing net marks.
3,302 lbs. underweight striped bass.
300 lbs. black bass (close season).
144 lbs. sturgeon.
4 set nets.
1 small mesh net.
24 ducks.
8 quail.
5 plover.
26 blackbirds.
92 robins.
2 English snipe.
1 sandhill crane.
5 larks.
3 yellow-hammers.

PENDING CASES SETTLED.

A. Ancestasia, San Francisco, netted ducks, $25.

G. Carone, San Francisco, netted ducks, $25.

French-American Wine Co., Santa Rosa, pollution of Russian River, $250.

Total, $300.

Fines imposed during month of January, $545.

Fines imposed, cases pending, $300.

Total, $845.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

DEVOTED TO SPORT IN WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

Conducted by F. M. KELLY

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]

ONCE more the season of the trout draws near, and there is already a great overhauling of tackle in anticipation of the opening. No sport has so many votaries as the gentle art of angling; and no sport gives such genuine satisfaction as they who whip lake and stream receive. True, some who angle do so with the idea that the number of fish taken represents the highest degree of satisfaction; but thank goodness, this class constitutes a small minority. To those who thoughtlessly kill for numbers, we would say: "Consider, mend your ways, be satisfied with a sportsman's bag; above all, remember that there are others to come after you who will appreciate the fact that selfishness was not the most common thing of our time." A little restraint will work wonders in the matter of propagation, be of more benefit than hatcheries, and will assure a continual supply of game fish.

Think of other parts of the country where the people realize, almost too late, what the greed of men has done for their lakes and streams. Do what they will, they can never hope to make their resorts as they were. Something they can do, it is true; but that something will be a poor substitute for what was. Our country is still a new one to the angler; many of our streams and lakes have yet to know the sportsman's lure; and as we have the advantage of knowing, as we are not ignorant of the causes in other districts, let us do as we ought to do—put a restraint upon ourselves and scorn to take more than a just numbe . If this cannot be done, laws must soon be enacted for the purposes of limiting the take. To my mind, it ought to be more satisfactory to the individual who becomes a law unto himself than to know that it was because of selfishness a limit-law was placed upon the statutes.

* * *

There is some talk of establishing a game preserve on Vancouver Island. This, of course, will be controlled by the government. Such a proposal should have the support and approval of all sportsmen. At the present time, it appears as though the establishment of a provincial park and game preserve would save the wapiti from being exterminated. This noble

beast will soon be a rarity on our island if something drastic is not soon done for its preservation. There was a time when it was plentiful throughout British Columbia; but now on the mainland it is known only in a small corner of East Kootenay; and there the government saw fit some time ago to put a stop to its killing for a period of years. Wapiti are fairly plentiful in certain sections of the island yet, for the reason that the interior is not easily accessible to man; but as it is gradually opened up, this superb animal will have little chance; for it is well known that this branch of the deer family does not make a strong fight against extinction. Like the Indians, the wapiti should have the care of our government to a certain extent.

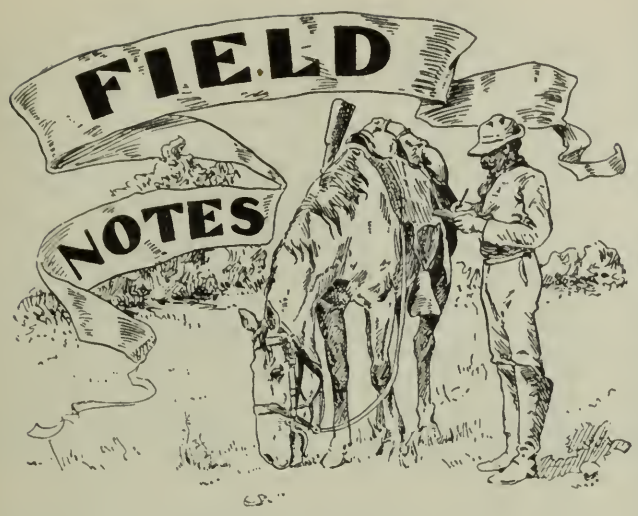
* * *

The appearance of strenuous-worded letters in the daily press was a common occurrence after the deer-shooting season opened in Washington, deer hunting with dogs being responsible for them. Reading a number of these letters, both for and against the practice, only confirmed the opinion I have always held regarding this matter—that deer hunting with dogs is not to be compared with the sport obtained in bagging the game solely on one's own merits as a hunter. All of the pleasure to be derived from a day's still-hunting is centered in that moment when, after hours of stalking, you get to where your quarry is within range of your rifle. By no means is it a rule for the still-hunter to reach the game and bag it before it has a chance to move and get away; such a case is rather an exception; for the deer is ever suspicious of danger, and the slightest sound or the faintest foreign scent will put it on guard; and you can gamble you are seen before you see. On the other hand, I have known men who hunted well-trained dogs and the dogs must have had all the sport; for their masters would sit themselves down in a certain place after their dogs had got a scent, sending them after the deer. What would be the result? The dogs would head the deer, driving it back upon its tracks, when the master would have an easy shot as it came near. There cannot be much genuine sport in such a method; it must be all calculation. Then, the meat of deer run by dogs has a flavor all its own, and does not compare with that taken by the only method now legalized in British Columbia—still-hunting.

* * *

Since the offer to give information to any and all sportsmen who might be desirous of visiting the Northwestern country appeared at the head of this department, the writer has been favored with a large number of requests from different parts of the United States and Canada. Probably some of them who have received replies may not be satisfied with same; in fact, I almost dare state that some have not. I will try and explain my reasons for thinking so. Many of the letters received simply state that the writers are thinking of making a trip to British Columbia after big game, winding up their brief epistles with the request to advise them where to go. To answer such a letter thoroughly it would take a great deal of time, for British Columbia embraces an immense territory, and its big game is widely distributed. In the scope of a letter one could hardly cover the field intelligently, much less describe the haunts of the different species. To those who premeditate a hunting trip in this province and want information, I would suggest that they specify the game desired, when I could advise them just where to go, how to get there, with the names of guides to whom they could write, and with whom they could make their arrangements. I would also impress upon you the advisablity of writing early, as distances are great and the sailings of coasting craft not any too frequent.

J. L. Dutton, Photo. THE BRIDGE.
(Golden Gate Park.)



THE GRIZZLY

EDITOR "WESTERN FIELD": Your Washington correspondent, Mr. W. H. Wright, has "sat down" (as he calls it) on Mr. Payne about as hard as the Oregon chap did on me, and when properly balanced will, like the other gentleman from the North, prove to be a feather-weight.

I do not presume to come to Mr. Payne's assistance as he so kindly did to mine. That gentleman is able to take care of himself. He possibly will ignore Mr. Wright, however, lest some of your readers apply the Josh Billings quotation: "There ain't no man wise, but some ain't as big fools as others, however." There are two kinds of fools: Those who are such from want of experience, and those whom a backwoodsman would call "natural born durned fools wi' a sprinklin o' book larnen'." I have always found the latter class the most conceited.

Just here I want to offer my humble thanks to Mr. Payne for helping me to blot out a flagrant deception by which not only our own people, but our guests from all over the world have so long been misled. The object of my original article published in July "Western Field" was to establish three facts: First, that there is not a drop of royal grizzly blood in Monarch's veins. He is a fine bear, and I doubt if his equal is anywhere in captivity. But it is a disgrace to the memory of our justly boasted king of beasts to call him a grizzly. Second, that there is not a grizzly in this state; and third, that all other bear in this state belong to the same family, regardless of size or color.

Mr. Wright was mistaken when he assumed that my article was entitled the "True Grizzly," as he will find by securing a July copy of "Western Field." Nor did Mr. Boren "sit down" on me on account of the "true grizzly," as he will see by referring to September "Western Field." He may also find my answer to Mr. Boren in November number. I did not use the word "true." I never knew of but one kind of grizzly and I did not have to go back a hundred years to find where some one else had discovered what he called a white bear; nor did I have to quote Mr. Adams, that wonderful hunter, who, according to Mr. Wright's quotations, was a coward; had all the pioneers of California and Oregon been like him we would not have to lament that the king of beasts is extinct, nor would Mr. Payne's friend have to keep his $500. But they were not. They were men who dared to pull the trigger of an old Mexican war smoothbore yaeger or an old Kentucky rifle on anything that walked, regardless of range, and some of them were made of the same stuff as Jim Wilbern of the Hatten Shaw valley, Trinity county, who deliberately stood his gun by a tree and met an eighteen hundred-pound grizzly in the trail and killed him with his hunting knife. He did this to prove to his Indians that he feared nothing. The Indians witnessed the combat from a safe distance, and after they were sure the bear was dead they carried the mangled form of Wilbern to camp and nursed him back to his former vitality; and ever after, until his death a short time ago, he was regarded by the Indians as something supernatural.

Mr. Fremont's report sounded all right to the War Department—and John C. was all right! But he was mistaken about the kind of cubs he saw in the oak tree. As for Mr. Adam's story about the grizzly climbing the tree after his partner, that don't go down with us "old-timers" and "self-made naturalists," as Mr. Wright styles us.

I have read but little natural history pertaining to our local animals. I have started to read a few times, and each time have run up against something like the naturalist's describing the habits of the pine marten and quit. When Monarch arrived at Golden Gate Park I was anxious to go to the city to see another grizzly before I "shuffled off this mortal coil." I finally made the trip, and lost no time in going

Photo by Wiedner. MONARCH.

to the park. I went in company with my friend, W. H. Bull (the artist). He took me to the "grizzly" cage. As we approached I noticed a finely dressed gentleman with a high silk hat and a gold headed cane. He was admiring his majesty through the bars. I took a look and the first thing that ocurred to me was to quote Abe Lincoln on fooling the people. Mr. Bull asked me what I thought of him. He evidently saw that I was much disappointed. I told him I had expected to see a grizzly. Bull was surprised, and when I had given him my reasons for asserting the bear was not a grizzly he approached the gentleman in good clothes.

Bull knew him and addressed him as "Professor." He told Bull that the bear was a grizzly, and that the man with the grizzly beard, from the mountains, did not know what he was talking about. I do not know to-day which of us friend Bull believed, the scientific cuss with the good clothes and the book learning, or the old mountaineer with the practical knowledge.

The word "grizzly" means grey and was used by the Western frontiersmen to designate a dirty grey—or as they spoke it—a "grizzle grey." They were the people who found the bear and named him, and afterward exterminated him.

When I wrote the article on the bear of Northern California I did not know but I would stand alone in making the assertion that there was not a live grizzly in this state, but since I have the support of such high authority as Mr. W. T. Payne it makes me feel like saying "Banzia."

Castella, Cal. W. SCOTT CONWAY.

HAD A SUCCESSFUL HUNT.

Mr. Ant. Borel, Jr., of our city, took a trip last fall in Wyoming after large game. He and his party of two friends, three guides and a cook, stayed in the Rocky Mountains over three weeks. The party shot sheep, elk, antelope, grouse and sage hens. Also caught many trout. Mr. Borel shot a very large bull elk. It had a spread of fifty-two inches, a beam of sixty-one inches, and was a seven-pointer—fourteen points in all. This big elk was shot in the first week of October not far from Mt. Leidy. Mr. Borel, Jr., used a .33 Winchester, and was much pleased with its performance. Grouse in the mountains were very plentiful, and the party shot many with their rifles. On the plains sage hens were "thick," and in the creek beds where the willows grew the sharp-tailed prairie grouse were shot in numbers.

OPTIONAL WITH SUPERVISORS.

MODESTO, Cal., February 5, 1906.

Editor "Western Field": Will you inform me through your valuable magazine if a county can legally shorten the open season on doves or quail and, oblige a constant reader, to settle a dispute.

[Under the county government statute, the Supervisors of any county are empowered to shorten the open season on any game animal—fish, bird or mammal—at their discretion. But they cannot lengthen the open season, nor extend it beyond the dates established by State law.—Ed.]

THE AMERICAN BISON SOCIETY

By ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

THE movement for the preservation of the last few hundred buffalo, which was started nearly two years ago, and which has been growing steadily ever since, will hereafter be conducted by the American Bison Society, a national organization of which President Roosevelt is the chief officer and leading spirit.

This society was organized recently at the New York Zoological Park, at a meeting attended by many prominent naturalists and sportsmen, chiefly of New York and Boston.

The meeting was called to order and Mr. William T. Hornaday was made chairman pro tem. A nominating committee was appointed, and this committee shortly presented the following list of officers: Honorary President, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States; President, William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Charles S. Minot, Harvard University, and A. A. Anderson, President of the Campfire Club of America; Secretary, Ernest Harold Baynes, Meriden, N. H.; Treasurer, Edmund Seymour, banker, 45 Wall street, New York; Advisory Board: Prof. Franklin W. Hooper, Director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; Madison Grant of New York, Prof. David Starr Jordan, Leland Stanford University, California; Prof. Morton J. Elrod, University of Montana; Prof. L. L. Dyche, University of Kansas; Prof. John J. Gerould, Dartmouth College; William Lyman Underwood, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Ernest Thompson Seton, Coscob, Conn. The secretary pro tem was instructed to cast one ballot. All the officers elected had previously expressed their willingness to serve.

Then followed a discussion on the advisability of seeking the co-operation of the Canadian government, which not only possesses a large and thriving herd of buffaloes in the National Park at Banff, but has under its protection the only wild herd of any importance, now in existence.

It was the opinion of all present that the Canadians would be deeply interested in the movement, and a motion by Prof. Hooper, that

the governor general and premier of Canada, respectively, be asked to accept honorary offices in the newly-formed society, was carried unanimously.

On being requested by the society to appoint an executive committee of seven, the President named Madison Grant, secretary of the Boone and Crockett Club; Frederick H. Kennard, Boston Society of Natural History; William Lyman Underwood, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Ernest Harold Baynes. Three other members are still to be appointed. At the suggestion of G. O. Shields, the executive committee was instructed to draft a permanent form of organization.

It was decided that there should be three forms of membership, for one of which the annual dues should be a dollar, for another, five dollars, the third form to be obtained on the payment of one hundred dollars or more at one time. The names of the several forms of membership were left to the executive committee. This committee was also instructed to appoint delegates to confer with President Roosevelt.

The American Bison Society desires to begin at once a vigorous campaign in the interest of the noble animal which even now is on the verge of extinction, and which must surely pass unless the American people will raise their hands to save them. The society was organized in the strong belief that the people desired to have the buffalo preserved, and that they would give their support to a body of men able and willing to work indefatigably for its preservation.

The five or six million buffalo, which, less than thirty-five years ago, caused the western plains to tremble beneath their hoofs, and which constituted one of the wonders of the world, have vanished, and there remain, to represent them, some six or seven hundred head, exclusive of those in the zoological gardens, which do not count when we come to the question of the preservation of the species. Most of these are in a few widely-scattered bunches, only two of which, the Corbin heard at Newport, N. H., and the Pablo herd on the Flathead Indian Reservation, Montana, contain over one hundred head. Of this little remnant of the once mighty hosts, not a single animal is safe; every owner in the country is willing and some very anxious to sell, and I doubt if there is a herd in the country which would not be sold tomorrow morning if a customer appeared with the money. In the large herds there is another menace to the race—contagious disease, to several forms of which the buffalo is subject, though less so than domestic cattle. If tuberculosis or the hoof and mouth disease should attack one of the three or four comparatively large bunches, the fate of the buffalo might be sealed then and there, as even now the number of herds is so small that it will probably require careful management to prevent excessive in-breeding.

MR. ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES DRIVING "WAR WHOOP" AND "TOMAHAWK."

The American Bison Society believes that these dangers can be avoided in just one way, and that is by governmental ownership of all available pure-blooded buffaloes. The government alone can resist the temptation to sell the heads and hides of these wonderful creatures; the government alone can keep them with the least possible risk of loss by disease, and with the greatest opportunity to increase to the point where there will be no longer any immediate

danger of their extinction. It was through the shortsightedness and indifference of the United States government thirty-odd years ago, that the American people lost the grandest and most valuable animal native to their soil, and it surely is the right of the people to demand such reparation, late and insufficient though it may be, as may be had through the preservation by the government of the last remnant of what but lately was the most numerous large mammal of recent times.

Personally, I believe that the strong sentiment in favor of our greatest American animal is sufficient to save him, if those who feel it will only speak. I believe there are tens of thousands of people who can appreciate the buffalo as a great character in American history, in whose living presence only can we really understand the Indian and the life he led in the early days; I believe that these same people and many more, will admit the debt we owe the buffalo for the great part he played in "the winning of the West." Of Americans born, there must be many, many thousands whose relatives or friends would have suffered hunger, if not starvation, but for the presence of the vast herds of buffalo beyond the Mississippi, and no doubt there are many who from personal experience can testify to the great value of the animal to those obliged to traverse the wilderness in times gone by, I do not believe that these people will allow the bison to pass without making an effort in his behalf.

But there are good economic reasons why this animal should be saved and allowed to increase in numbers. Shorn of all sentiment, and as he stands on his hoofs he is the most valuable native animal in the country; kill him, and there is no domestic animal in America, whose carcass will bring as much in dollars and cents. The meat is as good as domestic beef, and some parts of it rather better, while the hide alone will sell for money enough to purchase three or four good cows. A fine head is worth much more, and although the value of heads would probably decrease as buffaloes became more numerous, there would always be a good market for the skins, as for many purposes we have nothing quite so good. I know a man who is wearing a buffalo ulster which has been in use for twenty winters, and it is not by any means worn out. As a winter carriage robe it is generally conceded that a buffalo skin has never had an equal, and for this use alone, the article would probably command a high price indefinitely. Then the buffalo has wool almost as thick as that of the sheep. Naturally, there is much more of it, and while it is coarser than sheep's wool, it can be woven into very warm and useful garments. There was a factory devoted to this industry in operation in Winnipeg, and I am informed that the enterprise was very successful until the extermination of the buffalo put an end to the supply of raw material. It would be a fairly simple matter to shear the animals in the spring as sheep are sheared, but this might not be necessary, as the buffalo sheds its wool annually, in patches resembling felt, and this might be gathered from the ground.

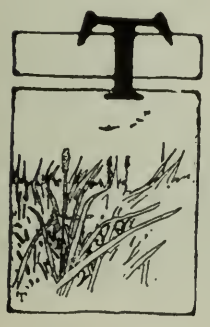
As a beast of burden the bison is almost unknown, yet I suspect that if properly broken when young, he would prove superior to the domestic ox for speed, strength and endurance. My own experience with the team of buffalo calves which I borrowed and broke to the yoke and to harness last summer, tends to confirm this suspicion; at any rate, I do not believe that any pair of domestic calves of the same age in New England can either travel so fast or handle so heavy a load as those eight-months-old buffaloes. They have already shown what they are made of at the Sullivan County, N. H., fair, and they will be tested again at the coming Sportsmen's show in Boston.

Of buffalo—domestic cattle hybrids, I will say nothing at this time, beyond stating that in all probability the rearing of them will be profitable. The American Bison Society will interest itself in the preservation of the full-blooded buffalo. When this is assured it will be time enough to think about cross-breeding. If we don't save the full-bloods we can't even have hybrids.

It is so well known that, under proper management, buffaloes multiply rapidly and that they are both easy and inexpensive to rear, it is hardly necessary to repeat it; the point now is to have the government undertake this work until the herds are sufficiently large to warrant their distribution to stock-raisers, farmers and others who may desire to handle them. In order that Congress may feel justified in appropriating the money necessary to do this, it is necessary that a great number of Americans shall show their interest in the matter. There are many ways in which they can do this, but the most direct way just now is to support the American Bison Society by becoming a member of it. The annual dues have purposely been made very low, in order that no one interested in the preservation of animals may be prevented from sharing in the good work. It is hoped that sportsmen's clubs will be among the first to come to the front, and that wherever possible the members of such organizations will join the American Bison Society in a body. The assistance of women's clubs is also greatly desired, and women members will be heartily welcomed to the ranks of the new organization. Girls and boys, too, should be urged to join it, partly for the immediate benefit to the cause of the buffalo, and partly because an early appreciation on their part of what is due to so noble an animal, will tend to make them better citizens. In short, let every man, woman and child who has love or sympathy for American animals, join hands in saving for the country the grandest of them all. Although on the brink of extermination, this rugged and typically American character must be saved; it can be saved, and, with the support of the people, The American Bison Society is prepared to do the work which will be necessary to save it.

FIRST ANNUAL TOURNAMENT OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE first annual tournament of the California Women Golfers' Association held on the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club at Ingleside in January was brilliantly successful. Thirty-five entries were received for the Women's Championship and twenty-two of these played in the qualifying round over eighteen holes medal score. The entries came from the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, the Claremont Country Club, the San Rafael Golf Club, the Burlingame Country Club, the Menlo Golf and Country Club and the Sacramento Golf Club in Northern California; while Southern California was represented by entries from the Los Angeles Country Club, the Coronado Country Club and the San Diego Country Club. Of the sixteen who qualified six came from San Francisco, five from Claremont and one each from Burlingame, Menlo, Coronado, Los Angeles and San Diego. The sixteen who qualified and their scores were as follows: Mrs. R. G. Brown, 103; Miss A. N. Smith, 104; Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, 109; Miss E. Chesebrough, 111; Mrs. J. R. Clark, 115; Mrs. W. S. Martin, 120; Mrs. F. Griffith, 121; Mrs. A. M. Shields, 121; Mrs. Herbert Munn, 121; Miss Violet Whitney, 121; Miss Alice Hagar, 126; Mrs R. D. Girvin, 128; Miss Ives, 129; Miss Alice Knowles, 129; Mrs. Le G. C. Tibbetts, 133; Mrs. W. P. Johnson, 142.

In order to make the play more interesting, especially to the weaker players, handicap scores were reckoned from the same cards, a prize being offered by J. W. Byrne, captain of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, for the best net score. Mrs. R. G. Brown's gross and net score of 103 was the lowest, but, as she captured the silver medal of the C. W. G. A. for lowest score in the qualifying round, J. W. Byrne's prize (a handsome silver-mounted engagement book) went to Miss Ada N. Smith of San Diego, whose gross and net score of 104 was the next.

The first match play round of the championship event took place on Tuesday morning, the 23rd, over eighteen holes, with the following results:

Mrs. R. G. Brown beat Mrs Herbert Munn, 4 up 2 to play.

Mrs. J. R. Clark beat Miss Ives 2 up 1 to play.

Mrs. F. Griffith beat Mrs. Le G. C. Tibbetts 3 up 2 to play.

Mrs. H. H. Sherwood beat Miss Hager 5 up 4 to play.

Miss Ada N. Smith beat Miss Violet Whitney 6 up 4 to play.

Mrs. W. S. Martin beat Miss A. Knowles 1 up.

Mrs. A. M. Shields beat Mrs. W. P. Johnson 3 up 1 to play.

Miss Chesebrough beat Mrs. R. D. Girvin 8 up 7 to play.

In the second match play round on Wednesday morning Mrs. R. G. Brown beat Mrs. J. R. Clark 6 up 4 to play.

Mrs. F. Griffith beat Mrs. H. H. Sherwood 1 up.

Mrs. W. S. Martin beat Miss A. N Smith 3 up 2 to play.

Miss Chesebrough beat Mrs. A. M. Shields 3 up 1 to play.

In the semi-final round on Thursday morning Mrs. R. G. Brown beat Mrs. F. Griffith 5 up 4 to play; and Mrs. W. S. Martin defeated Miss Chesebrough 1 up.

Mrs. R. G. Brown and Mrs. W. S. Martin played the final round on Friday morning. Mrs. Brown was in splendid form, her play being good in all departments and her game being now considerably longer than it was in September of last year, when Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Brown were contestants in the final round for the Del Monte Cup for Women. At Del Monte Mrs. Martin (receiving three strokes) won 2 up from Mrs. Brown, playing scratch. At Ingleside the fair golfers were on equal terms, and Mrs. Brown proved too strong for her opponent, who won only one hole. The match ended at the 14th hole 6 up 4 to play in favor of Mrs. Brown, who captured the first gold medal of the California Women Golfer's Association and the title of Champion Woman Golfer of California for 1906. The Championship Cup will be held till the annual tournament of 1907 by the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, from which Mrs. Brown entered. Mrs. W. S. Martin received the silver medal of the C. W. G. A. as runner up. Mrs. F. Griffith and Miss Chesebrough, the losers in the semi-final round, won the bronze medals of the C. W. G. A.

Mrs. R. G.. Brown is the first Champion Woman Golfer of California. Hitherto there have been women's championships of Southern California and of the Pacific Coast Golf Association. Mrs. Eli T. Perkins and Miss Ada N. Smith have been champions of Southern California; while Mrs. L. I. Scott (Miss Caro Crockett) won the women's championship of the Pacfic Coast Golf Association in 1901; Mrs. R. Gil-

Inkersly, Photo.

MRS. R. G. BROWN.
(Champion of Coast.)

MISS CHEESEBROUGH.
(Runner-Up for Championship.)

man Brown in 1902 and Mrs. E. T. Perkins in 1903. In 1904 no competition for the woman's championship was held and in 1905 the P. C. G. A. presented the championship cup to the C. W. G. A., which was organized at the close of the year before. There is no doubt that the strongest woman golfer in the State won the first championship of All California. Mrs. R. G. Brown is the founder and good genius of the C. W. G. A. into which she has succeeded in drawing all the clubs in Northern California and nearly all those in the Southern part of the State. How much work and tact this involved only those who have tackled similar tasks can ever guess. That the C. W. G. A. is so strong and vigorous an organization is a monument to Mrs. Brown's energy and enthusiasm. The Association has done wonders for women's golf in California and will, no doubt, continue to carry on the good work for many years to come.

The championship competition occupied one whole day and four mornings, leaving one whole day and four afternoons clear. These were taken up with various contests. On Tuesday afternoon there was a consolation handicap over eighteen holes for those who did not qualify. The following six ladies took part: Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. J. Kiersted, Miss Frances Carroll, Mrs. G. S. Garrett, Mrs. J. H. Moss and Miss A. Johnson, who finished in the order in which they are named. Mrs. W. S. Porter of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club won with a score of 143 less 30, net 113, capturing a silver champagne goblet presented by Shreve & Co. Mrs. J. Kiersted of the Burlingame Country Club (136 less 18 net 118) and Miss Frances Carroll of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club (142 less 24 net 118) tied for second place. On playing off the tie over eighteen holes ———————— won, taking the second prize, a silver tea caddy.

On Thursday afternoon there were contests in driving and approach-putting. In the Driving contest each player drove three balls toward a fan-shaped space, the narrow part of which was 100 hundred yards from the tee, while the wide base was 160 yards away. Balls coming to rest in the central rectangles counted 2, 3, 4 or 5 points according to distance, while balls stopping in the lateral spaces counted 1, 2, 3 or 4 points according to their distance. Mrs. R. Gilman Brown won with 4, 2, 4, total 10; capturing a trophy presented by the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Miss Violet Whitney of the Claremont Country Club (2, 4, 2, total 8) won the second award, a trophy presented by Miss Ives. Mrs. F. Griffith scored 7 points; Miss F. Carroll 6; Miss Hager, Miss Knowles, Miss Ives and Mrs H. H. Sherwood, 5 each; Miss Chesebrough and Mrs R. D. Girvin 4 each; Mrs. H. Munn and Mrs. P. E. Bowles 3 each; Mrs. A. M. Shields 2 while some fair competitors, who need not be named here, failed to get a single ball into one of the plaguey spaces.

In the approach-putting competition each player lofted 2 balls from a distance of 75 yards and two from a distance of 50 yards over a hazard toward the green, holing out each ball. Mrs. Herbert Munn of the Coronado Golf Club won, holing the four balls in 13 strokes and taking a trophy presented by Mr. Henry Miller Jr. Mrs. R. G. Brown, Mrs. J. Riersted and Mrs. P. E. Bowles tied with 14 strokes. In the play-off Mrs. Kiersted won with 14, Mrs. Brown taking 15 and Mrs. Bowles 16. Mrs. Kiersted captured a trophy presented by Mrs. A. M. Shields.

On Friday afternoon there were women's handicap foursomes over 18 holes, medal play, for which all were eligible, entries being made by pairs. Ten couples entered, first place being taken easily by Mrs. W. S. Martin and Miss Chesebrough with 104 less 6, net 98, their gross score being seven strokes better than that of

Mrs. R. G. Brown and Miss Hager, and their net score being 10 better than that of Miss Ives and Mrs. J. R. Clark, their nearest competitors. The winning pair also made the lowest score for nine holes, going out in 49, while the second best returns for the first nine holes were Mrs. Brown and Miss Hager's 55. The scores were as follows:

WOMEN'S HANDICAP FOURSOMES.

Pairs.	Out	In	Gross	H'c'p	Net
Mrs. W. S. Martin and Miss Chesebrough.....	49	55	104	6	98
Miss Ives and Mrs. J. R. Clark.....	61	55	116	8	108
Mrs. P. E. Bowles and Mrs. LeG. C. Tibbetts..	66	63	129	18	111
Miss Hager and Mrs. R. G. Brown.....	55	56	111	0	111
Mrs. F. Griffith and Miss A. N. Smith.....	57	58	115	3	112
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Miss V. Whitney....	66	58	124	7	117
Miss A. Johnson and Miss A. Knowles.....	70	63	133	15	118
Mrs. H. Munn and Mrs. R. D. Girvin.....	62	69	131	9	122
Mrs. W. S. Porter and Miss F. Carroll.....	83	70	153	27	126
Mrs. H. T. Scott and Mrs. H. Kiersted.....	95	72	167	20	147

Mrs. Martin and Miss Chesebrough won the cups presented by Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel of the Menlo Golf and Country Club, Miss Ives and Mrs. J. R. Clark taking the trophies presented by Mrs. P. E. Bowles and Captain J. S. Oyster for second best net returns.

On Saturday morning the match between teams representing Northern and Southern California took place for the Haines Cup, presented in 1903 by Dr. John R. Haines and won in that year by a northern team of four ladies who visited the south. As Mrs. C. M. Shannon of the Los Angeles Country Club, assistant secretary (for Southern California) of the C. W. G. A., had returned, there were only three Southerners left, so that the teams necessarily consisted of three ladies. Mrs. R. G. Brown of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club headed the Northern team and beat Miss Ada N. Smith of the San Diego Country Club, who played No. 1 on the Southern team, 2 up 1 to play; Mrs. H. H. Sherwood of the Claremont Country Club won 4 up 3 to play from Mrs. F. Griffith of the Los Angeles Country Club, and Miss Ives of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club was beaten 1 down by Mrs. Herbert Munn of the Coronado Country Club. The Northern team thus won two matches out of three, and as each match counted for one point, the Northerners captured the Haines trophy, which will remain for twelve months in the custody of the winning group.

On Saturday afternoon twenty-four couples took part in mixed foursomes over 18 holes, medal play, the prize for best net score being won by Mrs. W. S. Martin (7) and John Lawson (2) with a score of 95 less 5 net 90, and the trophies for second best net score being won by Miss Violet Whitney (14) and I. Newton (2) of the Claremont Country Club with a score of 99 less 8 net 91. Mrs. Martin and John Lawson won the trophies given by Miss Hager, Miss Whitney and I. Newton capturing those presented by Mrs. R. G. Brown. The handicapping was remarkably well done, Mrs. J. Kiersted (18) and Major Downey (8) being third with a net score of 92; Mrs. H. H. Sherwood (scratch) and Warner Sherwood (14) fourth with a net score of 93, and so on.

At about 5:30 p. m. the last card, that of Miss A. N. Smith and Dr. T. G. McConkey, was turned in, and the first annual tournament of the C. W. G. A. came to an end. It was a remarkable success from beginning to end, nearly every important golf club throughout the State having a representative. During the whole week the weather was splendid and the course, after the rains of the preceding week, was in good condition. There was an array of prizes worthy of a national championship tournament and so many competitions that almost every player who really deserved to win a trophy captured one. To sum up shortly. Mrs. R. G. Brown won the silver medal of the C. W. G. A. for lowest score in the qualifying round, the gold medal for the championship and first prize in the driving competition. Mrs. W. S. Martin won the silver medal of the C. W. G. A. as runner-up for the championship; also a first prize in the women's handicap foursomes and a first prize in the mixed handicap foursomes. Mrs. J. R. Clark captured first prize in the bogey handicap and a second prize in the women's foursomes. Mrs. Herbert Munn took first prize in the approach-putting competition and second trophy in the bogey handicap. Miss Ives won second prize in the women's foursomes. Miss Ada N. Smith won the trophy for best net score in the qualifying round. Miss Chesebrough (paired with Mrs. W. S. Martin) won a first prize in the women's foursomes and a bronze medal of the C. W. G. A. as a semi-finalist in the championship event. The second bronze medal was taken by Mrs. F. Griffith. Miss Violet Whitney won the second prize in the driving contest and (paired with J. Newton) second prize in the mixed foursomes. Mrs. J. Kiersted won second prize in the approach-putting competition and Mrs. W. S. Porter captured the trophy offered in the consolation handicap, open to all who did not qualify.

On Monday, the 29th of January, there was an invitation handicap on the Claremont County Club's links. Twenty-two ladies, nearly all of whom had taken part in the championship tournament or the contests connected with it, returned scores at Claremont, first prize being won by Miss Ives with a score of 104 less 11 net 93; second by Mrs. LeG. C. Tibbets, with 107 less 13 net 94, and third by Mrs. J. R. Clark, with 100 less 5 net 95. The only gross score under 100 was made by Mrs. R. G. Brown, who, with Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Miss Hager, played from scratch.

It was but a fitting close to so pleasant an event that a souvenir should be presented to that fine golfer and good sportswoman whose zeal and hard work brought the C. W. G. A. into existence and tended to its present lusty youth. When the last contest was over, the golfers gathered in the big living room of the club-house and delivered into Mrs. Brown's hands a handsome silver bonbon basket, accompanied by a letter signed by a large number of the best known women golfers of California.

By A. C. WHEELOCK.

A FOREWORD.

In taking the wheel of this department I freely confess to a feeling akin to the one experienced when taking a new machine of new make for its trial run. A complete understanding is necessary, and the sooner the better. Every one of us is interested in the motor car, from one standpoint or another. No one can be absolutely indifferent to the revolutionizing factor in modern transportation. You may be a booster, a knocker, a buyer or a seller, a legislator or just a voter, yet the fact remains that you are interested in the automobile, and if the letters U. S. A. mean anything to you, if they touch a patriotic chord, you will do what you can to give American manufacturers the chance to meet, equal and surpass anything foreign-made.

I intend to make this department an optimistic one, but without prejudice or favor—a department for the good of the business, and particularly for the good of the man who motors, be it for pleasure or business. I will not waste my reader's time making comparisons between cars; let the makers and dealers do the fighting. I honestly want to see the automobile come into its own and enjoy the privileges that belong to it. We want enthusiastic motorists who not only talk but vote, legislate and act together until this country of ours will be as good a place to motor in as any beneath the sun. A. C. WHEELOCK.

GIVE US GOOD ROADS.

"Foreign supremacy is at an end, so far as the American buyers are concerned." This claim is made every year at the conclusion of the New York show just as regularly as time, but this season there is just grounds for the assertion, for the man who parts with his money these days, even if he is a multi-millionaire, must first see money's worth. The time is past when something imported, or something French, means the best, no matter who made it or when. What the wise ones demand, and what they are buying, are machines made for anything that can be called a road, and for continuous hard service, with or without the assistance of a mechanic.

Broadly speaking, America has no roads worthy of the name, and manufacturers to-day build cars to run, road or no road. Industries of every type are fostered and helped by the government, but the crying need of the whole people, the masses and the classes, is left to local authorities who, following in the footsteps of generations, once in a while scrape a little dirt, repair an old bridge, drain a gutter or spill a little oil—anything but building well, and for all time, a good road.

Whether you walk, drive or motor; whether you live in city or country; whether your business is farming or trading, or selling peanuts, good roads will help you. If the farmer can market his produce with some of the cost of transportation removed, your cost of living will be less. A man who would settle in the country will be greatly impressed by the roads, and is more likely to buy in the vicinity of a truly good one. There is a strip of country in the San Joaquin Valley that would long ago have been cut up and sold, at a high figure, were it not for the fact that in the winter when tourists come this tract is nearly unapproachable, and the buyer goes on, disgusted, to a place where local pride demands, and gets, passable roads.

We ask for more than mere trails; more than a bed of graded dirt or dirt with half an inch of oil on it. We want roads with foundations to them, roads that fifty years after they are made will be pointed to with pride.

Remember, Mr. Supervisor, that the foundation is the thing, and if you build but half a mile a year let that half mile stand for half a century, to your memory.

SPARKS.

The popular idea of the gas engine of an automobile is that if it misses explosions or fails to start there must be something wrong with the spark plug. Hundreds of times plugs are removed and cleaned, or else new ones substituted, when the fault lay not in the plugs, but in something quite different. The thing to do, if the plug be sooty, is to remove the cause. Usually the carburettor is feeding too much gasoline, or the cylinders are receiving too much lubricating oil. A rich mixture will put a plug out of commission quicker than anything else.

* * *

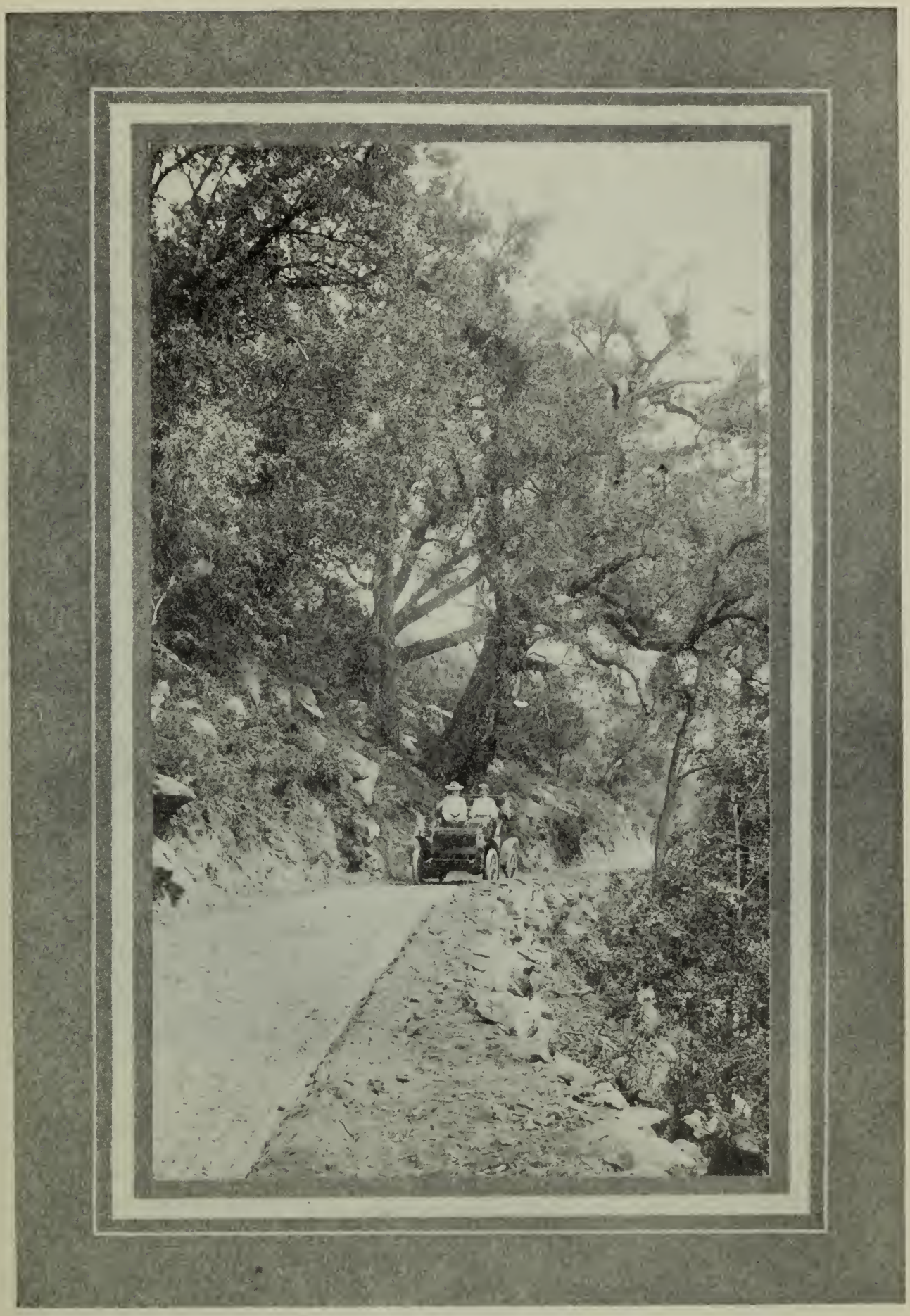
If you will run at top speed over rough roads, don't be surprised or don't go after your dealer with a gun if you have a broken spring now and then.

* * *

Oil is certainly the saving of a car. Few realize what the function of oil really is. Its purpose is simply to separate two surfaces, and to make a bearing between them, just the same as a ball-bearing would do; hence in a plain bearing that is properly oiled it is the oil that is wearing, and not the metal.

* * *

It is considered the thing these days, no matter what horsepower your car may be, to drive slowly and with as little noise as possible. It certainly looks ridiculous to see a man, in a runabout that couldn't make a mile in two minutes on the track, trying to look like Oldfield as he rounds a corner into a crowded street.



F. A. Lathe, Photo. A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA ROAD.

EACH CAR MUST HAVE ITS OWN NUMBER.

The following letter is self-explanatory and of vital importance to auto owners:

Editor "Western Field": We desire to call your attention to the following: That numbers are assigned to machines, not to individuals (except manufacturers' and dealers' numbers), the law making provision for a transfer fee, $1.00. It has been called to our attention that purchasers of new cars are not registering them as provided by law (each motor vehicle must have a distinctive number assigned to it), but are simply using numbers assigned to other machines. This is contrary to the spirit and wording of the law. If a private individual has three cars he must have separate distinctive number assigned to each car.

Dealers in filing applications with this department are requested to give correct address of the person for whom they are making the application, not the dealer's address alone. If it is desired to have the seal returned to the dealer, we are perfectly willing to do so, provided a notation to that effect is made upon the bottom of the application.

Thanking you for your attention, and while there have been only a few departures from the above, we felt it would be better to call the attention of all to the same. Respectfully,

C. F. CURRY,
Secretary of State.

By ROTSOR O. BELL,
Motor Vehicle Dep't.

P. S.—We also consider it necessary for any person operating motor vehicle to have chauffeur's badge.

(Courtesy S. F. "Call.") AT THE DEL MONTE MEET.

AMERICAN GASOLINE PLEASURE CARS.

We present herewith a tabulated list of the principal models of American gasoline cars for 1906. We do not give the rated horsepower, as horsepower rating is too flexible. If the horsepower is desired, a good approximation can be obtained by squaring the bore of the cylinder and dividing the result by 3. This gives the horsepower per cylinder, at 750 piston-feet per minute, which is considered a normal engine speed. Of course, the size, location and timing of valves, sparking mechanism, lubrication, method of cooling and friction losses all play an important part, but the bore of a cylinder comes nearer to indicating its horsepower than anything else.

MAKE.	Seats	Style of cylinders	Number of cylinders	Bore of cylinders	Stroke	Transmission—Final Drive.	Wheel base	Method of cooling	Price.
Orient	2	V	1	3¼	4¼	Friction disks—Double chain	80	A	$ 400
Ford	2	V	4	3¾	3¼	Planetary—Propeller shaft	81	W	500
Olds	2	H	1	5	6	Planetary—Single chain	66	W	650
Holsman	2	H	2	4	4	—Steel cable	66	A	650
Northern	2	H	1	4¾	6	Planetary—Single chain	70	W	650
Reo	2-4	H	1	4¾	6	Planetary—Single chain	76	W	675
Cadillac	2	H	1	5	5	Planetary—Single chain	74	W	750
Wolverine	2	V	2	3¾	4	Planetary—Propeller shaft	72	W	750
Mitchell	2	V	2	4	4½	Sli. gear—Single chain	76	W	750
Pierce Racine	2	V	2	4	5	Planetary—Single chain	84	W	750
Randall	4	H	2	4¼	5	—Single chain	72	W	750
Maxwell	2	H	2	4	4	Planetary—Propeller shaft	76	W	780
Wayne	2	H	2	4½	4	Planetary—Propeller shaft	82	W	800
Queen	2	H	2	4½	4½	Planetary—Single chain	80	W	800
Logan	2	H	2	4½	4½	Planetary—Single chain	90	W	900
Pierce	4	V	1	3 15-16	4 15-16	Planetary—Spur. gear	70	W	900
Cadillac	4	H	1	5	5	Planetary—Single chain	76	W	950
Ford	4-5	H	2	4¼	4	Planetary—Single chain	84	W	1,000
Buick	2	H	2	5	4½	Planetary—Single chain	87	W	1,000
Mitchell	2	V	4	3½	4	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	86	W	1,000
*Twyford	2	V	2	4½	5	"Not sliding"—Propeller shaft	80	W	1,000
Autocar	2	H	2	4	4	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	76	W	1,000
Queen	5	H	2	5	5	Planetary—Single chain	86	W	1,100
Rambler	5	H	2	5	6	Planetary—Single chain	90	W	1,200
Lambert	5	H	2	6	4	Friction discs—Double chain	94	W	1,200
Dayton	2	V	4	4¾	3¾	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	84	W	1,250
*Olds	4	V	2	5	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	102	W	1,250
Jackson	5	H	2	5¼	5	Planetary—Single chain	90	W	1,250
Reo	5	H	2	4¾	6	Planetary—Single chain	90	W	1,250
Wayne	5	H	2	5¼	5	Planetary—Single chain	90	W	1,250
Pierce Racine	5	V	4	3¾	4½	Planetary—Single chain	90	W	1,250
Gale	5	H	2	5	5	Planetary—Single chain	92	W	1,250
Tourist	5	H	2	..	..	Planetary—	88	W	1,250
Auburn	5	H	2	5	5	Planetary—Single chain	94	W	1,250
Glide	4	H	2	5	5	Planetary—Single chain	86	W	1,250
Compound	2	V	3	..	..	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	96½	W	1,300
Maxwell	2	H	2	5	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	87	W	1,325
Rambler	5	H	2	5	6	Planetary—Single chain	100	W	1,350
*Twyford	4	V	2	4½	5	"Not sliding"—Propeller shaft	70	W	1,400
Maxwell	5	H	2	5	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	87	W	1,450
Knox	2	H	2	5	6	Planetary—Single chain	81	A	1,400
Franklin	2	V	4	3¼	3¼	Planetary—Single chain	81	A	1,400
Premier	2	V	4	3¾	4¼	Planetary—Double chain	90	A	1,425
Knox	2-4	H	2	5	6	Planetary—Single chain	81	A	1,500
*Elmore	4	V	2	5	5	Planetary—Propeller shaft	92	W	1,500
Marion	5	V	4	4	4	Planetary—Double chain	96	A	1,500
Premier	4	V	4	3¾	4¼	Planetary—Double chain	96	A	1,500
St. Louis	5	H	1	5½	6	Sli. gear—Single chain	82	W	1,500
Mitchell	5	V	4	4	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	82	W	1,500
Logan	4	H	2	4¾	5	Sli. gear—Single chain	90	W	1,500
Duryea	4-6	I	3	4½	4½	Planetary—Single chain	78	W	1,500
Jackson	5	H	2	5¼	5	Planetary—Propeller shaft	100	W	1,500
Pope Hartford	5	H	2	4¾	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	88	W	1,600
Pierce Racine	5	V	4	4½	5	Planetary—Propeller shaft	100	W	1,700
Compound	4	V	3	..	..	Sli. gear—Optional	96½	W	1,700
Rambler	5	V	4	4	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	106	W	1,750
Waltham	5	V	4	3¼	4¼	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	82	A	1,750
Columbia	5	H	2	5	4¼	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	90	W	1,750
Moline	4-5	V	4	3¾	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	100	W	1,750
Corbin	2	V	4	4¼	4¼	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	93	A	1,800
*Twyford	4	V	3	4	4	"Not sliding"—Propeller shaft	87	W	1,800
Franklin	5	V	4	3¼	3¼	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	88	A	1,800
Mitchell	5	V	4	4¼	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	100	W	1,800
Dolson	5	V	4	4½	4¾	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	108	W	1,800
Northern	5	H	2	5½	5¼	Planetary—Propeller shaft	106	W	1,800
Pungs-Finch	5	V	4	4	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	98	W	1,850
Knox	5	H	2	5	6	Planetary—Single chain	90	A	1,900
Waltham	5	V	4	4	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	96	A	2,000
Berkshire	5	V	4	..	..	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	98	W	2,000
Cleveland	5	V	4	3¾	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	98	W	2,000
Lent	5	V	4	4¼	6	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	104	A	2,000
Lambert	5	V	4	4¼	5	Friction discs—Double chain	98	W	2,000
Duryea	5-7	I	3	5	5	Planetary—Single chain	96	W	2,000

*Two-stroke cycle cars.

(Continued on next page.)

MAKE.	Seats	Style of cylinders	Number of cylinders	Bore of cylinders	Stroke	Transmission—Final Drive.	Wheel base	Method of cooling	Price.
Corbin	5	V	4	4¼	4¼	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	100	A	2,000
Logan	5	H	2	5½	6	Sli. gear—Chain	100	W	2,000
Crawford	5	V	4	4½	4½	Sli. gear—Double chain	100	W	2,000
Baldner	5	V	4	4½	6	Individual clutch	106	W	2,000
Queen	5	V	4	4¼	4¾	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	101	W	2,000
Pungs-Finch	5	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	107	W	2,200
Waltham	5	V	4	4	4¼	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	96	A	2,250
Smith	5	V	4	4¼	4½	Planetary—Propeller shaft	97	W	2,300
Olds	5	V	4	4¼	4¾	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	106	W	2,250
Dayton	5	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	103	W	2,250
Premier	5	V	4	4¼	4¼	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	106	A	2,250
Haynes	5	V	4	4¼	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	97	W	2,250
Napier	2	V	4	3½	4	Sli .gear—Propeller shaft	90	W	2,250
Cadillac	2	V	4	4⅜	5	Planetary—Propeller shaft	98	W	2,400
Pope Hartford	5	V	4	..	..	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	98	W	2,500
Winton	5	V	4	4¾	5	Indiv. clutch—Propeller shaft	102	W	2,500
Stevens-Duryea	5	V	4	3⅞	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	90	W	2,500
Cadillac	5	V	4	4⅜	5	Planetary—Propeller shaft	98	W	2,500
Marion	5	V	4	4½	4½	Sli. gear—Double chain	108	A	2,500
*Elmore	5	V	4	4½	4	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	104	W	2,500
Marmon	4	I	4	4½	4	Planetary—Propeller shaft	90	A	2,500
Iroquois	5	V	4	4¼	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	100	W	2,500
Dolson	5	V	4	5	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	110	W	2,500
Reo	5	V	4	4¼	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	100	W	2,500
Smith	5	V	4	4½	4½	Planetary—Propeller shaft	97	W	2,500
Dorris	5	V	4	4¼	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	101	W	2,500
Grout	5	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Double chain	99	W	2,500
York	5	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	102	W	2,500
Rambler	5	V	4	5	5½	Sli. gear—Double chain	112	W	2,500
Moline	5	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	110	W	2,500
Ariel	5	V	4	4⅜	4	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	104	W	2,500
Ford	5	V	6	4½	4½	Planetary—Propeller shaft	114	W	2,500
Jackson	5	V	4	5	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	108	W	2,500
Wayne	5	V	4	4¾	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	102	W	2,500
Berkshire	5	V	4	..	..	Sli. gear—Double chain	115	W	2,500
Tourist	5	V	4	..	..	Sli. gear	100	W	2,500
Autocar	5	V	4	4	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	100	W	2,600
Acme	5	V	4	4	5	Sli. gear—Double chain	102	W	2,750
Pope Toledo	5	V	4	3¾	4¾	Sli. gear—Double chain	88	W	2,800
Aerocar	5	V	4	4	4	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	104	A	2,800
*Twyford	5	V	4	4½	5	"Not sliding"—Propeller shaft	102	W	2,800
Cadillac	2	V	4	4⅝	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	98	W	3,000
American	5	V	4	4⅝	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	106	W	3,000
Freyer-Miller	5	V	4	4 1-16	5⅛	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	100	A	3,000
Locomobile	5	V	4	4¾	4½	Sli. gear—Double chain	93	W	3,000
Columbia	5	V	4	4	4¼	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	98	W	3,000
Northern	5	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	114	W	3,000
Glide	5	V	4	4½	5	Planetary—Propeller shaft	103	W	3,000
Lambert	5	V	4	4½	5	Friction discs—Double chain	98	W	3,000
Marmon	5	I	4	4⅝	4½	Planetary—Propeller shaft	90	A	3,000
National	5	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	104	W	3,000
Moon	5	V	4	..	..	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	106	W	3,000
Rainier	5	V	4	4	4½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	98	W	3,500
Pope Toledo	5	V	4	4⅝	5¼	Sli. gear—Double chain	104	W	3,500
Wayne	7	V	4	5½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	114	W	3,500
Haynes	5-7	V	4	5⅛	6	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	108	W	3,500
Thomas	7	V	4	5½	5½	Sli. gear—Double chain	118	W	3,500
Acme	7	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Double chain	114	W	3,500
Ardsley	5	V	4	4⅝	5¾	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	100	W	3,500
Cleveland	5	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	104	W	3,500
Royal Tourist	6	V	4	5	5½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	110	W	3,500
Peerless	5	V	4	4½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	107	W	3,750
Cadillac	5	V	4	5	5	Planetary—Propeller shaft	110	W	3,750
Freyer-Miller	5	V	6	4 1-16	5⅛	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	109	A	4,000
Pierce	5	V	4	4¼	4¾	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	107	W	4,000
Packard	5	V	4	4½	5½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	119	W	4,000
National	7	V	6	4½	5	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	121	W	4,000
Knox	7	V	4	4¾	5½	Sli. gear—Double chain	112	A	4,000
Franklin	5	V	6	4	4	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	119	A	4,000
Adams-Farwell	7	R	5	5	5	Plan. and sli. gear—Sin. chain	94	A	4,000
Rainier	7	V	4	4¼	5¼	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	104	W	4,000
Stearns	5-7	V	4	4⅞	5⅞	Sli. gear—Double chain	118	W	4,250
Welch	7	V	4	4⅝	5	Individ. clutch—Propel. shaft	117½	W	4,250

*Two-stroke cycle cars.

(Continued on page 150.)

SOME PROMINENT COAST AUTOMOBILISTS.

MAKE.	Seats	Style of cylinders	Number of cylinders	Bore of cylinders	Stroke	Transmission—Final Drive.	Wheel base	Method of cooling	Price.
Columbia	7	V	4	5	5	Sli. gear—Double chain	108	W	4,500
Berkshire	7	V	6	..	..	Sli. gear—Double chain	118	W	4,500
Austin	5	V	4	..	..	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	109	W	4,500
Peerless	5	V	4	5¼	5¾	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	114	W	5,000
Locomobile	5-7	V	4	4¼	5½	Sli. gear—Double chain	106	W	5,000
Chadwick	7	V	4	5	6	Sli. gear—Double chain	108	W	5,000
Pierce	7	V	4	5	5½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	109	W	5,000
Sturtevant	5	V	4	..	..	Special—Propeller shaft	120	W	5,000
Berliet	5-7	V	4	3 15-16	4¾	Sli. gear—Double chain	112	W	5,500
Woods	9	V	4	5	5	Sli. gear—Double chain	120	W	5,500
Lozier	7	V	4	4⅝	5½	Sli. gear—Double chain	117	W	5,500
Tincher	7	V	4	5	6	Sli. gear—Double chain	119	W	6,000
Matheson	7	V	4	5	6	Sli. gear—Double chain	112	W	6,000
Moore	5	V	4	4½	5½	Sli. gear—Propeller shaft	116	W	6,000
Simplex	5-7	V	4	4½	5½	Sli. gear—Double chain	112	W	6,750
Matheson	7	V	4	6	6	Sli. gear—Double chain	118	W	7,500
Berliet	5-7	V	4	4¾	5½	Sli. gear—Double chain	118	W	7,500

SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF CALIFORNIA.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

The second annual dinner of the Automobile Club of California took place in the white-and-gold room of the Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, on the evening of Saturday, the 27th of January. In the absence of R. P. Schwerin, the president of the club, the chair was taken by L. P. Lowe, chairman of the executive committee. It was about 7:45 p. m. when the members of the club and its guests filed down from the reception room to the handsome dining hall. The most notable absentee, next to R. P. Schwerin, was C. C. Moore, a very active and highly esteemed member of the executive committee, who was prevented from attending the dinner by a recent bereavement. About two hundred persons in all partook of the excellent dinner arranged by the committee, consisting of R. P. Schwerin, L. P. Lowe, S. G. Buckbee, C. C. Moore and Thomas Magee, Jr. Mr. Schwerin would certainly not have failed to attend the annual reunion of the club in which he takes so much interest and for which he has done so much good work had it not been that his presence was required in Washington, D. C., on business of great importance connected with the Panama canal.

The menu was highly satisfactory, the dinner well served and the fizz flowed freely. Between the courses performers from Fischer's theater, Eddie Hanlon, "Young Corbett" and a troupe of singing and dancing girls enlivened the proceedings. Personally, I do not care for what my journalistic friends call "fistic exhibitions" at dinner (or under any other circumstances), but evidently most people like such things, for the "whirlwind bout" between the two above-named young men, who are, I understand, masters of the Ars Pugilistica, brought the house down.

After the menu had been pretty well discussed, Mr. Lowe gave a review of the club's doings during the past year and explained the earnest desire of the directors and members to aid in the betterment of roads throughout the state. Then Mr. Lowe introduced John A. Brittain, who performed the duties of toastmaster gracefully and with an admixture of humor that helped things along famously. The first speaker called on by the toastmaster was M. H. de Young, proprietor of the San Francisco "Chronicle." Mr. de Young said that the automobile, at its first introduction, was considered an article of luxury, suitable only for the rich, but that the enterprise and natural talent of the American manufacturer, aided by the experience of other countries, especially of France, England and Germany, have developed a machine that will do its work well and can be sold at a moderate price. The automobile is now in close competition with the horse; it is no longer a toy or an experiment, but a commercial vehicle and a recognized means of

SNAPSHOTS AT DEL MONTE AUTO-MEET.

transportation. People, in talking of the automobile, used to wonder whether it had come here to stay or not. Its increasing use for commercial purposes and as a means of every-day comfort and utility, prove that it has established itself permanently. Its future is assured. Besides its mere commercial uses, the automobile is beneficial in other directions. It has rendered it possible for people to cover great distances, to tour a whole state in a few weeks. The intermingling of city folks and country people which is brought about by the motor car is good for both; each comes to understand the other better and both have their ideas enlarged and are able to work for the good and prosperity of their state more intelligently.

But, in order to promote this intercourse between city and country, travel must be rendered easy and safe. We must have good roads. Mr. de Young has done a good deal of motor-car touring in France and Spain, has motored from Antwerp to St. Petersburg and through Germany. Almost everywhere the roads were in perfect condition. Of course, this excellent condition has been brought about by great labor and the lapse of many years. But the United States must make a beginning, and the state of New York alone intends to expend fifty million dollars in improving its highways and roads. In California the extreme parts of the state should be united by a great highway, which will not only render automobile touring agreeable and safe, but will also help the farmer to bring his produce to market and the miner to convey his ore to the smelter.

When the members of the Automobile Club of California are told that their endeavor to get good roads is actuated by a selfish desire to increase their own pleasure in motoring, they may feel discouraged, but all good work meets with difficulties. The members should not permit themselves to be stopped by these things. The Automobile Club has done a great deal of useful work on the proposed new boulevard leading from San Francisco to the South. This has been built upon private property and chiefly by means of subscriptions from automobilists, though the road, when constructed, will be open not only to the motor car, but also to light vehicles of all kinds.

Mr. de Young was followed by James D. Phelan, who made a long motor car tour last year in remote parts of France and Germany. Mr. Phelan said that in France, the home of the automobile, which there received its earliest and greatest development, there are only seventeen thousand registered cars, while in California alone there are nearly five thousand. This fact shows that California is not behind in the number of automobiles owned by its citizens and that there is a great and increasing need of good roads in this state. As the practice of automobile touring becomes more general, people in the various parts of the state will become better acquainted with each other and the talk of dividing the state into two sections will diminish as men come to learn that such a separation of north and south would be harmful to both.

Police Commissioner Poheim said that the board of which he is a representative will deal kindly with the members of the Automobile Club and will not make any more arrests than are absolutely necessary. Supervisor Coleman promised that he and his colleagues will help the club in obtaining appropriations for the improvement of the roads. Major-General Sumner (commanding the Division of the Pacific), E. E. Calvin, George A. Knight, Horace G. Platt and others addressed the gathering.

A letter from Peter D. Martin was read, in which the writer offers a valuable silver trophy for a motor car race from San Francisco to the top of Mt. Hamilton. Of this full particulars will be given in a later issue of "Western Field"

Photo by W. J. Piatt. OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

THE TALE OF A DOG.

By C. H. Babcock.

BEING a dog, I naturally look at things from a dog's point of view. Perhaps it is not on so high a plane as the view of a man, but even that is open to argument.

Those superior beings never give us credit for being able to view matters from their standpoint, except when they try to teach us something and do not know the proper method. Then they say we know just what is wanted of us but are too consarned mean to do it. This is man's first tribute to a dog and is usually followed by a second and more popular tribute—the *ki-yi* end of the dog whip.

Most men are not such great shakes after all when you come to think of it! To be sure, they are able to talk a little more than we do, but I can't say that it is any great credit to them as a general thing, for the more a man talks the sooner you find out that he doesn't know much, and from this I deduct that the wisest man is he who does not give away his foolishness.

But, however, I'll be liberal and concede speech as a virtue in favor of man. But that's all. I just cant' think of anything else. He says we don't think, but we do think. Instinct be blowed! I wonder if it's instinct that teaches us to go and fetch the birds and take them to him to put in his own pocket. Maybe instinct would teach us to live upon the "good doggy" that we get in exchange for the nice juicy bird, but it hardly seems likely. No, instinct tells me to run away with that bird and eat it, but then I "think" I had better not. Does instinct teach me to stand still, after he has shot that bird, until I am ordered to "fetch?" Well, hardly, as is proved by the old saying which lordly man has since borrowed from us, "a bird in the mouth is worth two in the brush." And I tell you I had to do a lot of thinking before I found out why it was best not to hurry at this stage of the game, until one day I "broke in" and flushed a whole bevy in order to secure one bird—I had my feelings hurt upon that occasion.

I might say more along this line, but I guess I've proved that I'm able to think just as well as Mr. Man, so we are even there.

Now, I'm going to show you a few points where we are ahead of him. As I've said before, he sometimes gives me credit for thinking as he does, but I'm sorry, very sorry, that he can never, or at any rate very seldom, think as I do. There are only a very few men in the country that are able to see things from the dog's standpoint—just about a half dozen of them, and they are usually spoken of as the "successful ones among the field-trial handling fraternity." The other handlers find so many

brainless dogs on their string that the percentage of this style of dog is simply astounding.

Then, also, after we have gained experience, we understand man's language, but does he understand ours? Well, hardly, and as we have no means by which we may penetrate his stupidity, it will always remain a mystery to him; and when we are planning to bolt, or any other mischief, right under his nose, he is as densely ignorant as is a puppy that has had a course of "training" under the average amateur sportsman.

Then, again, take the important matter of speed, and we have him beaten a city block—yes, if he has lost his temper we try to make it several blocks—but you see we have four legs and he has only two, so his deficiency is so palpable that I hesitate to speak of it. And speaking of noses—well, I often wonder why the good Lord ever gave him that incompetent proboscis that he sees fit to term a "nose." Why, all it's good for, anyway, is to smell things that he doesn't want to smell. What does he know of the intoxicating scent of the quail as it enters our dilated nostrils? And as for trailing, why, he couldn't even smell the trail of a rabbit, much less tell in which direction he had gone. Therefore, he gives us credit for being able to do phenomenal things with our nose, and then when it so happens that scenting conditions are impossible, opines: "that blamed dog doesn't need to flush those birds; he's just trying to see how mean he can be," and we get whipped for what is not our fault.

I tell you if any animal is to be pitied, it is the trained bird dog that falls into the hands of a sportsman that doesn't know as much about hunting as his dog does! From what I've told you, you may surmise that I've had experiences of my own. I have, and they are painful to dwell upon; and though I seldom revert to those dark days, yet for the sake of my kindred I will recite a few of my experiences, premising, so that my story will carry more weight, the fact that I am now a well trained dog of experience.

I have a kind master, who appreciates that I always try to do my best, and who appears to be satisfied with it; and though, perhaps, I should be too modest to repeat it, he has said to me many times: "Well, Jack,

"VERY PROUD OF ME HE WAS."

there may be better dogs than you, but I haven't seen 'em. You're good enough for me." Yet, strange as it may seem, there was a time when I was supposed to be entirely lacking in brains. I began to think so myself. I tell you I was tangled and twisted and could not figure my way out. But I'll begin at the beginning and tell you how it happened.

It was a long time ago, and with many others like myself I enjoyed life in a large kennel. Care and restraint were unknown, and each day was a round of pleasure. Daily we were taken afield and allowed to chase the birds, swim in the creeks and do many other things pleasing to the hearts of puppies, until we were grown strong of limb and able to run as fast as the older dogs. In those happy days I learned to love to hunt, and was never so happy as when afield in search of game. But those days ended all too soon, and one day I was placed in a box, alone, and shipped to a man that was to be my new master.

Very proud of me he was, and I was examined by many of his friends, who pronounced me a very likely puppy. My breeding was spoken of as the very best, and the mention of the many field champions of my pedigree set my blood tingling. I resolved

that when my education was complete I would try to emulate their example. Little did I dream of what was before me, but the awakening soon came.

It must be remembered that at that time I had not the experience which I now have, and terms used afield were entirely unknown to me; but this seemed hardly to be taken into consideration by my master. A well bred dog was supposed by him to be born very nearly educated, and consequently at every recurring error I was more severely punished.

I had been in his possession perhaps a week and he had treated me most kindly—in fact, I had learned nearly to love him, when one bright day in the autumn he took me afield. How beautiful it seemed to once more be able to exercise in perfect freedom, and I went away, driven on and on by the desire to run and to find the birds as I had formerly done.

Ah! there it was now! that familiar scent, irresistibly attracting my attention and seeming to paralyze my muscles. For a moment only, just long enough for me to locate the direction of the bevy, and in I went, scattering the birds in every direction, and then what fun it was to single one out and chase it until it was no longer in sight! Surely I had done well, and master would be pleased.

Something wrong somewhere! My! what a whipping and a lot of talk I didn't understand. "Perhaps it's because I didn't catch the bird. I'll try harder next time," and away I went after a single. Failure again and another whipping! "I just don't believe I can catch a bird," I thought, "and if I do not I'll just hit the timber." So, after the next flush away I went, and the more master called the farther away I went.

I had my hunt out and went home. There I received another whipping, was put in a room and whipped until I came creeping up to him. Some way the world did not look quite so rosy to me as it had in the past, and at the sight of master I sneaked away out of sight; for it seemed every time I did anything at all there was a whipping due me. Then we went afield again and this time there was a long cord dragging from my collar. I flushed a bird and chased it right by master and would not stop as he called me until I felt a jerk of the cord and he dragged me up to him. Same old whipping, and every time it hurt worse. All the time he was whipping me he would repeat a lot of things I could not understand. Chief among them was the word "steady." Perhaps that means I must not chase the birds, so when the next bird flew I just stopped; in fact, I was so scared I didn't feel like chasing, but another whipping was the result.

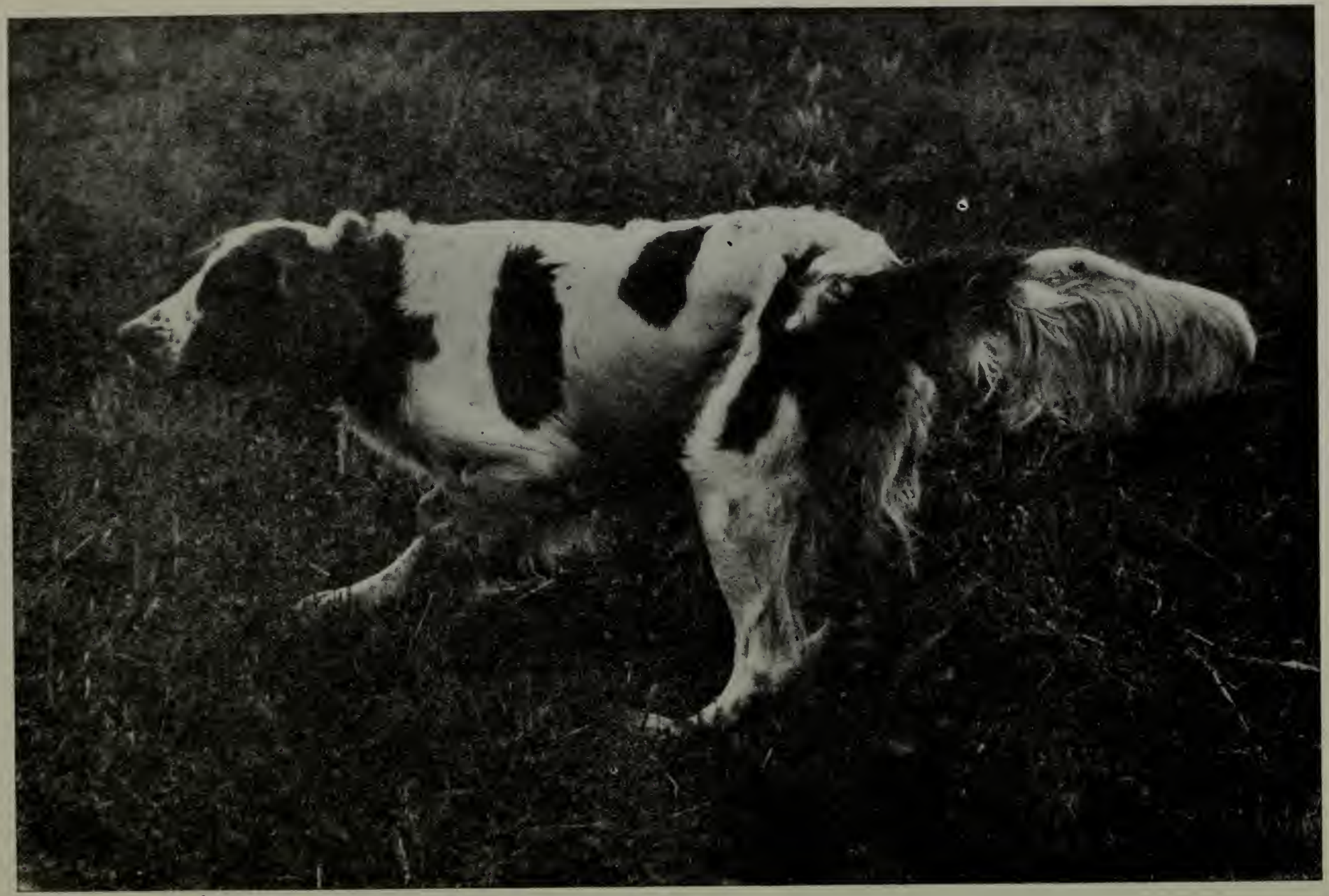
There seemed to be only one way out of it, and that was not to find any birds, so after that when I smelled them I just went out around them, and I seemed to get along quite nicely—at least I received no more whippings, but I remember master saying something about "blinking" and he "guessed he would try killing a few birds" over me.

The next time out I had quit hunting and was following along behind for fear I'd find some birds, when up sprang a whole bevy. There was a loud report, such as I used to hear at the kennel when I was small, and what was my surprise to see a bird fall right in front of us. I sprang in and seized it. There was the taste of blood upon it and I chewed it to fragments.

At this my master's rage was uncontrolable. He looked first at the mangled bird, then at me, and giving me a brutal kick, walked away, muttering something about my being "too big a fool to spend valuable time upon." Meekly I arose to my feet and followed him. He continued to shoot the birds, but I had lost interest, and when I felt like making an effort to hunt I was afraid to attempt it for fear of again incurring his displeasure.

I was downcast, discouraged and puzzled beyond measure. It seemed as though I had done all that any dog could do, yet I had utterly failed to please. If I could only understand what he wished, but he talked in a language that I had not learned, and all my natural desires had been baffled.

Just at this moment a flash of white shot by us, and I looked up just in time to see as handsome a dog as I had ever seen crossing some distance in front of us. Running as I had run before I came into this man's hands, he was in sight but an instant before



"THERE'S A DOG FOR YOU!"

the brush hid him from view, and was gone. But not to stay. Back he came with the speed of the wind, and this time still nearer, and scarcely casting a look at myself and master, crossed in front of us, whirled and with head up and flag outstretched, stood like a statue of marble! It seemed to me that it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen, and I heard master mutter, "there's a dog for you!"

Then he shouted and was answered by a man a short distance away, who then came over to the dog, stepped in ahead, and out flew a bird. There was a report and I saw the bird drop into the brush. The man said something to his dog and in almost no time the dog was away and returning with the bird in his mouth.

There was some talk between my master and the man and something was said about the "price." Guess what master heard surprised him, for he gave a low whistle and said something about it "not being worth that much to train a dog."

I remember as distinctly as though it were but yesterday just what answer the man made, for he looked directly at me, following at heel, and said: "Maybe if some people put a little more time into their training their dogs would be worth more."

Then after more talking master took a book out of his pocket, wrote something in it, passed it to the man, put the lead on the other dog and went away, happier than I ever saw him. I started to follow before I noticed that the man had hold of my lead and said very kindly, "Come with me, little spoiled doggy; we'll show them who was to blame," and some way I felt happier than I had for many a day, for it seemed the man knew just how I felt, said I needed a long rest, led me away and put me in a kennel with a lot of nice well behaved dogs who all seemed to love my new master. Then there was a change in my life.

At first I was timid, but he never once spoke to me while afield, but let me run with puppies, much younger than I, and gradually I came to like hunting as I did long ago. Then he taught me, at home, to come to him when called, to lie down when commanded, and carefully taught me to fetch. He seemed to have a real love for me, which made me try to do all I could to please him. He never lost his temper, so I was not afraid of being whipped for doing what I did not understand to be wrong, and he never asked me to do a thing without showing me just how to do it. I had every confidence in him and it seemed as though he could read my thoughts almost before I knew them myself. He seemed always to know if an error was committed intentionally or whether through ignorance and, if the latter, I was carefully shown just what to do.

So gradually and slowly the whole plan was unfolded to me. Step by step I was kindly taught the intricacies of a full training.

I had always borne in mind the actions of the dog that was with my new master the first time that I saw him, and I longed to do likewise, but at first could not grasp its full meaning. To me it was like a piece of complicated machinery. I could understand its uses, but without studying it piece by piece I could not understand how the result was accomplished.

Finally my real field training began, but not once did I lose my keen interest in hunting. I believe I enjoyed it even more, for I felt that I was learning, and also giving pleasure to my master. First I was taught to stop after I had flushed. Gently the commands were given and I did not feel my old timidity returning. Still more promptly I was taught to stop until finally one day I stopped at the first scent of the bird.

My master seemed greatly pleased at this and, stepping in, flushed and killed the bird. Suddenly the whole plan was revealed to me and I understood, never to forget. And now they call me a "champion" and people fuss over me. Sometimes, when I am alone, I often wonder if more dogs wouldn't be champions, too, if they were owned and handled by men, who, like my master, not only have brains, but know how to use them when they start in to make hunting dogs out of us when we are puppies, eager to be taught and to love our tutors as only a dog can love. If men only knew our language now, so that I could instruct them!

FIELD TRIAL GROUNDS.

Again the question of suitable grounds for field trials is engaging the attention of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, and it is likely that it will be definitely settled in the near future by a ways and means committee.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Tevis, the club has for a number of years used grounds in the vicinity of Bakersfield, but this land is no longer available for trial purposes, and the organization finds it necessary to secure a new and permanent location.

There is a bare possibility that a plan may be formulated whereby the club can secure a lease on some four or five sections of desirable land at Lakeside, and this, if rigidly protected, would harbor enough birds to afford proper tests in regard to bird work. It would be necessary, however, to obtain the use of additional sections in the immediate vicinity for the testing of other qualities, such as speed and range, as the constant use of four sections for a week would be prejudicial to satisfactory trials.

Another matter which would have to be solved is that of transportation to and from the grounds, as it would be well nigh impossible to use livery rigs without considerable discomfort to man and beast. The only satisfactory way out of the situation would be to make some arrangement with the railroad company whereby the field trial party would be enabled to secure transportation to and from Lakeside while the rigs were stabled in the immediate vicinity of the trial grounds.

There is another locality, known as the Rosedale district, where grounds might possibly be secured. This same territory has been used in former years and is accessible from Bakersfield. It is located along the old river bed south and west of Rosedale, and embraces about six sections of good land. Owing to the fact that it is held under different ownerships it is doubtful whether a satisfactory lease could be obtained, and the difficulty which would be experienced in properly patroling the grounds might be considered a bar to its use. It would take not less than three energetic patrolmen to afford the proper protection to the birds, and this in itself would prove quite a drain on the club's finances.

In selecting grounds for trial purposes there are many things to be taken into consideration: accessibility, climatic conditions, nature of grounds and cover, scenting conditions, the number of birds on field trial and training grounds, hotel and livery accommodations; all have a decided bearing on the success of trials.

It is hardly likely that the club will be able to find another site so accessible as Bakersfield; as it is virtually a central location and in that respect could not be improved upon. Hotel and livery accommodations—with the exception of one year—have been all that could be desired. It is only on rare occasions that the trials are delayed on account of a stress of weather. The nature of the grounds are such that teams may be driven over them with perfect comfort, and the cover is of a character which permits an unobstructed view of the running.

On the other hand, the territory about Bakersfield has certain characteristics which have curtailed the success of past trials. About one year in three the humidity is sufficient to insure good scenting conditions, but during the other two seasons the extreme dryness and the prevalence of alkali makes it extremely difficult for the best of dogs to make a satisfactory showing in point work. This very fact was brought forcibly to mind at the conclusion of our last Derby, when in summing up the work of the twenty-two contestants the number of clean-cut, stanch points could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Contrast this poor showing with the competition in the Derby of 1905, when, under favorable conditions, 17 dogs scored a total of 69 clean, accurate points, and you must admit that good scenting conditions are a decided factor in insuring high class work.

There may be some who will claim that, as a class, the competitors in the last Derby were greatly inferior to those which started in the same stake the previous season, and that the poor showing was due to that reason more than any other. That this inferiority was noticeable we must admit, but when we consider that the worst performers in last season's Derby made a better showing in bird work than the winners of the same stake this year, their argument loses strength. Besides, no dog, especially an intelligent dog, exerts himself as much when scenting conditions are poor as when they are favorable.

Another essential of high grade grounds which is lacking at Bakersfield is a sufficiency of bevies to allow each and every brace reasonable opportunities to show that they are searching for birds. The high class dog is one that not only ranges fast and wide when the nature of the grounds allows, but which also demonstrates that he is out with the intention of finding birds. Under present conditions we are obliged to test these qualities in a theoretical way, as we have not birds enough to afford each brace opportunities to locate bevies. We assume that the dogs which range wide and hunt the likely places will handle bevies if the chance presents, but we have no means of knowing with what skill the work will be performed. Furthermore, if one of a brace is lucky enough to locate a bevy and handles it in a skillful manner, it is likely to score a big lead, regardless of the fact that other dogs in the stake might have done as well if they had the same opportunities.

As our trials are run at present, too much stress is laid on single bird work, and it cannot be otherwise under prevailing conditions. Too often the dogs which range out wide and search earnestly for birds have nothing to show for their good work, and a much inferior individual which manages to run up a score of points on scattered birds close at hand edges him out of a place.

Now if we could secure grounds on which we could run trials similar to the quail trials in the East the mediocre performer would not have an easy time of it and would have to make good in the way of speed, range, bird sense and stamina, or better dogs would beat him to the birds.

H. L. BETTEN.

IF LIVE BAIT will ever catch more fish than a "Dowagiac" artificial minnow, it is the exception. 19 times out of 20, game fish 'strike' only to attack the lure

"DOWAGIAC"
Artificial Minnow

MORE "DOWAGIAC" BAITS are sold every year than all other Artificial Casting Baits combined.

The "Dowagiac" Bait Products for 1906 are just a little handsomer and more perfect in construction than ever before.

A piece of painted wood with a fish-hook attached is not a criterion for artificial bait. "Dowagiac" baits are the result of many years' experience of practical bait casters. Every detail has been carefully worked out and *that is why* the "Dowagiac" minnow will land your fish at a time when he would slip off the other fellow's bait.
"Drop a line" to us and catch one of our booklets showing our minnows printed up in their natural colors.

JAS. HEDDON & SON, Dept. 5.C., Dowagiac, Mich.

Pacific Coast Trade Supplied by Jenson-King-Byrd Co., Spokane, Wash.; Ware Bros., Spokane, Wash.; Pacific Hardware & Steel Co., San Francisco, Cal.

last year that it now gives perfect satisfaction. The Racine Company build and install engines of both the two cycle and four cycle type, of any horsepower desired.

They wish us particularly to state that the Racine Company will build to your order; will furnish any model, with or without motor equipment, and if you have any special ideas, or wish a boat for special purposes, they will be only too pleased to see you and discuss the matter.

* * *

REMARKABLE GROWTH.

We do not know of a more remarkable growth among the financial institutions of the Coast than that of the American National Bank of San Francisco. The history of this institution is best shown by its last statement to the Controller, November 9, 1905. From less than $400,000 in March, 1902, its deposits have grown to $5,466,122.59, with the capital, surplus and undivided profits increased to $1,314,430.59.

On January 1, 1905, it removed to its new home in the Merchants' Exchange Building, where it has one of the most modern, up-to-date banking rooms in the West. Its active officers are: P. E. Bowles, president; E. W. Wilson, vice-president; George N. O'Brien, cashier; E. J. Broberg, assistant cashier; O. D. Jacoby, assistant cashier; H. deSaint Seine, manager foreign exchange department.

The industries of lumber, canning, oil, agriculture, as well as the merchant and lawyer, are represented upon its board of directors, in the following personnel: Francis Cutting, Henry J. Crocker, W. H. Chickering, George P. McNear, L. F. Monteagle, Harvey C. Somers, W. H. Talbot, P. E. Bowles.

To the strength of its officials is due much of the credit for this increase of business.

Why Not
CLICQUOT?

"It is better than any other"
Champagne, but—be sure, when ordering it, to insist on its bearing
this A·VIGNIER·Co· SAN FRANCISCO SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST label
"THIS" kind is not tied with a STRING
Beware of an inferior substitute

I SELL MINES

That's my business. Incidentally I make clients rich. Silver Peak, Nevada, is my latest discovery. It is a wonder and I advise you to get in at once. It will make more millionaires than Tonopah and all other districts combined. Some very rich claims for sale. Bargains. My book free.

KENT, 921-943 James Flood Bldg., San Francisco

O. W. Nordwell

Announces the arrival of his New Spring Importations and invites your inspection

397 Bush Street, Cor. Kearny, Second floor San Francisco, Cal.

THE SHEFFIELD MARINE ENGINE.

Realizing the constant increasing demand and the usefulness for a practical and inexpensive power for small boats, yachts, luggers, etc., we have decided to bring out a four-cycle engine of the simplest possible construction, with as little weight as is possible in modern engine practice; not losing sight of the fact that the character of our products have made them the standard of excellence throughout the world.

The type of engine is of vertical construction, with an enclosed crank case, made with movable bearing plates, in which are mounted movable liners. The base is provided with hand hole plates, affording easy access for adjusting and inspection. The crank case being closed and oil tight, the engine is operated on splash lubrication. An entirely different method, however, is used from that ordinarily followed, as there is arranged inside of the base an oil separator, removing any heavy or foreign properties from the oil, preventing them from reentering the bearings.

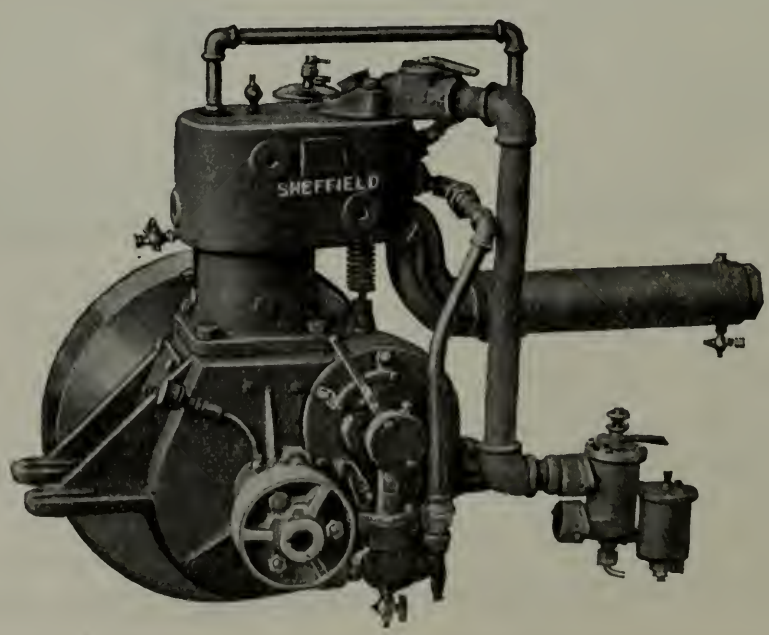
The cylinder is water-jacketed, as well as the head. The head is cast integral with the cylinder. In this way there is no joint to pack or to blow out. The valve chambers and valves are thoroughly water-jacketed, thus making the engine of long life and high efficiency. All valves are readily removed by loosening a bolt and swinging off the cover.

The ignition is of the jump spark type. Commutator is independent, removable and renewable type, arranged to be shifted to vary the time of ignition. The mixer is of the float feed carbureter type, arranged with lever throttle for varying the quantity of mixture admitted to the engine. The regulation is such that the highest efficiency is attained at all speeds. The engine has a wide range of speed by means of a throttle and a spark.

The oiling system for supplying oil to the cylinder and other parts is provided from an oil cup on the cylinder. A small circulating pump is attached to the engine for assisting circulation of the cooling water through the engine jacket. The gearing is cut and runs in an oil bath, thus making it quiet and reducing wear to a minimum.

The crank shaft is made of nickel steel. Connecting rod is drop forged. Igniter is jump spark type. Carbureter is of the float feed throttle type. Pump is arranged so that it can be easily drained in cold weather. The muffler is water-jacketed and thoroughly efficient. Thrust bearing—ball bearing type, liberally constructed and attached to the crank case. Coupling—is close to the crank case, making a neat and compact arrangement.

The size of engine now ready for the market is 4½ h. p.



Marlin

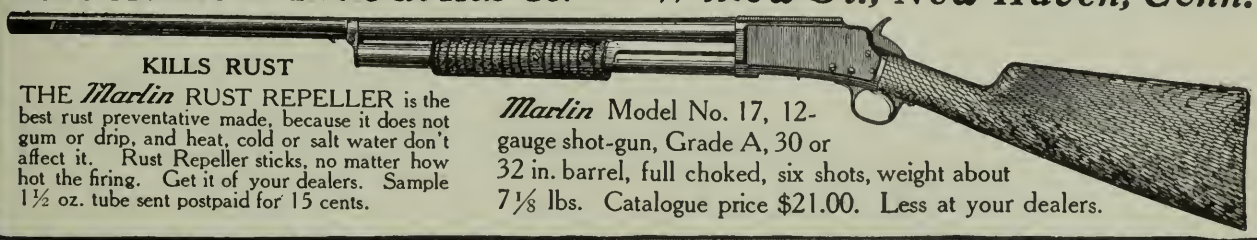
When a big cock grouse thunders up through the brush, he presents the most difficult mark in the world, and it's a quick man with a good lively gun that makes a fair bag of these birds. The new *Marlin* 12-gauge, Model No. 17 is a light, quick gun, made to meet the demand for repeating shot-guns of highest quality at a very moderate price. It is similar to the *Marlin* Model No. 19 Grade A, except for its solid frame and straight grip stock.

Important improvements, such as the use of two extractors and a two-piece safety recoil block, make it the easiest, most reliable and best working gun in the market. Bored for both smokeless and black powders and any size shot. Guaranteed to pattern better than 325 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards using 1¼ ounce of No. 8 chilled shot. A perfect trap gun, having every advantage of the single barrel. You sight over the center of your load—not off at one side. You are not breaking your birds with the right side of your left barrel load and the left side of your right barrel load. *You center the bird every time.*

This, and every other *Marlin*, has the unique solid top and side ejector features, which guarantee safety and prevent the ejected shell from flying in your face. The *Marlin* Breechbolt keeps out water, twigs, leaves or sand. The shells are always dry and your *Marlin* in service. No other gun has this feature.

WRITE TO-DAY for our new Catalogue, containing a complete description of this splendid gun. Sent free for 6c postage with our Experience Book, consisting of hundreds of stirring stories of *Marlin* prowess.

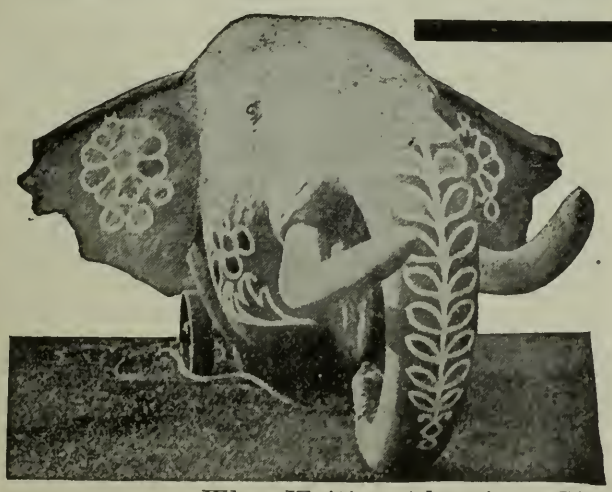
***The Marlin Firearms Co.* 51 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.**



KILLS RUST

THE *Marlin* RUST REPELLER is the best rust preventative made, because it does not gum or drip, and heat, cold or salt water don't affect it. Rust Repeller sticks, no matter how hot the firing. Get it of your dealers. Sample 1½ oz. tube sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Marlin Model No. 17, 12-gauge shot-gun, Grade A, 30 or 32 in. barrel, full choked, six shots, weight about 7⅛ lbs. Catalogue price $21.00. Less at your dealers.



Head of Mysore State—Elephant.

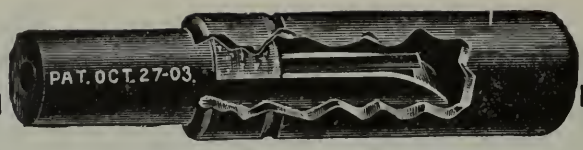
By Special Appointment to

H. E. THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS
H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE
AND
H. H. THE RAJAH OF PUDUKOTAH

Van Ingen & Van Ingen

ARTISTIC TAXIDERMISTS

MYSORE AND OOTACAMUND S. INDIA



CALLING IN DUCKS

IT'S not so hard to arrest the attention of ducks while a distance away. Most any sound that approaches their natural call will command their attention. The real thing is to keep them coming; the nearer they come the easier it is for them to distinguish the difference between the real natural call and the false note. Consequently duck shooters should see that the call they use is as perfect as possible. In the MASCOT DUCK CALL they have the nearest approach to the natural cry of the duck. It gives that rattling, rasping natural sound so hard to imitate except with the MASCOT CALL. The tongue of the MASCOT CALL is made of Gutta Percha. It wont kink from any cause; the body being made of hard rubber will stand heat, moisture, and climatic conditions. After a few minutes' practice anyone can imitate perfectly the cry of any duck. The MASCOT CALL can be purchased from any dealer in sporting goods for $1.00. If your dealer does not have it, you can purchase it from the manufacturer,
THE MULTI NOVELTY COMPANY, 18 California Terrace, Chicago

INDISPENSABLE TO DUCK HUNTERS.

In the Mascot Duck Calls made by the Multi Novelty Co., 4 California Terrace, Chicago, the Coast sportsmen will find a long-felt want perfectly supplied. In this little implement you have two calls representing two ducks. Ducks like persons all have different pitched voices, and having different sounds in the call also represents the fact that the ducks are apart from each other and perfectly content.

The sportsman can use his judgment according to his surroundings whether in timber or prairie, etc. The caller has wider range of control which the shooter can appreciate only after having seen the effect, and can be increased to a greater extent by close observation of effect, surroundings, etc., than any call heretofore made.

A noticeable feature of this call is that the tongue or reed is made of gutta-percha and so cannot corrode; it likewise is free from the metallic sound characteristic of other makes. It cannot "kink" or bend or lose flexibility. It can also be easily tuned to desired pitch by simply moving tongue forward or backward as required.

To obtain the best results the following may be found of advantage:

The long plugged call will be found to sound best at a long distance. It blows harder than the short distance call and if used on the left side will be found most convenient. By blowing the long distance left hand call first, which would naturally be required in most cases, the right hand which is used as a trumpet can readily be shifted to the short distance call, and vice versa.

The short distance call is shortest plugged and will be found to blow very easily and thus can be controlled to a nicety when ducks are at a short distance. The single quack can be used to great advantage on this call. But it will be found if blown too hard it will not sound quite right, although you cannot choke it by blowing. This call can also be used at a moderately long distance very well. The deep, rattling, raspy sound of the Mascot Calls can be heard at a greater distance than higher pitched calls of any make.

Write for circulars, addressing Multi Novelty Co., 4 California Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

A NEW MARINE ENGINE.

Our attention has recently been drawn to the Wolverine Marine Engines now on exhibition and sale at No. 122 Market street, S. F. These engines, although well known in the East having but recently been introduced here, have some novel features which commend them to those interested in launch engines.

They are constructed in both two and four cycle type, and in one, two and three cylinders. All these have "Make and Break" sparkers, fully enclosed oil and odor tight crank spacer, and vaporizers, so designed that they are not sensitive to variation in quality of fuel or atmospheric conditions.

The small sizes are fitted with reversible blade propellers, and the large sizes with reversing clutches and solid propellers.

The Wolverine two-cycle engines are reversible, being so arranged that by throwing a lever the direction of the engine can be instantly reversed. They will run in either direction without the operator having to touch anything but the reverse leaver. This is a remarkable feature of these engines and makes them very popular with their users.

We would advise that all who are interested in this class engine call and examine these Wolverine engines.

RIFLES FOR GIRLS AS WELL AS BOYS, SAYS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

In a recent letter to General Wingate, accepting the vice-presidency of the Public Schools Athletic League, President Roosevelt wrote as follows:

"I am glad that you have installed in each of four high schools a sub-target rifle practice and are teaching the boys to shoot with the Krag; and I am pleased with the great success that you have met in this effort.

"I am also particularly pleased that you are about to organize a woman's auxiliary branch, for the girls need exercise quite as much as do the boys.

"The demands such a movement makes upon the time and the money of those engaged therein are very heavy. You are doing one of the greatest and most patriotic services that can be done, and you are entitled to the heartiest backing in every way from all who appreciate the vital need of having the rising generation of Americans sound in body, mind and soul. Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

These are the very two points which have been presented of late with such force by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The healthy outdoor exercise, the quickening of eye, the training of muscle and the steadying of nerves is just as beneficial for the girl as for the boy.

The faculties which were so developed in the early colonial days, when every boy was familiar with a gun, showed not only in the battle of Bunker Hill, but showed as much in the framing of the Constitution. The use of a gun teaches a boy to be careful, to be alert, ready for action, and it gives him self-confidence, courage and initiative, qualities as necessary in times of peace as in times of war, and as fitting for a girl as for a boy.

The Stevens Arms and Tool Company, the largest manufacturers in the world of rifles, guns and pistols, for purposes of recreation and sport, have recently issued a book treating of the modern firearm, showing a wonderful diversity of types; there is the shotgun, rifle and pistol in many styles, for girl and boy, the sportsman's double and single-barreled shotgun, the marksman's rifle, etc., etc.

The book, which contains 140 pages, covers everything of interest to a lover of the gun—ammunition, sights, the proper care of firearms, etc., etc. We understand the book is sent free to anyone sending a couple of two-cent stamps, to cover postage.

Stevens' "Little Krag," herewith illustrated, is a rifle widely known and in great demand; its popular features especially commending its use among boys.

The Stevens "Little Krag" rifle. In action it is similar to the celebrated "Krag-Jorgen-

STEVENS

Look for **STEVENS** on the barrel of the firearm you contemplate purchasing. **Be sure that it's there! STEVENS Rifles, Shotguns** and **Pistols** "make good" for all **Shooters** and are constant and uniform in their excellence.

Ask your Dealer — insist on the STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, *express prepaid*, upon receipt of catalog price.

Send 4 cts. in stamps for 140-page catalog of complete output. A valuable book of reference for present and prospective shooters. Beautiful three-color Aluminum Hanger will be forwarded for 10 cents in stamps.

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.
31 Main St., CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U.S.A.

son," adopted by the United States Government. The Stevens "Little Krag" rifle has been aptly termed "a little brother to the United States 'Krag-Jorgenson' rifle." Is very simple in construction, contains but a few parts, and can be easily taken apart. The rifle is cocked by drawing back the hammer, which is made with a large knurled head. When rifle is cocked it is locked, so that it is impossible to open it until the hammer falls or is let down.

It has a round 20-inch barrel, blued steel frame, single trigger, oiled walnut stock and forearm, and rubber butt plate. It is chambered so as to take either .22 Long Rifle R. F., .22 Long, .22 Short cartridges and C. B. caps. It is fitted with bead front and rear peep sights, or with an open rear sight, and open front sights, as desired. Rear peep and open front sights will be regular, and rifles will be so supplied unless otherwise ordered. The rifle weighs only 3¼ pounds, and is a marvel of daintiness and accuracy at a very nominal price. Send for Stevens' catalogue and get detailed description. It will well repay the small trouble entailed.

STEVENS' "LITTLE KRAG."

MILAM THE FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY REEL: IS HAND MADE, STANDARD SINCE 1839. B·C·MILAM & SON, FRANKFORT, KY. PLEASED TO SEND CATALOGUE

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 40 cents per line for first issue, and 30 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

WANTED—Sportsmen to investigate. Excellent results are being secured by using the vented muzzle. This improvement will surprise and please you. Send 2 cents for circulars, terms, guarantee, etc. P. E. Kent, Utica, N. Y.

* * *

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants, etc.; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, Lewis, Iowa.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred English and Llewellyn Setter Pups and Dogs—retrievers and spaniels—trained dogs. Prices reasonable. Write "The Thoroughbred Kennels," Atlantic, Iowa.

* * *

I MAKE bear hunting a specialty. Will take parties out until December. Fishing first-class. Bucks are fat until October 15. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422 Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

* * *

NORWEGIAN BEARHOUNDS — Irish wolfhounds, deer and cat hounds, English bloodhounds, American foxhounds. On receipt of 4c stamp a catalogue will be sent. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky.

* * *

IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels. W. B. Coutts, Propr., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Mountain Lion skins, $10.00 each. Glass eyes, tanning liquor and supplies. H. E. Colburn, 1204 So. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

NEW TRAINING KENNELS

For Pointers and Setters

After the 15th of February, 1906, I will be prepared to care for and train a limited number of Dogs for shooting purposes at my New Kennels at Novato, 26 miles from San Francisco, on the C. N. W. R. R., via Tiburon Ferry

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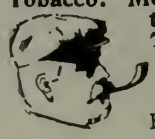

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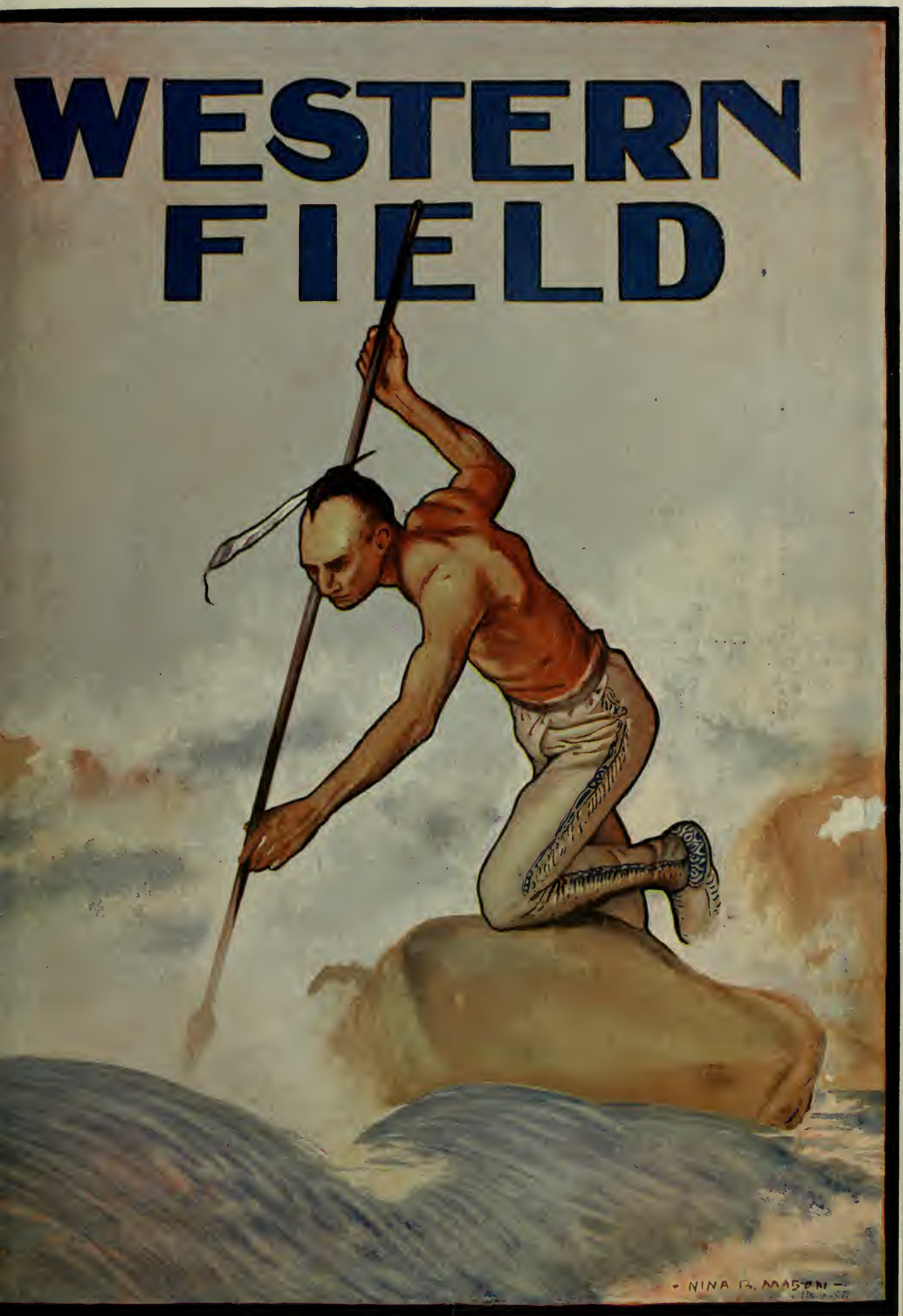

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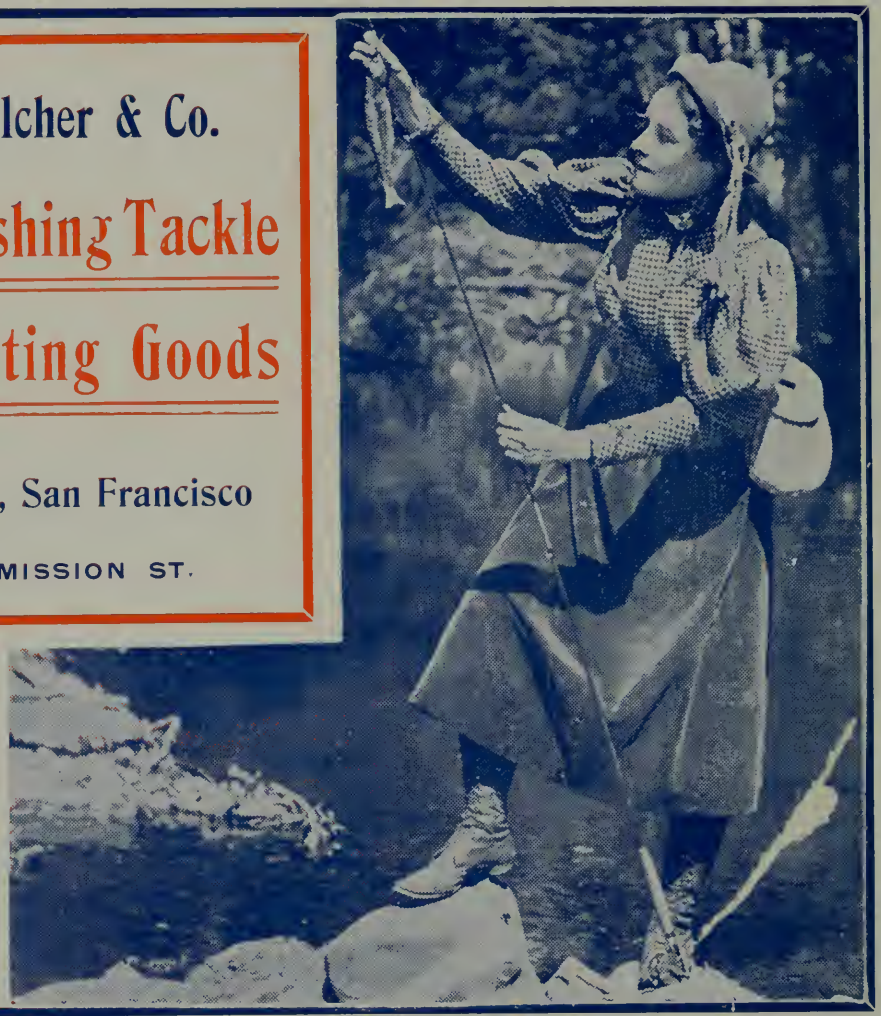

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Miss April Comes

Miss April comes; the budding way
Bends to her smiles and manner gay.
Wee dimples dot her cheeks aglow,
Her blithesome laughter ripples low,
Her errant tresses wing astray.

Ah, Pan, your clearest pipes to play
Fair Flora's vernal rondelay.
(Grim March, no requiem we know!)
Miss April comes!

With star-lit night, and sun-gold day,
And rainbow skies, and jewel spray,
Now comes a goddess, to bestow
The verdant gifts that bloom and grow—
Then, Pan, your sweetest songs essay;
Miss April comes!

Stacy E. Baker

WESTERN FIELD

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262

VOL. 8 APRIL, 1906. No. 3

THE WINTERLESS LAND

THE snow-feathered shafts of the Eastland
  Are caught in our fringes of pines
And wind-wakened odors of balsam
  Float down to our flowers and vines.

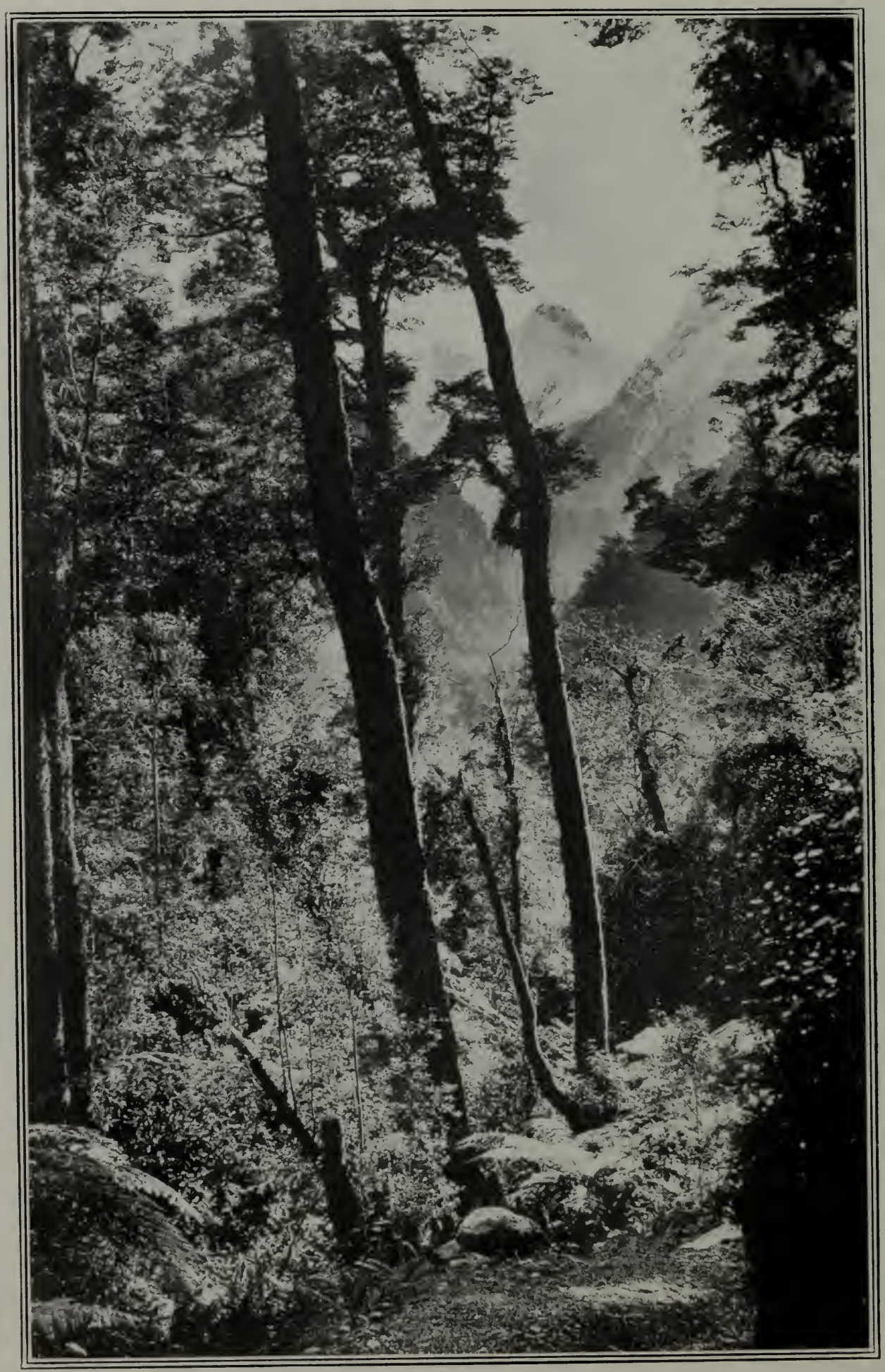
Where garlanded Autumn is straying
  Through lands where the Sun-god is king,
Forgetting the term of her staying
  Till treading the blossoms of Spring.

Bluff Winter, with show of invasion,
  The length of our borderland fills,
His trumpets are loud in its forests
  And white are his tents on its hills.

But vainly his legions are dying
  On heights where his storm bugles sing—
Our Autumn's bright flags are still flying
  Beside the green pennons of Spring.

His shafts are all melted by showers
  And drunk by the jovial Sun,
His white plumes are pelted with flowers
  Till highland and hilltop are won.

—*Harley R. Wiley.*



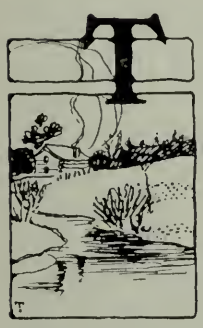
A BIT OF MILFORD TRACK

See "Picturesque New Zealand," opposite page.

PICTURESQUE NEW ZEALAND

By Geo. D. Baird.

"And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere * * * even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as Thou comest unto Zoar."



THE love of scenery has been one of the characteristics of our race, and from the time that Abraham and Lot stood on the hill in Judea, overlooking the valley of the Jordan, until this day man has rarely failed to avail himself of the beautiful in landscape. The incident just mentioned is a striking one, and merits a place in this paper, as being, probably, the oldest record extant of man's appreciation of the face of Nature with her charming lineaments and fascinating moods.

And then the Greeks, with their astonishing love of beauty, not being favored with Alp and Sierra, made the most of Mount Olympus and Mount Ida, until somehow The Iliad and the Odyessy without them would be much like the works of Dante without his Inferno.

Pause and think what would be the effect if the witchery of the Highlands were withdrawn from the works of Scott! They would be as "utterly stale, flat and unprofitable" as "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark locked up in the dressing room.

So great is the passion for scenery in the human heart that the wealthy, either in city or country, pay exorbitant prices for their home sites so that they may look out over charming landscapes. The writer has heard it stated that a Swiss emigrant to the monotonous plains of Kansas has been known to die of sheer homesickness for his beloved Alps. If all the people who visit Europe and other parts of the world traveled solely on business or to see the great cities and the works of men's hands, the profits of the transportation companies would be reduced one-half. It is the Lakes of Killarney, the Fjords of Norway, the Rhine and the Pyrenees that draw the crowds.

Different localities are conceded pre-eminence in this respect. If you must have mountain ranges that are perfectly stupendous, you must seek the Himalayas and the Andes; if you will have the highest peaks in Europe west of the Black Sea you must look on the pinnacle of Mt. Blanc and that awful serpent's head, the Matterhorn. If cataracts are your delight, then Niagara in the New World or Zambezi in the Old will satisfy you. If you are searching for the Home of the Precipice and the Falling Waters, your choice will probably be Yosemite. If you hunger to see a river smiling between banks and hills, presenting a series of pictures that change like the kaleidoscope—world-defying in beauty and variety, you must go hungry until you pass up the Hudson. If you pine for geysers, and long to see them spout and play in vast variety you must turn your face to the Yellowstone and delight, incidentally, in its painted cañon and Great Falls. But if your dreams give you no peace until you see the very earth open and display the grandeur of its appalling depths, then stand on the rim of the Grand Cañon of Arizona and tremble as the solid earth yawns beneath you.

Now suppose a person asks, "Where can I find a region where all, or nearly all, the natural wonders find some expression? Where scenery is not only varied, but remarkable?" It has been claimed that New Zealand not only responds to that question, but is the only place on earth that can respond with success.

Let us begin with rivers. There are

"REPOSE" (BULLER RIVER)

streams in Europe and North America that have roused the poet from his lethargy, and the painter from his dreams; that have furnished inspiration to musicians and historians, who have burst into rapture and song at the sight, or the recollection of visions that set the blood tingling. The Danube and the Loire, the Guadalquiver and the St. Lawrence not only move the emotions of those who live in their atmosphere, but those as well who hear of their fame from, perhaps, distant lands. Yet the wonderful islands of the South Sea have rivers that fascinate with all the magic power, though not the deadly slavery of the Sirens of the Isles of Greece. True, these rivers are not remarkable for their magnificent distances, but their poverty of length is compensated by the affluence of their beauty.

In the February issue we presented, among others, two charming views. One of these was the Wanganui River, known on these favored islands as "the Rhine of New Zealand." At times the motionless surface reflects with equal fidelity and impartiality the moss-covered cliffs, the half-naked precipices, the distant hills dozing in the genial warmth, or the overshining stars. There is one spot that has been well named the "Drop Curtain." Here the river becomes deep-throated, forced between walls hewn from the solid rock some time after this old earth was born. Here the stream flows on silently, sullenly. But for the blue sky over and above the palisades that rise at a sharp angle from the water, it would be twilight. The boat glides on, makes a turn at the bend of the river; the sun, far away on the cliff-side, rides out of the mass of foliage; and there on the water, overpowering our eyes with its glow, shines the Pillar of Fire.

Still another of the beautiful streams is Buller River, presented in the same issue, which bears a striking resemblance to our own Tuolumne. Under blue skies and white, fleecy clouds, when Nature is in its most agreeable humor, the very sight of this cur-

rent would move a fisherman to great deeds. In some places impetuous and snarling—like Dolly Varden, prettiest in anger—yet in the lower levels purring along between banks, over which hang masses of glorious forestry and foliage. In this region was taken that gem of art and nature, "Repose."

There are few natural features of which a country is so ready to boast as of its lakes. To hear some enthusiasts talk, one would be led to suppose that Switzerland and Northern New York contained nothing but lakes. How true this assertion we have not time to decide, but the people of New Zealand decided some time ago that they were the sole possessors of the greatest lake country in the world. They did not claim to have a Lake Superior or a Lake Tahoe. Size was not comprehended in their claim, but beauty certainly was; and one must admit that there was something in the claim. Photographs do not generally misrepresent, and the magnificent specimens presented in this and previous issues demonstrate that New Zealand will rival any region on earth when lakes have the floor. In February we displayed a reprint of Lake Ada, near Milford Sound, on the southwest coast. Like a jewel casket thrown open, with the glittering contents tossed about in rich profusion, the marvelous combination of limpid, crystal water reflecting the lines and curves of tree and precipice, foliage at hand and snowy range in the far distance, looking but a mile away. But if the picture haunts one, what can be said of the astonishing scene itself as it bursts upon the bewildered sight. Truly, it will poise in one's dreams, fadeless and pure, like

"The touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

Very wonderful is Lake Te Anau, a picture of the Middle Fjord being given. There is much in this to remind one of our own Lake Tahoe and Emerald Bay. More imposing, if less diversified, is the frosty range called Cathedral Peaks, which overshadows Lake Manapouri, near Milford Sound. Here

MIDDLE FJORD, LAKE TE ANAU.

CATHEDRAL PEAKS, LAKE MANAPOURI

on the dazzling surface of the water, where the ripples reflect the sunlight like star dust, the huge form of the range can be traced. More like a great promontory, rough with crags, the mass bears on its shoulders fields of snow, ice and glaciers, whose simple beauty is too perfect and fleeting to be caught by camera or brush.

Passing from Manapouri, "the loveliest of all the lakes," we may mention Lake Wakatipu, not far from the others mentioned. Above the placid waters of this shimmering sheen the abrupt peaks sulk and tower. Here the mountains hold themselves aloof, as a rule, in contrast to those which hover about Lake Ada and Manapouri, where the great rock masses huddle together for protection.

On the eastern shore is a range of snow-clad mountains called "The Remarkables," and the name has been well given, for a more peculiar aggregation could not well be imagined, for nature has shattered the entire mass into a network of checks. There is probably no other mountain in the world like it. The ranges about this lake vary from seven to nine thousand feet.

The southern half of the lower island cannot claim that it possesses all the beautiful lakes. In the exact center of the upper island is a large sheet of water, Lake Tekapo, then further east is Lake Waikere-Moanu, of which a lovely moonlight picture is given. Here we have a natural conception, surpassing those wonderful compilations of landscape with which the gifted painter sometimes astonishes the lovers of art. We have an assembling of features, some beautiful, some grotesque, some forbidding, others fascinating. The entire effect has a suggestion of mystery, as though the occult forces of air and water, land, light and darkness were made visible to human eye. Forth from the shadows glides stealthy sprite and furtive fay to join the demon's quadrille, while from wooded bluff to rocky promontory rings the cry,

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

To a certain class of people there is a subject which has an unfailing interest, namely, "What are the greatest falls in the world?" Of course, in a discussion on this

LOOKING UP LAKE WAKATIPU FROM PIGEON ISLAND

MOONLIGHT ON LAKE WAIKERE-MOANU

subject, we would omit the great cataracts. Now it seems a pretty well established fact that nearly all the argument on this question is confined to a small spot on the surface of old earth, so small, indeed, that if it should be turned into an arc light, it is doubtful if the Man-in-the-Moon could see it at all. We refer to Yosemite Valley. Yosemite Falls are unquestionably the highest, Nevada the grandest, and (to some people, at least) the Bridal Veil the most beautiful. Many consider that when the Yosemite is at its best it is not only the most beautiful falls, but the most beautiful object in all the world. Sentinel Falls is unquestionably the highest cascade known to man, dropping over 3,000 feet.

But even against the comparison with all this galaxy of stars of the first magnitude, New Zealand certainly does make a brave showing, and it must be admitted that until further evidence be submitted these happy isles surpass any other spot on earth but our own celebrated valley. In the northern island the falls are beautiful, but cannot be regarded as being anything extraordinary.

Fifteen miles from Auckland are the Nihotapu, 100 feet high. Four miles further on, the Waitakerei Falls, 330 feet. In the northern part of the island is the great Wairua Cataract, strongly resembling the American Fall at Niagara; though not nearly so high, it is nevertheless very beautiful.

But to find Yosemite's rival one must travel to the southwestern part of the Southern Island and visit the Milford Sound district. Here we have many of the wonderful features which have made famous that wonderful pocket in the Sierras. The principal difference, however, lies between a necklace and a tape measure. Yosemite is condensed, while the region from Milford Sound to Sutherland Falls is elongated. The former is about ten miles long, the latter is forty. Nevertheless, the beauty and grandeur and the natural wonders comprehended in this region are absolutely overwhelming.

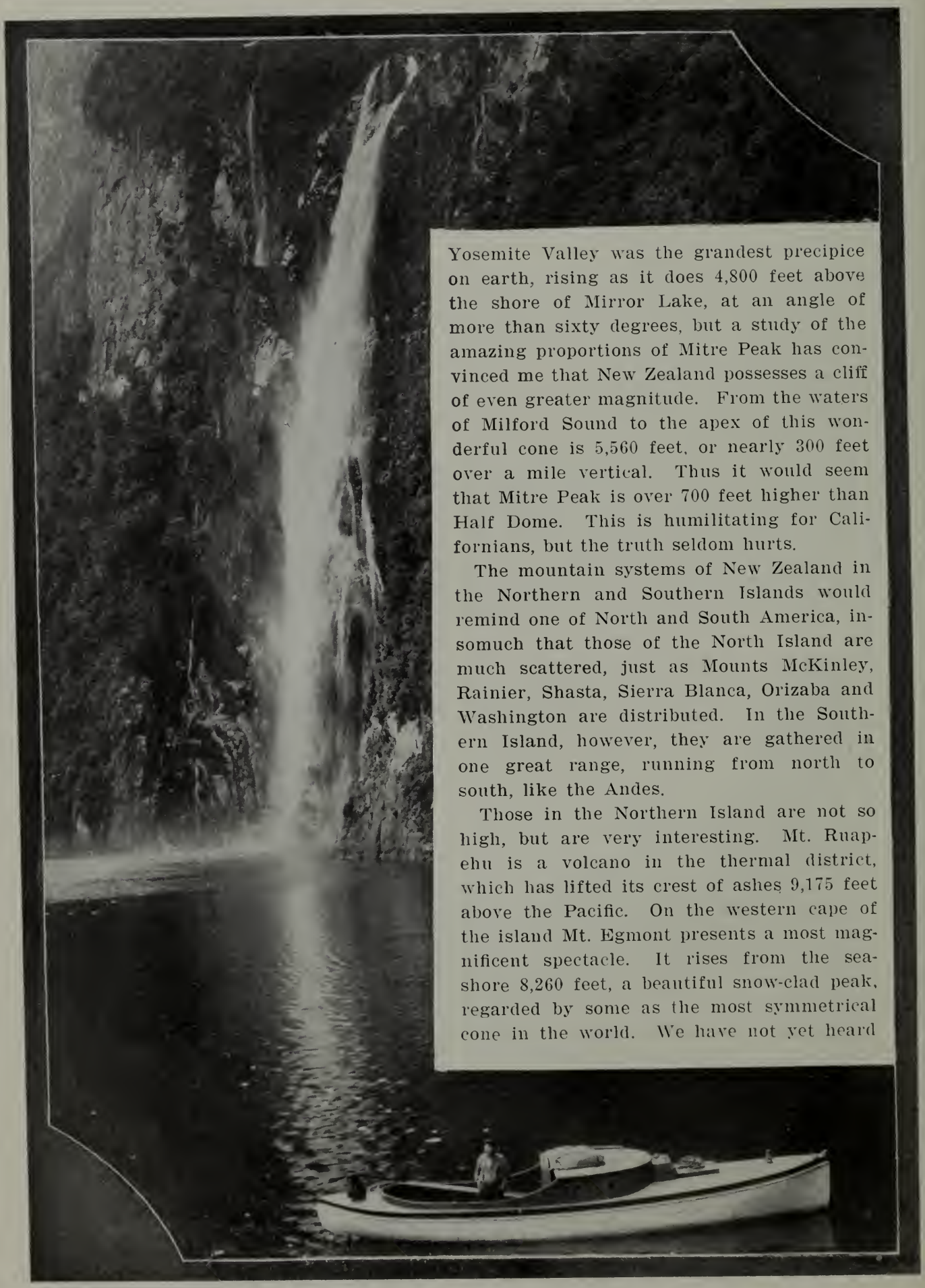
On the coast of Norway are numerous indentations called Fjords. Now, Milford Sound is a Fjord of the most representative

character, being an arm of the sea, walled in by great mountains and precipices. From the cliffs about the estuary wonderful columns of water come tumbling down, one of them from the height of 300 feet, another, having a suggestion of our Vernal Falls, diaphanous as lace and nearly a thousand feet wide. Eight miles from the sea are the Bowen Falls, by some considered the grandest in all New Zealand. Its first leap is about 50 feet, its second 300, the total descent being 540 feet, making a fair rival to our Nevada Falls. Passing up Lake Ada two noted falls are met—the Giant's Gate Fall and Mackey's Falls. We then continue our journey, twenty miles in all from the Sound, and we reach the foot of one of the most remarkable cataracts on earth, the Sutherland Fall. This really consists of three falls, and strange to say they are identical. The first drops about 500 feet, advances perhaps 100 feet and drops another 500. Again there is an advance made and another drop, making a total descent of 1,900 feet. This compares very favorably with Yosemite Falls, which drops 1,500 feet, makes a cataract and then drops 400, or 2,600 feet in all. Be it said to its credit, that the flow of water in the Sutherland is probably greater than in Yosemite.

From where this magnificent fall leaps off into space the prospect embraces one of the proudest regions of earth, and the only one that can compare with Yosemite Valley for so much beauty and grandeur in so small a compass. About nine miles away is Lake Ada, before described, and on the right the Sheerdown Mountains, from three to four thousand feet above the water, standing there as though the very clouds had petrified to ice and snow. A turn is taken to the west when Milford Sound is reached, but now the waterfalls are forgotten, for we are gazing on an amazing array of peaks, running up to five and six thousand feet in the background—but one in the foreground claims our attention.

I had always supposed that Half Dome in

MITRE PEAK AND SINBAD GULLY, MILFORD SOUND



Yosemite Valley was the grandest precipice on earth, rising as it does 4,800 feet above the shore of Mirror Lake, at an angle of more than sixty degrees, but a study of the amazing proportions of Mitre Peak has convinced me that New Zealand possesses a cliff of even greater magnitude. From the waters of Milford Sound to the apex of this wonderful cone is 5,560 feet, or nearly 300 feet over a mile vertical. Thus it would seem that Mitre Peak is over 700 feet higher than Half Dome. This is humilitating for Californians, but the truth seldom hurts.

The mountain systems of New Zealand in the Northern and Southern Islands would remind one of North and South America, insomuch that those of the North Island are much scattered, just as Mounts McKinley, Rainier, Shasta, Sierra Blanca, Orizaba and Washington are distributed. In the Southern Island, however, they are gathered in one great range, running from north to south, like the Andes.

Those in the Northern Island are not so high, but are very interesting. Mt. Ruapehu is a volcano in the thermal district, which has lifted its crest of ashes 9,175 feet above the Pacific. On the western cape of the island Mt. Egmont presents a most magnificent spectacle. It rises from the seashore 8,260 feet, a beautiful snow-clad peak, regarded by some as the most symmetrical cone in the world. We have not yet heard

STERLING FALLS, MILFORD SOUND

WAIMANGU GEYSER IN ERUPTION

MT. COOK AND HOOKER RIVER

WAIROA GEYSER, NEW ZEALAND

whether Shasta or Fujiyama have taken offense at this slight.

In the Southern Island, the highest peaks and a myriad of lesser ones form what are known as the Southern Alps, and it might be well to pause a moment to observe that the relative position of these islands on the globe is the same as California; that is, they are about 40° above and below the equator. The climate on the plains is about the same as our own, but just as soon as one enters or glances up at the mountains the difference becomes startling. Last Summer the writer camped in comfort on the 8,000-foot level and encountered only little patches of snow on peaks ranging from 9,100 feet to 10,900. In the islands of which we speak snow is encountered at 4,000 feet

FRANCIS JOSEPH GLACIER, FROM SENTINEL ROCK

and glaciers at 5,000. Consequently Mt. Sefton, a magnificent peak of 10,350 feet, is nearly as forbidding as Mt. Shasta (14,400 feet) and Mt. Hector similarly rivals Mt. Hood.

When the tremendous forces which shouldered this great range into position were about to retire they gave one more push and urged up the center of the mass. As a consequence Mt. Cook, 12,350 feet, and Mt. Tasman, 11,475, with many others nearly as tall, form a sort of dome to this little continent, midway between the north and the south. The appearance of these peaks is imposing to a degree that is beyond description. They stand like the very sentinels of Heaven in their uniforms of white, the symbols of a majesty and power too vast for us to comprehend.

We are happy to present to the reader a splendid picture of Mt. Cook which conveys an impression that words can never attain. On the east is the great Tasman Glacier. On the west is the Francis Joseph Glacier, a wonderful object, which we are able to make more familiar by the aid of another splendid photograph herewith presented.

THE ROAD TO VAGABONDIA

NO sign-posts show which way to go,
There is no book from which to learn;
One may stop here, or there, and lo!
Its gates are just beyond the turn.

—*Roscoe Brumbaugh.*

LINES TO A BURRO

YOU are ugly, little burro,
But you calmly tread the furrow
That your master marks for you.
And somehow there's a beauty in it,
A lesson in each plodding minute
I would have you teach me, too,
Little burro.

You're a stoic, little burro,
And the lashes of the furrow
Fall but lightly on your back.
Perhaps your way is better;
You help me bear the pain of fetter
And ease the grinding of a rack,
Little burro.

You are patient, little burro,
Tho' the high and stony furrow
Leads to only food and stall.
But you show the way beyond you,
Past the furrow where I found you,
And your lesson holds it all,
Little burro!

—*Maurice Smiley.*

A BEAR HUNT IN THE ANIMAS

By J. A. ("Jerky") Johnson.

I REACHED the Animas Mountains one evening just at dark. My packer, a Texas lad whom I had employed to assist me, hastily picketed out our four mustangs and kindled a fire, while I got out the cooking utensils and soon prepared a supper of coffee, venison and slapjacks.

"We won't pitch tent to-night," I said; "we may move a little further up into the mountains to-morrow."

"This is about our best place," said Tex; "there is plenty of open ground here to picket our horses on. We can picket one and hobble the rest, and they'll do better than up thar where the lions and bears would scare the hobbled horses out of the hills, and make the one on picket break his fool neck."

"Well, Tex, I would like to get once more in a country where vermin is that plentiful, but we must keep our horses on good feed or we will soon be on foot—and these bluejay boots of yours won't stand much 'foot-back' work," I said. Texans all just wear their heeled boots out; they only change their spurs when they change boots, and never take them off until they are ready to throw their old boots away.

"Well," said Tex, "when I was with the 'Diamond A' outfit the wolves used to trot across the trail like dogs, and the lions averaged one kill on saddle horses, over in the deer Creek pasture, every two days. The bears wallowed so much in the Indian Springs that the cattle wouldn't drink the water."

"Well, I will exterminate them in jig shape," I said, as I tossed a slapjack to turn it and caught half of it in the pan, the other half in the fire as some gray wolves set up their evening hymn; they had smelled the meat cooking and their mouths watered. "Get that green deer hide, Tex, and throw it on the coals; we will put out some traps after supper."

"If we roast that skin it will likely draw more than wolves, for I have seen more bear tracks in this country than kid tracks around a country school house," said Tex.

So after supper we put out three wolf traps and made a drag of the roasted pelt, which was well singed. About two hundred yards up the creek I staked out the hide and piled some heavy rocks on it; then fastening the three chains together I set three No. 4 wolf traps about it. In the morning at daybreak the traps were gone and so was the pelt; it was not light enough to track good, so I went and moved the horses on to new ground and returned to camp. Tex was snoring away, but I soon raised him. Tex was a quick dresser, for his boots was all he ever took off.

"Let's go and track 'em up before breakfast," said he, but I was too keen on my feed for that.

"No, we will eat first and then we will saddle up and follow the drag; if it is a wolf it will go a long way in open country, and then I am anxious to take a turn up in the high range and look for bear and lion sign. We can put out all the wolf traps this evening."

So after breakfast our two best mustangs were saddled and we made off on the track. This was difficult to hold for some time; the ground being hard and rocky the two dragging traps made little sign. Finally it took up along a dry creek bed where there was patches of sand, and here I first saw the track of our game. "It's a lion, Tex, and a big one." "There he goes!" said Tex, and bounced out of his saddle as if he had sat down on a yellow jacket. The old fellow was

OUR PACK OUTFIT, ANIMAS FOOTHILLS

making a fine run through some *chinope* and catclaw brush and I took after him, spurring my pony every jump. As I overtook him he stopped, and crouching a little he stood as still as a statue, like a pointer on a quail, holding up the forefoot with the trap on it. I did not dismount for the shot, and swinging my rifle to my shoulder broke his neck. A beauty he was—8 feet 8 inches from tip to tip, with a very heavy black tassel at the end of his tail.

"I wonder we ever got him," said Tex; "he could run a hundred miles with that little weight ter him."

"Well," said I, "if we would have tied a heavy chunk to the traps like you wanted to, he would have pulled those two toes out of the jaws and streaked away like a dog with a tin can to him. When you have trapped twenty-five years like me, you will learn never to use a heavy weight. When animals are first caught they are furious, and use great exertion to get free; but if they can travel a while they will get tired, and the hurt feet get more sore, and they will yield to the pain that the traveling causes them and will seek the first cover and remain quiet until pursued or till thirst or hunger causes them to move."

I left Tex to take the hide to camp to salt it and draw the feet, as I wanted the hide for mounting purposes, never expecting to get another as large; however, later in the season I got another one in Old Mexico which measured 9 feet 3 inches, but not as large a lion, being much slimmer and not near as heavy.

A short distance from where I left Tex I saw a cow standing looking down in a ravine, and I rode up to see the cause. There lay her calf, and as it was breathing I thought it had fallen in the ravine and could not get up. So I hitched my horse and as I went to lift the little fellow out I could see dry blood on his neck and across the small of his back. I carried him out on the flat and stood him on his feet, but his neck was so injured that he would only take a step and fall, and I saw that a piece was torn from one ham. The distance the tusk

marks were apart on the neck and back showed it was a large bear that had half done this work and I said: "Well, little fellow, I will put you out of your misery and make it very interesting for the bear that left you in this condition."

I killed and drew the calf and hung it up on a scrub oak by one hamstring, then I set out to search for the track, which I found to be that of a fair sized grizzly. He went back up the same cañon he had come down, but after following the trail to a spring I lost it. Bears' tracks here came from all directions and went the same way. They were pretty much the same size tracks, but from close observation I could tell there were about five bears watering there, and they all seemed to have been made within two or three days.

"This looks good to me," I said, and, after a short circle through the woods, I lost no time in getting back to camp.

"Catch the broncs and saddle up," I said; "put on the pack-saddles." "Wal, what have you killed now?" asked Tex. "Nothing; only a crippled calf. We must get everything to work at once; bear traps set, guns and all."

"You found tracks, eh? Well, I said you would. I know this country," declared Tex. "You set them three wolf traps again to-night were they were last night, and you'll get another lion. I found the hide fifty yards from there, covered up with trash, and I know 'twas a lion's work.

I set the forty-five pound bear trap with the entrails of the calf, and quartering up the calf I put it in the *ciapes* on the pack horse and we set out for the spring. Just below the spring I set the No. 5 bear trap, baiting it with the calf's head and neck. Above the spring I set the .50-70 spring gun, using a piece of the ham about the size of your fist for bait; the copper wire was fastened to this and then run back to a lever, which was made with a forked stick and straddles the stock just behind the hammer, with a cross piece in front of the trigger. The wire or cord runs from the chunk of meat and is fastened to the lever; a very light pull at the bait will pull the trigger, and then there's something doing!

A little further up the cañon I set my double action 44-revolver; this is a novel instrument for this purpose. When an animal pulls the bait he lets go again, like the boy

"THERE WERE ABOUT FIVE BEARS WATERING HERE"

that caught the wasp; after the shot is fired the trigger creeps ahead, and when the next one comes along and pulls, the hammer raises again and the cylinder revolves and he gets his—and so on, till the revolver is empty. The animals can never take away the bait till the pistol is empty in this instance, while they often take the bait from a single shooting rifle. The first one gets shot, but the next one is the lucky duck and gets off scot free with the dope.

After hanging the balance of the meat high up in the trees by ropes so it could not be reached, we set out for the low hills to set wolf traps, preparatory to an early start in the morning, as I fully expected to have at least three bear and one or two wolves or lions to skin, and their carcasses to destroy. One must never leave the bodies of dead animals on his hunting grounds, or the others will invariably abandon the country; bear especially are quick to take a hint. I usually destroy by burning the bodies up.

After setting twelve wolf traps in three lots around the roasted hide next morning, a fine full grown Mexican skunk was all we caught. We did not disturb this gentleman, but went after bigger game. A few yards below, where we had set the 45-pound bear trap, we found in it the largest wolf I ever saw; he was caught by the hind leg. But a wolf was not what I expected nor what was wanted; the rest of the outfit was left unmolested, and I returned and reset the 45-pound trap.

I left Tex. to make the round of the traps the next day and started out to explore the top of the Animas, where they said some old Indian hold-outs were. When half way up the north slope of the mountains I saw two bear coming in my direction, but at a distance of six or seven hundred yards. When they were out of sight in the cañon I hitched my horse and went on foot. The wind swung around in their favor and I lost time in guarding against this, having to keep higher and further to the west than I wished.

When I came out on a cliff, where I could see pretty well all over the cañon, I watched for some time, and finally concluded they had bedded down in the quaking asp thickets in the bottom of the cañon; so, shoving a rock from the bluff, I watched carefully. Rock after rock rolled down into the brush till the walls of the cañon echoed with their thumping, but no bears came out. A white tail buck ascended the other side of the cañon, but he had no attraction for me, as I am opposed to killing deer, unless absolutely in need of meat.

Going over to the side where I saw the two bears, I found they had turned and followed their back track while I had been out of sight. Had they winded me? Well, that was their business, I thought, and I followed them on a trot as long as they were on loose, damp ground; then the side of the mountain got more rocky, and I had to circle more to find the track. Here and there, though, after I got their course, I could make good time. One who follows hunting for a living soon learns to trail as much by instinct as by track. A bear, when traveling, goes nearly straight; when feeding, he goes any old way, nowhere in particular, moseying where his nose leads him.

The trail soon took me a long way from my horse and seemed to be leading nowhere —just kept going! I knew there was something uncommon about these bears traveling all day. When I at last had reached the top of the ridge (Hog Back), I sat down on a rock to roll a cigarette, when I again saw the two bears about the same distance away as they were in the fore part of the day. Although I had a fair shot, I knew it would be a scratch to hit one with my 30-calibre, and, as they were headed toward where guns were waiting them at short range, I decided on going back for my horse and trying to make camp before dark.

As I had taken no lunch with me, my knees had already begun to knock, and there was about seven miles of rough country between me and my saddle. I felt as if I didn't care if I never saw a silver-tip as long as I lived. When I at last reached camp and unsaddled, the coffee pot was my first thing in hand after unsaddling. I drank half a pot of cold coffee, ate a can of lobsters without any bread, and, lying down on my bunk, swore that I would invent a flying machine to hunt bear after this, and also would hire a cook.

Just then Tex came in, and I thought he looked about like I felt. He was chuck full

"TEX WAS EMPTY AT STOMACH"

of business and bear trails, but, like myself, very empty at stomach.

"Give your horse some grain, Tex. He looks like nothing before day," I said. "Wall, he ain't hungry at all," said Tex; "he got about fours hours' grazing while I was trailing up nothing."

"Well, did you get what you was trailing?" I asked.

"Yes—and that was all. What did you get?"

"The same as you, Tex."

"Well, you better go up and shut that repeatin' we'pe'n off to-morrow, or it will have all the bear in the woods crippled or scared out," said he. "It's been shot empty and the bait is gone; the wire pulled loose and it's pointing around south—no telling how many times it's shot backwards. But the old cannon got in its work; it had blowed out this piece of bone from a mighty big one, and there's lots of blood for a good ways. But the sign gave out and I couldn't find blood-track or nothing. No traps were throwed. The rangers met me at the forks this morning, and they thought some one was lost up there last night; they said there was a half dozen shots fired during the night, and they had shot signal shots and built their camp-fire up and sit up most all night, keeping up a big fire to attract the lost person. I rebait and reloaded the pistol and the old pumpkin slinger."

"I am sorry you reloaded the revolver. I will take it in to-morrow."

After supper I fell asleep, with Tex still growling about his hard luck at tracking. We were off at early dawn, and on reaching the place where Tex had seen the last blood, I took a wide circle and found the track of a medium-sized bear. When she crossed the creek I could see a mark on the sand, showing she was dragging one fore leg, which was broken at the shoulder, and after a great deal of hard tracking for about three miles, she came out about 300 yards from us.

I dropped her the first shot, but after fighting herself a moment, she started again, when I dropped her once more. Then I looked at Tex. He was pulling hard at the trigger of his .30 carbine.

"Cock your gun, Tex, and get in," I said, as the bear again came in sight. We both shot, and Tex sent a full jacketed slug clear through her; I was using soft points.

Then she did the most remarkable thing I have ever seen a bear do. We had our guns empty in less time than you could think, and while we filled our magazines she never quit bawling and running around on her hind feet. She reminded me of a big fat woman running. Then she either seemed to locate us or want to go back the way she came, or had gone, rather; as she came we again emptied our guns, which by this time had got so hot that we could hardly see the sights or hold them.

"Have you any cartridges left, Tex?" I asked. "I am out." Tex was a little way from me, and as he came, taking out some seven or eight cartridges from his belt, I poured all the water in my canteen through and over the barrel of my gun.

"Here's all I got," said Tex, as he gave me the cartridges and went to a piñon pine—to get in the shade, I suppose, for it was quite warm in that particular place just then. I had just got my gun ready when she was there—both fore legs hanging at her side and blood and dirt all over.

When within about twenty steps I shot her fair in the sticking place; down she went and was up, as quick as I could pump in another cartridge. This I repeated three times, I think, in about so many seconds. The last time she tried to rise, but her whole heart was shot loose and she was gone for blood. I then gave her another in the neck behind the ear, and, though she breathed some time, she did not try to rise again.

ONE OF THE BEARS WE KILLED

I joined Tex, and we lay in the shade and fanned ourselves with our hats till she quit breathing. When we got her hide off we could count 28 holes; only two bullets had gone clear through, though she had been shot from all sides.

We burned the carcass up with dead juniper logs, making the cremation on a flat rock which was full of hieroglyphics made by Indians. She was fairly fat, and we had a fine fire. After it was all burned till only the white bones were left, we removed the coals and bones and got about a half pound or more of lead and jackets in the clean-up.

On our return to camp, we found the 45 trap gone; it had been dragged off by a bear that made twice as large a track as the one which we had got. Things were surely coming our way, now. After crossing the cañon to the east the bear had gone to the south hillside, where there was a thicket of some five or six acres of live oak. "He will stop in there," I said, as we came to the edge. We could see the marks of the big trap quite plain all the way; as he was caught by the left hind foot, the trap dragged heavy on the ground, instead of being partly carried.

When caught by a fore foot a bear carries the trap some, till he gets tired, letting it drag on the ground as little as possible. I always leave a 45 pound trap loose, so a bear can drag it around. A No. 5 offset jaw can be used with a clog or fastened stationary if one desires; if the trap catches him above or around the foot he cannot get loose, for the trap will not cut his foot or leg off. The old style 45-pound traps come together like a vice, and the 18-inch springs keep closing all the time till the bone is broken; then, if not found in time, the foot will soon be cut the rest of the way off, the sinews will be pulled out, and about the third or fourth day after he is caught he is free. This has happened to me several times.

"Go around to the other side, Tex, and I will hitch my horse here and track him through."

When Tex had time to reach the other side of the thicket I started through. When I was about the middle I heard Tex let out

a yell that would make a man in brush scramble for an open place. He only yelled, "Here!" That was all he had time to say. I could hear his horse running, and when I got to the edge of the brush Tex and the bear were going around the side hill. Tex was whipping and spurring with both heels and hands, the old bear was close at him, and, as they got opposite me, I fired three shots. I was out of breath and excited and missed every time, though the bear was not a hundred yards away.

As I pulled for the fourth shot they had come to a mass of loose rock. The horse stumbled and clambered over, but when he was again straight the bear was to him. As he passed the horse he seemed to carry the horse's hind legs out from under him and this brought the horse over backwards, and the rider was forced to throw himself from the saddle to keep the horse from mashing him in the rough broken boulders; at the same time the bear took a header among the rocks.

They were all too near together for me to shoot, and my blood stood ten degrees below zero and I know I didn't draw a breath for several seconds. They were all up again at the same time, but old *Vinagerone*, as we called him, had his "git up" qualities roused and he did not give his rider a chance to swing to the saddle. Tex could sure have made the swing, for he was a fine horseman. As it was, a tail holt was all he could get, and a good tail holt is all right; but the old mustang had the scent of the bear in his nostrils and seemed to think it had him by the tail. The way he bucked down the hill, with Tex taking in about fifteen yards at a stride, made me hellarious.

"Stay with him, Tex," I yelled, and then fired at the grizzly, which had to climb back over the rock pile, and so lost a few seconds. Now, this was not the "dead shot" that Buffalo Bill and many others always made in the nick of time, but it stopped him just the same. Although I had pulled at his shoulder, I got him through the nose, just in front of the eyes. It knocked him down, and he got up cuffing his head scandalous. I gave him another, which made him try to stand on his heads in the rocks, perhaps so that I would

"NOT A BUFFALO BILL' SHOT . . . BUT IT STOPPED HIM JUST THE SAME"

quit hitting him in the head, for the next shot broke both his under jaws.

By this time the horse was running so fast down the hill that Tex had to let go his holt, and, as he was under good headway, he went on down the hill like a rocket. I emptied my magazine at the bear. Then I had to run some distance to where my horse was tied to get more cartridges, as I always kept two boxes in the *cantanas* on my saddle. Filling my gun, I took a turn at him on horseback. When I got to where I had left him doing stunts among the rocks, he was still there; a shot in the neck showed he had give it up.

"Go catch my horse!" shouted Tex from the tip top of a sycamore tree in the cañon.

When I went to put my lariat on the bear to drag him to the cañon I saw his left hind foot was off. He had lodged the trap in the fork of a sapling, and had there hung and twisted his foot so near off that when Tex came near he pulled loose and made for him. As Tex had no time to pull his gun he had to make a rough ride for his life. When I got to the cañon with the bear Tex slid down the slick-bodied tree.

"How in the world did you get up there, Tex? You told me the other day you was no climber when I asked you to go up a tree and draw that meat up."

"Well, I didn't climb at all," said he, kind of sheepish! "I just simply flew up. If you'd had that feller breathin' on the back of your neck for 200 yards like I did you would have climbed plumb out of the top of that scrub tree! Why didn't you knock him down sooner?"

"I don't know, Tex, without it was you made so much wind with your hands and feet that it blew the bullets to one side. You can ride my horse to camp and I will walk. Your horse is at the camp before now."

"Yes, and twenty miles the other side of there, if he is still goin' like he was when I let go his tail!"

PUSSY WILLOWS

A GROUP of shining brown buds on a leafless tree:
Sway little brown buds, sway!
Do not heed the North wind, nor the teasing breeze,
They will pass with dying day.

A myriad of white heads peeping from the buds:
Peep—little white heads—peep!
A gentle rain is falling—open wide your hearts,
And forth from your cradles creep.

The creaking tree's a-glisten with dancing pussies gay—
Dear little pussies, glisten!
The world is all aglow with the breath of early Spring;
To the music of her voice—come, listen!

A million little pussies in coats of silver fur,
Up in the branches swinging.
The naughty sun's a-peeping—ah! now he's stole a kiss—
And the pussy willows all are a-singing!

—*Agnes Lockhart Hughes.*

A SONG OF LIFE

SING me a song of the melting snow—
Of the leaping brooks in the woodland wild,
Of the pleasant paths where lovers go
Gathering the starry flowers that blow
Where Spring has smiled.

Sing me a song of the springtime rain—
Of the lowing kine and the dripping eaves,
Of the snowdrops peeping out again
And the shy wild lilies hid in the glen
Midst the brown dead leaves.

Sing me a song of the summer here—
Of the noonday hush in the forest cool,
Of the checkered shadows in the brook
That flows through many a pleasant nook,
Past the swimming pool.

Sing me a song of the summer time—
Of the scented hay in the buried wain,
Of the clover the bees boom through and through,
Of the swallows that flash in the living blue,
Of the ripening grain.

Sing me a song of the gladsome days—
Of a people free in a fruitful land,
Of the golden sheen of the harvest haze,
Of the shadowy, balsam-scented ways;
Of a maid that the autumn shall crown a wife,
Of the leaping blood and the joy of life
And a strong right hand.

—*Harry Dominy.*

A WEEK ON THE CARMEL

By Dr. B. F. Coleman.

A FEW weeks ago, while on a business trip in Pacific Grove, I dropped in at the "Grove Bakery," to see my friend, I. K. Miller. As I passed in the door I recognized a beautiful buck head in the window as one that I had mounted for him a few months before. "Hello, Miller—I just thought I'd drop in and hear if you enjoyed your last season's hunt."

"Well, I should say I did, Doc.," replied Miller, as he shook my hand warmly. As a story is always best as the hunter tells it, I shall endeavor to tell it as 'twas told to me.

"The deer season was drawing to a close. Business had commanded a great deal of attention and each day found me praying for a lull before the 15th of October. The first rolled by and things began to slacken. About the third I even ventured to peep at my 32-special, and on the fourth I addressed two letters, one to my friend, Watson, and the other to my brother, Chris. The result was that six o'clock on the morning of the seventh found all three of us snugly packed in around our week's rations, in my light spring wagon, headed for our preserve in Denico Cañon on the Carmel, about thirty-eight miles from Pacific Grove.

"I tell you that was a great ride that morning! Having laid aside business cares, we were thoroughly in a condition to enjoy every task and call it fun—and any of us who have that appetite for deer hunting and have satisfied it by perserverance crowned with success, know that there are a few hardships that are no fun.

"We drove up the Carmel River just as far as possible, stored the wagon at a deserted ranch house, and threw the saddles on our two horses. Two more miles and we would be at camp. But those two miles were 'miner's miles,' and straight up, too. We were getting to where there was too much land for the acreage room, so it had been piled. I thought we would never get over that mountain; close indoor work puts poor pins under the best of us.

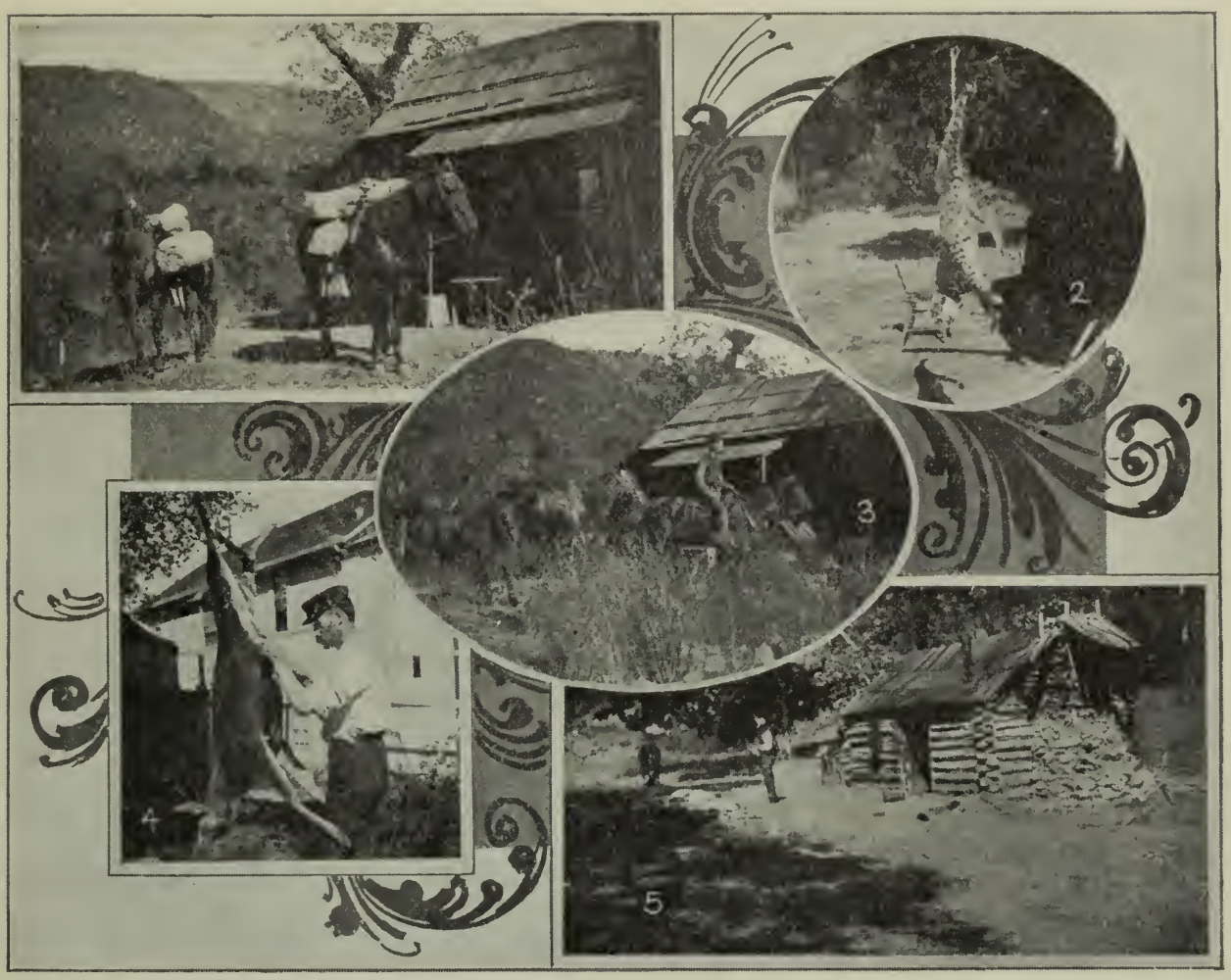
"At last we came in sight of our little log cabin, and a welcome sight it was, I tell you! While brother Chris and I arranged camp by fixing up the bunks, chasing out the rats, mashing a tarantula, etc., Watson went down to the stream near by and was back in a few minutes with enough trout for three hungry men. Without ceremony we soon settled supper with a peaceful pipe and turned in.

"'Irwin! Irwin! get your gun!' I sat up in bed, and there was Chris looking out the window from his bunk. 'There comes a bob-cat!'

"I threw in a shell and carefully opened the door. In the gray dawn of daylight there stood a 'whopper.' Well, to make his tale shorter, there's his pelt in front of that table. Isn't it a beauty?

"The first hunt we decided to go up Rattlesnake Cañon. We hadn't gone far before signs proved to us that deer were ranging there. We separated and worked on slowly up the cañon. A snort!—*chug-chug*, and out jumped a doe and fawn. How gracefully they bounded away and how my heart was pounding away, too, as I listened to a smashing and crashing of brush higher up on the ridge! 'I hope Chris. gets a sight of him,' thought I. *Crack! crack!* echoed thro' the cañon, telling me that Chris had put a sight on him. I worked to the top and there found Chris dressing a fine spike. Then came some more of that 'fun' I spoke of awhile ago.

"The next forenoon we spent in making 'jerky.' Then began a battle royal—yellow-jackets became thicker and thicker, until we



1—OUR PACK OUTFIT
2—THE BOB CAT
3—THE DESERTED RANCHO
4—A GOOD BUCK
5—OUR LOG CABIN

had to build smudges all along under the lines. Friend Watson was presented with an eye-closer before the task was ended.

"The following forenoon we thought we'd take an easy hunt and not go far from camp. I had gone but a few hundred yards when out jumped a spike, and at the crack of my rifle he turned a complete somersault and fell dead. The fates were seemingly smiling upon us.

"After a day's rest at increasing our sack of 'jerky' and decreasing our supply of beans, we were again thinking of hunting the antlered lord of the woods. That morning Chris and I were stretching a piece of barbed-wire across the mouth of a small cañon to keep the horses from straying, when we discovered some tracks in the sand. I contended that they were made by a calf; Chris said by a buck. We followed them a ways up the cañon and I finally came to the same conclusion as Chris. 'Say, Chris, he must be a whopper and heavy, too. Look how those points separate where he stepped in that soft dirt.' 'We'll make a try for him this afternoon; those tracks were made early this morning,' said Chris.

"By two o'clock we were ready, and although the October sun was still scorching, we concluded to work out a ways from camp, anyway. We started up the cañon where we saw the large tracks and soon came upon more tracks and signs. I bore off to the left and up the hillside. After climbing nearly to the top I could see that the cañon opened out against the main mountain, so I called to Chris, who was still in the bottom, that he was 'up against it.' 'Well,' he answered, 'there are too many fresh tracks to leave. I have found a regular beaten trail here, so I'll follow it awhile.'

"I poked along and finally gained the summit of the ridge. Here I was barred from further progress by a mass of thick

brush. Now I was up against it, sure, so I turned and was retracing my steps when suddenly my attention was attracted by a crackling of dry brush. At first I thought it was Chris—but how did he get there so quickly? The noise ceased and a whistling snort drew my attention to a small ridge close at hand, and there stood the prettiest, largest and fattest buck I ever saw, and a four-point, too, for with all my excitement I could see them plainly. *Crack! crack!*—he wheeled and dashed wildly down the ridge. I knew that, unless wounded, he would surely go up the cañon, and of necessity come into view on the opposite side about 225 yards distant; so I made ready for him and waited. With a bound he came into view, traveling the trail Chris was on. *Crack!* He staggered, and with his next attempt at a leap I saw that his front leg was broken at the shoulder joint. I fired several more shots and finally broke his left hind leg. 'What's all your noise about?' called Chris from a low ridge further up the cañon.

"'I've got that big fellow down and he's a whopper, too. He's right below you, there behind that juniper bush. Work down easy and put him out of his misery.'

"Chris soon put the big fellow out, and sat down to wait for me. 'Well, brother, you certainly have a buck this time,' said he. We could not even lift him up, so swung him to a tree and I dressed him while Chris went for the horse.

"Then came some more of that 'fun.' We finally had to cut the neck and head off before we could get him on the saddle. Camp was reached at dusk. I removed the hide that night and split the carcass in half so it would cool off well during the night. Next morning at four I was on the trail with half the meat and the head. He dressed 179 pounds, and you know that's going some for a blacktail. That's the head there in my show window, and I consider it the best of all my trophies, Doctor. I went back the next day and returned with Chris and friend Watson, who had killed another forked-horn in my absence ——

"There! I thought I'd lose myself, Miller; there's my train whistling."

"Good bye, old boy; hope you get his mate next year!"

JOAQUIN MILLER

OUT from the Shores of Silence, up from the Seas of Dream,
Like the silvery knell of a mission bell, or the song of a mountain stream—

Up from the Vales of Slumber, out upon Memory's Wing,
Like the sigh of a southern zephyr, or the flow of a crystal spring.

Sweet as the night-bird's story, soft as the pines' refrain,
Comes to my heart the echo, comes to my soul the strain:

A song thou hast sung in sorrow—a chord of the Long Ago—
With a careless rhyme and a laughing chime, but the throb of a latent woe;

And oft I have asked and wondered if deep in thy life there lies
The ghost of some sacred secret, breathing those solemn sighs—

Some specter of hope or sorrow, wafting a muffled moan
Through all of thy master-music, haunting its wondrous tone:

The thrill of some lonely longing, the leaves of some faded flower,
Giving thy heart its sweetness, yielding thy soul its power.

I know not the cause behind it: I know not the What or Why;
But I know that thy rhyme has a subtle chime that will never—no, never die!

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

ON WHISTLER'S BEND

By J. E. Sawyers.

TOM Wharton, a friendly fisherman, had often related to me interesting fishing stories and told of the abundance of speckled beauties, and how easily they could be fooled with gaudy flies and spinning spoons "up in Whistler's Bend," where the North Umpqua winds through the abrupt mountains.

And to convince me, for I was a sort of a doubting Thomas, he agreed to take me a-fishin' and furnish a conveyance; my part of the bargain was to get up at 4 A. M. and be ready to start for the noted fishing pools and rapids twelve miles away.

The dawn of that pearl gray October morning found us on our journey, facing a crisp, piercing east wind. But the abundance of game along the way caused us to forget for the time that we were goin' a-fishing. In the fields about us sportsmen and dogs were pursuing the Mongolian pheasants, while amid the pathless ways others were in quest of quails and ruffed grouse. But we reached our destination while the sun was still near the horizon and beheld the broad, silvery river rushing, as if mad, on its seaward way.

Tom, standing up, pointing out the likely places, said "There are rattlesnakes here, too," and this caused my heart to shrink a little, for I was assured that we had no "snake bite" remedy with us. And I also felt somewhat skeptical about the possibilities of the day's angling, but the confident air of my friend encouraged me, and I became more hopeful as I watched him testing his line and reel. Then I reluctantly changed shoes, for Tom said "we'd have to wade some to get at 'em," so each put on an old pair of shoes that were "holey" enough to let the water out.

Flies I had stacks of, but really didn't know which to use. Then I had a goodly supply of spoon hooks; but my spare pocket contained a can full of worms, and I confess that I placed more reliance in them than any other portion of my outfit.

Tom kindly instructed me to wade across the river just above the main rapids; and the icy water, fresh from the snow peaks, swirling and roaring, chilled my spirit; but when I had reached the opposite bank, 125 yards distant, and was thoroughly soaked up to the belt, I began to realize the glories of the angler.

A triumphant yell startled me, and on looking back I saw Tom in midstream, endeavoring to land a trout. Wide-mouthed and with bulging eyes, I watched the performance and saw the silvery captive drop into the basket. Time and time again I saw my friend landing splendid specimens of mountain trout, but my line drifted aimlessly.

Many unsuccessful casts failed to attract any unsuspecting trout; but a slip and a ducking in the cold, seething current changed my luck; my clothing being well soaked, I felt no aversion to the swirling, mocking river. Meanwhile Tom was adding many trout to his catch.

While I was familiarizing myself with its gurgling life, my reel screeched with wild delight as a healthy trout measured my line all too fast. The metallic music of the reel and the flashing sides of the active victim thrilled me even more than my first fish of the almost forgotten past. And when the trout was landed I held him up for Tom to behold; his satisfied look seemed to say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; now try again." It is astonishing how much encouragement one feels with his small success, and how it enhances one's visions of the prospective day's sport.

SOME REMEMBRANCES OF OUR DAY ON WHISTLER'S BEND

But all of the pleasures of angling are not confined to the mere landing of a luckless fish; for the water music adds its charming harmonies to the inspiring voices of the wind playing through the forests on either side of the trout-ladened stream.

Standing kneedeep in the snow-water, one watches the frail line as the fly settles on the clear, green pool at the foot of the roaring falls, where the water beads race toward the foaming flow to join the crowding current on its frenzied journey. The tingle of cold water is forgotten as the angler watches the golden sunlight shafts piercing through the branches, painting the quiet shaded pools with fascinating beauty.

Here the fisherman unconsciously reels in the line, and in another moment the gaudy colored fly gives way to a plain hook, baited with a worm. Then he watches his line follow the current to the big pool, where the baited hook sinks, while the expectant angler waits and waits.

Standing out there in the big happy river, which is talking to itself, he inhales the balsamy fragrance of the green forests about him; and the up-river wind brings the odor of frost-bitten leaves and flowers, reminding him of the vanishing season.

Great trout lie deep down in that pool, but perhaps the man scent on the bait warns the evasive fish, or else his keen eye detects the deception. Then cautiously, step by step, the angler moves across the furious stream, overcoming the ponderous pressure of the current; but he is forcibly reminded that the wicked stand on slippery places.

As the line moves gradually across the stream, a gleaming, racing, silvery object in the crystal water, rushing over the gravel bed of white and gold, pulls the indifferent line taut, and the angler's face lights up

with anxious desire. The cadence of the reel's tremulous voice sings rhythmically for a moment, then breaks into a joyous, screeching laughter, while the puzzled fisherman struggles to subdue the prize.

Thus the day's fishing went on with its ever changing incidents. At times we were between towering mountains, tinted with the luxuriant colorings of Fall, then for a while where farms lay on each side of the river, but always amid the enchanting influence of the "living water."

Many inviting rapids and pools were fished with keen anxiety, and abundance of fish were in evidence everywhere. The constant babble of the racing, plunging waters, with now and then a trout darting away at sight of the intruders, enlivened every moment of the day's fishing. But however successful the sporting features of such a day may be, I confess that the lofty mountains and their evergreen forests held my attention even more than the finny tribe. Then the invigorating Fall-time atmosphere, charged by the cooling winds fresh from the chilly peaks of the Cascades, unite with the inspiring scenery to make one a lover of the wild-mountain grandeur, as well as a knight of the rod and reel.

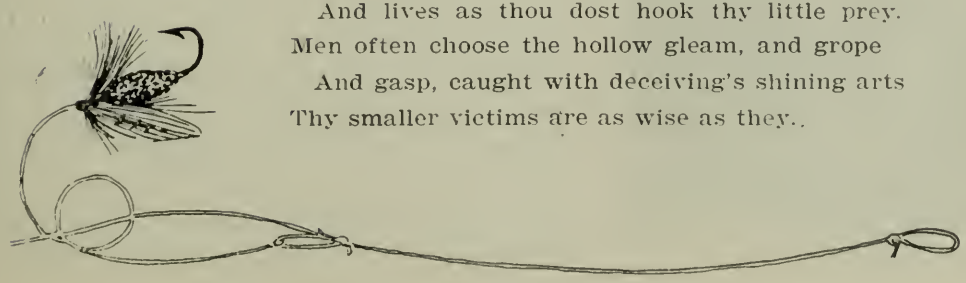
Now and then one's ideals are broken by the pulsations of a taut line and the soft mutterings of the reel, as an infuriated trout heads into the deep pool, there to sulk and try the patience of the dreamy angler.

How the fish runs, shakes and tumbles, in his mad endeavor to free himself from the cruel hook! So the fight goes on until the excited fisherman has safely creeled his victim.

And when the speckled beauties from the many pools and rapids were counted, my companion had 55 to his credit, while my basket only contained 30. So we started on our homeward way while the soft shadows of evening preceded the night; but most of our homeward drive was made during the silent hours of twilight.

TO A TROUT FLY

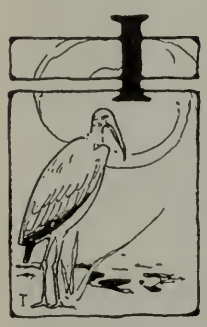
ASSUME not worth for all thy speckled gain.
'Tis but the trophy of thy beckoning.
Thou are a sparkle mere, a gaud, a thing
Of coward shine, a cruel and cunning bane.
Thou art a glitter only, that doth feign
Reward and pay thy having with a sting.
The honest worms with all their dullness bring
At least fulfillment of desire with pain.
And yet thou hast thy larger type—some hope
That bigger fishes bite at, snaring hearts
And lives as thou dost hook thy little prey.
Men often choose the hollow gleam, and grope
And gasp, caught with deceiving's shining arts
Thy smaller victims are as wise as they.



HENRY DAVID THOREAU:

A Critical Sketch.

By Norman Foerster.



IN a small family plot in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, is a little stone with the simple engraving, "Henry"—a mere bit of rock and a single word upon it. Thoreau could not have had a more fitting tombstone. How impossible of comprehension would be such a tomb as that within which the bones of Ulysses S. Grant rest, or the divinely-conceived Hotel les Invalides of Napoleon Bonaparte! These men lived in the eyes of the world, making history, and when dead continued to live in the memory of all. Hence their elaborate burial-places are in good taste. Thoreau lived a life of simplicity, continence and reserve. His grave is fittingly marked by all of these characters.

The Thoreau house is on the main street of the little town, a yellow frame structure, of a plainness and humility consistent with the life of the philosopher who dwelt within it. The whole town has an air of content and quiet, of sober-living and high-thinking, and about the town lies a charming and interesting country. The burial place, the home, the surroundings of Thoreau are entirely in harmony with the calm, contented and sensible life of the man. We dare not conclude that environment made him what he was. However much he owed to this influence, it was but one of many. Environment never makes an individual, though it many produce a people.

Commonly we think of Thoreau as a naturalist. Because he lived with Nature, and observed her closely in some ways, we are prone to set him down as a naturalist with radical ideas. But his studies of natural

WALDEN POND

HOME OF THOREAU

phenomena and forms of life were but a medium by means of which he could study the soul of Nature, and the life man should lead in order to be in harmony with his soul. His perspicacity enabled him to realize the significance of facts. Facts were seldom mere facts to him. He observed something, and then questioned himself after this manner: "This being true, what is the relation of this fact to the universe and to me?"

From 1845 to 1847—for two years and two months—Thoreau lived a hermit's life in a

hut along Walden Pond. Walden is about a mile and a half from Concord, reckoning as a starting place a point near Emerson's home. It is a wooded country of oak and white pine, and sufficient white birch to give variety to the landscape.

Here, in a little shanty erected by himself, isolated from the world, the former Harvard student lived with a no more tangible companion than the spirit of Nature. In "Walden," he declares, "My purpose in going to Walden Pond was not to live cheaply or to

HERE HE LIVED WITH NATURE

live dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles." That business was to find himself; to taste life unhampered by the obligations of man to man; to make himself one with the natural world about him, "so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity and trust;" and to think high thoughts. He says: "Why should I feel lonely?" Is not our planet in the Milky Way?"

And when he had done these things, he purposed going back to civilization again, giving this reason later: "Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one." He used the same reasoning at another time, on an occasion frequently quoted. Thoreau had found a particularly practical and cheap way of making lead pencils, so that a fortune seemed to await him, and his friends congratulated him. But he dampened their ardor by answering that he should never produce another pencil. Why should

ALONG THE CONCORD RIVER

he? Why should he do again what he had already done well once?

As Emerson says, he "brought every day a new proposition, as revolutionary as that of yesterday, but different." One day he proposed this: "I did not use tea, nor coffee, nor butter, nor milk, nor fresh meat, and so did not have to work to get them; again, as I did not work hard, I did not have to eat hard." The next day he issued this corollary to some statement: "Every man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone." He could prove that the railroad was a slower means of travel than his own legs, and less profitable. For, supposing he desired to go to Fitchburg, it would take a day's labor to enable him to use the train, and hence more than a day for the trip; whereas if he walked he could get there by the evening of the first day, while of course travelling by foot would afford him a better opportunity of seeing the country. He observes that it is easier for a man to hobble into town with a broken leg than with a broken pantaloon. In reference to the use of inherited property, he exclaims: "How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot!" Again: "The man I meet with is not often so instructive as the silence he breaks."

There is an infinite amount of common sense in these ideas. They are close-cut, pointed, or thought out to the core, put it

as you please. They indicate a constant endeavor to think to the point, to see things in their real and not merely apparent light. The reason the average man can get along smoothly in the world—avoid friction with his fellows—is, that he shuns the truth. He does not *want* to see things in their true light. Thoreau did, and paid the penalty: a sort of ostracism from humanity. He could not be in sympathy with men and their mean, degraded lives; nor could he avoid manifesting his aversion. Of course, his exile was voluntary; but had it not been, it would have been forced. He might have dwelt with the world in person, but in thought and spirit, never.

Thoreau's contemporaries are not alone in denouncing him. He has his decriers now as well as when he lived. Primarily he is regarded by such as a loafer. While he lived at Walden, especially, he had a habit, thoroughly enjoyable, but by some considered of doubtful utility, of musing from sunrise until the approach of sunset, lost in revery, and oblivious of the world. Swine do this just as well. They give themselves up to "Lebensfreude"—the joy of living—in precisely the same manner. A man who lived in a woodland hut, and slept, and walked, and mused, and noted useless temperatures, and mother-o'-pearl tints in the sky, and was kind enough to preserve these precious bits of information in his diary, what was he but a loafer and tramp?

The second accusation implies cowardice and selfishness. A man who retreated from the world in order to shun its temptations and so was good, what credit did he deserve? Any man can lead a pure life when no means are presented of living otherwise. It is written, "Love your neighbors as yourself!" and Thoreau speaks thus of Doing-good: "I have tried it fairly, and, strange as it may seem, am satisfied that it does not agree with my constitution." Isn't that a confession of selfishness?

Well, let us consider these accusations. We must first agree on the primal object of life. Is it enjoyment—just Epicurean enjoyment? Surely something better, for the beasts of the field have nobler motives: endeavor for endeavor's sake, and the perpetuation of their kind. Preparation for the life hereafter? Yes and no. For while that may be the object, the life hereafter should not be what we live for, but the *preparation* itself—the pure, high code of living that is necessitated. Serene, ennobling ideals, these should govern our lives, and not merely a desire to clear the path before us. An increment in intellect augments our ability for conceptions of the divine: for ignorant savages have always had the lowest religious ideals. Intellect—deep-thinking, high-thinking, broad-thinking—therefore enables us to approach with approximation the ideal life. A rightly-thinking man must discriminate between right and wrong, and, presumably, lives accordingly. Correct living nourishes, not the purse, but the brain and soul. Everyone must have the necessaries of life, but having those he should abandon money-making and the enjoyment of money—that is, avarice and sensuousness—and seek to live by his highest ideals.

Surely no one will question the truth of this scheme of living. Mankind in general does not abide by it. Thoreau did. Therefore he was right, and the world at large wrong.

Why then should we malign him? If he led the right life and the world the wrong why ask *him* to change? If conformity be necessary, that were the duty of the world to bring about. Instead of terming Thoreau the coward for shunning the world, let us imprecate the world for shunning the best life. As for selfishness, Thoreau could have affected little relief; the world would not have received his advice in the right spirit: not because of any repugnant characteristic in the man, but because his assistance called for too much reform. As for "loafing," the fruitful life Thoreau led—fruitful not of tangible benefits, but of noble thoughts, and at least *one* pure soul—surely indicates that the apparently idle time was well spent.

SOUTH COAST FISHING

By Stillhunter.

VI.—FROM THE END OF THE WHARF—JACK SMELT AND BASS.

AS a general thing fishermen who have felt the salt spume of Neptune's horses lashed into their eyes and mouth and cheeks from the bow of a fighting launch, a mere dot on the miles-wide waste of waters, feel a sort of contempt for the "fair weather" brother who dangles his legs from the edge of some secure wharf and there dallies with the yellowfin and mackerel and pompano and smelt of inshore waters. I know men who have been fishing off some southwestern wharves for a score of years—since the time, indeed, when the only wharves were a few timbers stuck upright in the sand and up to which could come only the very shallowest of lighters from the few ships that touched at Redondo and San Pedro in those days. They tell of the time when they pulled mackerel of five and eight and ten pounds' weight from the Redondo pier until their arms ached; of the croakers that once ran in San Pedro Bay—such croakers as are no more, not even on the balmiest of September mornings; of sheepshead they took from the rocks above Santa Monica, and of huge corbina that lurked in the surf at Playa del Rey, while just inside the bar, where the little bay deepened, lay halibut of enormous size and weight.

But for the most part these things are gone forever; the larger mackerel are well out to sea, as are the halibut and the yellowtail, while the surf fish and the yellowfin seem to be moving steadily southward, away from their old haunts. A sheepshead was caught the other day at Long Beach and every Los Angeles newspaper commented on the rareness of the catch. A halibut of any size, caught either in the bay or outside off some little wharf, will bring every one of the more curious fishermen to gaze at it, to guess at its weight, the older ones to tell of the "flounders" they used to catch. Half of the pleasure of such a day on the wharf to me is in the stories I hear from these men, some of them among the most successful in business which the southern metropolis holds, yet giving themselves wholly to the pleasures of the rod and reel once they set their feet on the rough boards of the wharf.

As I have said before, I am very prone to consider my last fishing trip—particularly if it has been reasonably successful—as quite the most enjoyable one I have ever had.

Pierce Photo A SHEEPSHEAD

Now the last time I fished from a wharf I did not go after smelt, and yet I think that I have had more piscatorial pleasure in a couple of hours between 5 and 7 o'clock of a warm afternoon catching jack smelt than I have ever had in any other form of pier fishing. There is hard work in the bass which come around the older wharves, too, but they are never so numerous as are the smelt, nor are they so game, though they are possessed of great strength and an insensate desire to slip between the biggest and roughest of the piles as soon as ever they aro hooked.

A jack smelt is the king of all smelt; he is as much like a trout as any small fish that swims the sea; he moves like a trout, he strikes like a trout, and, once struck, he fights like a trout. When he comes out of the water and is well tabled, he is of finer flavor than any trout you ever ate. My word for all this, and I've eaten three times as many smelt as you have trout, most likely. The little silver smelt of two and three inches in length are good—two friends and I ate 110 of them at one sitting not so very long ago—but they must be caught in nets, so that they are of no interest save to the market fisherman. The jack smelt grows to be fourteen or fifteen inches in length—the largest one I ever saw measured a trifle over twenty inches—long and slender and symmetrical and full of life, so that, as evening approaches they break the water all around the end of the wharf in their jumpings. It seems as if one has been suddenly set down by a Wisconsin or Minnesota lake, just at nightfall, when the bass are jumping for their evening meal of flies. Only the smelt are not jumping for flies, or for anything to eat, but just for the very joy of being alive. Occasionally a yellowtail or an albacore comes among them with a rush and then it's all off with the smelt fishing for that day, unless, by some rare good fortune, the big fellows strike out into the open channel, when the smelt may come back, though there is nothing dependable about this.

It is unnecessary in almost any form of wharf fishing to use a heavy rod or line, but the lightest of trout is almost too heavy for this game. Of course, you can use any sort of outfit you like and not be criticised, but you will get far more pleasure out of landing one or two of these large smelt on a one or two-hook leader and with a swaying trout rod, bent nearly double even with this light weight, than you will from catching a half dozen of them with a seven or eight-hook leader and a young telegraph pole. At least that is the way I have figured it out, and I have caught several smelt both from the wharf and from boats in the open sea. I myself use, as a rule, but one hook, fastening that to the extreme end of the line, just at the upper end of a very light sinker. My sinker, placed in a scale, just balances a half dollar. When the sea is a bit rough, I use one which weighs exactly the same as a silver dollar. Each is torpedo shaped, whittled out of a block of soft "tea lead" by the writer, having a little brass "eye" let into one end. About two feet up on the line is fastened a cork float of good size, not for the same reason that we put "bobs" on our lines back in the ponds and rivers of "down East"—to tell when we had a bite—but to prevent the sinker carrying the hook too deep into the sea. The smelt hordes lie at a depth of from two to four feet be-

neath the surface and a few casts will demonstrate to the fisherman about the depth to which he should permit his hooks to hang.

The rod may be steel—though he who is wise will never take his metal rod near salt water—greenheart or split bamboo. Mine is of the last-named sort, and I have had no reason to regret my choice when I bought it a couple of seasons ago. It should be so elastic as to respond to the slightest strain put upon it and yet not to vibrate too strongly to the movement of the waves. To get such a rod as this may require some considerable examination of a stock in a sporting goods store, for many bamboo rods are too stiff to afford any pleasure in catching so light a fish as the smelt. The line, too, should be very light, a mere linen thread. Silk does not make a good salt-water line, as I believe I have mentioned before in this series of articles, and one may have some difficulty in getting linen fine enough. For bait I have used everything from salt pork to clam and lobster, though I believe that good fresh lobster, where it is solid enough to stay on the hooks, makes the very best bait obtainable. Clam, of course, is the regular bait, but there are other things which will do quite as well, some proving much more attractive lures.

Then, thus provided, your hooks neither too large nor too small, you sit yourself down on the end of some pier, bait your hook or hooks and cast out. Should your reel be well oiled and your line running free, you will find this one of the easiest casting outfits made, and in a breath your "bob" will be floating easily on the green water a hundred feet or so from the wharf. And, if the smelt are at all hungry, you will not have long to wait for a bite. This will be light, compared to the strikes of some of the fish we have been catching in these stories, but it will nevertheless be firm and strong, tingling clear along the line to your finger tips, mayhap bending the first joint of your slender pole a bit. It is no nibble like that made by the little silver smelt and the perch that steal your bait when you are bass and mackerel fishing close into the old wharf; rather more it reminds you of the rush of a small trout, especially a small lake trout. But the mouth of the big smelt is not nearly so tough as the mouth of the trout and you will have to strike him very gently, or, better yet, let him strike himself on the hook held firm by the taut line.

The exact moment to strike one of these fellows so that your barb shall reach the center of his mouth and not be torn out in the fragile jaws is a matter of experience, and no amount of talk can demonstrate it to you. In any event, wherever he be hooked, this long, slender smelt is going to put up the fight of his life to stay where he has spent the most of his years. He is not a sulker in the way that the sea bass, both great and small, are known to be; he has not the headlong rush of the bonita or the swift, disconcerting movements of the yellowtail, yet he is a fancy fighter, throwing himself here, there, everywhere, light almost as a flying fish, strong as any fish of his weight in the world, filled with all the tricks of the trout, yet having no snags or boulders beneath which he may hide as has the trout, and being forced at last, solely because he has no sea bottom to hold onto, to come slowly in to you, sitting there on the edge of the wharf. Of course, you could

Pierce Photo

PACIFIC COAST "LOBSTER" (CRAYFISH)

Pierce Photo THE LONGEST WHARF IN THE WORLD (SANTA MONICA)

have pulled him in at once, but you didn't—at least I hope you gave him a chance for his life, so that when you lifted his foot or so of silvered beauty up onto the old pier it gave you a thrill of satisfaction akin to that which you experienced the first time you caught a chub back there in the spring brook on the old New England farm. Never been there? Well, you've missed a whole lot; yes, indeed, dreams are the stuff life is made of, and the more dreams of pleasant days you have to fall back on the less tears there will be in the woof of life.

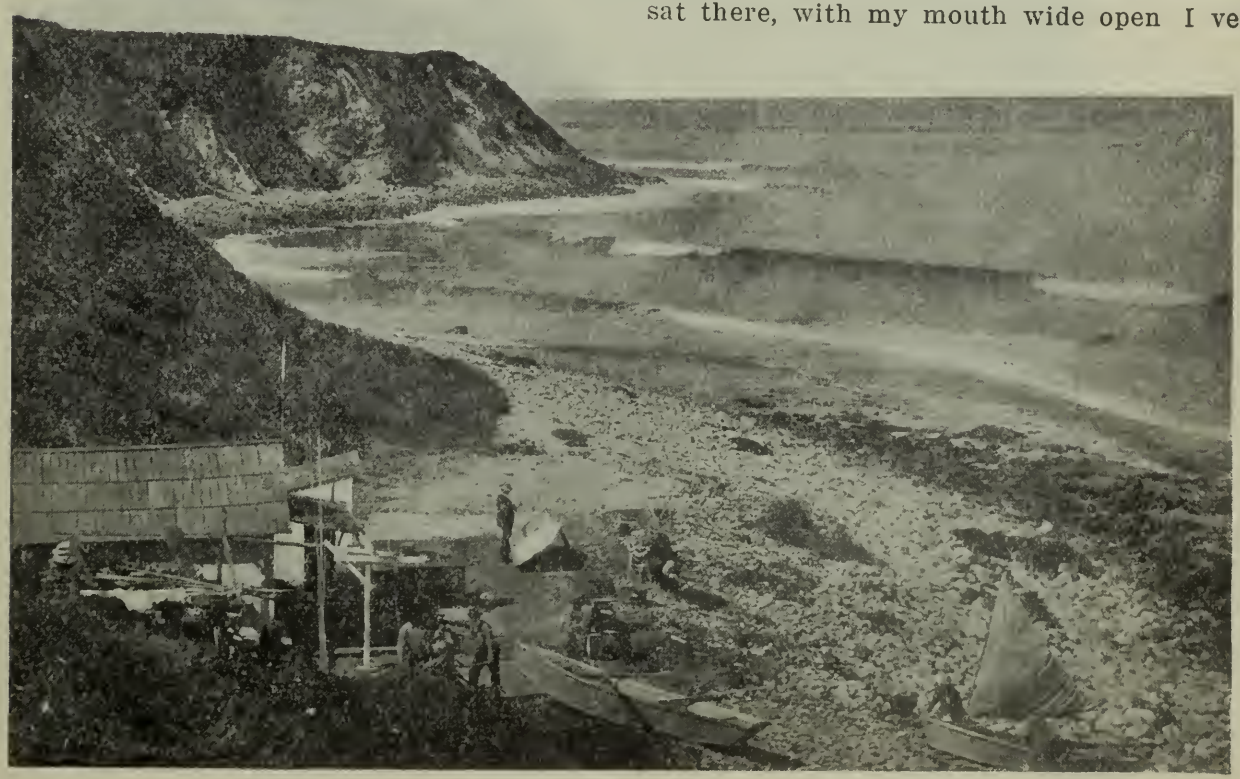
If you struck a fairly healthy representative of the smelt tribe he broke water for you several times, tried to run away with the hook, sought the depths of the sea—in short, did everything a well-trained fish would do except make a run for the piles of the wharf, usually the first thing an inshore fish will do. And if the smelt did do this sort of thing there would be little use fishing for him with the hundred or so feet of fine thread out between you or him. In that length of line you never could check his rush for the barnacle-encrusted underpinning, whereas, with the short shrift of line you allow a bass, when he makes his sneak for the piles, you can bring him up short—that is, sometimes you can, if you are a good enough engineer of your rod tip. I have seen some very good fishermen, fellows who could conquer a yellowtail or a white sea bass or an albacore in short order in the open sea, pay heavy tribute to these "calico-bellies," as most of the South Coast fishermen call the bass that frequent the outer ends of the wharves at Redondo, San Pedro and Long Beach.

These bass themselves deserve a separate chapter, but they can't possibly get it if I deal with half the game fishes of the South Coast, so I am going to crowd them in with the smelt for a few words. I very well remember my introduction to the calico bellies; it came about in this wise: I was "chumming" for smelt—of course, you know what "chumming" is, the throwing out of handfuls of bait, bread crumbs, bran "mash" or bits of clam, to attract the smelt and then dropping among them a line laden with a thousand (more or less) hooks, covered with the identical kind of bait you have just thrown out—well, I was doing this from the end of the middle wharf at Redondo some years ago, having pretty good luck, catching three or four of the little silver sided fellows every time I dropped over, when, just as I pulled my leader clear of the water, a smelt struggling on the bottom

hook, there came from the regions below a dark brown shape. The way he took that smelt was a good indication that the smelt business would very probably be poor from my standpoint for some hours to come, and it also seemed quite probable that, having gobbled one smelt the stranger might be persuaded to lay hold upon a similar one having a hook concealed within.

He had not paused to show overmuch of himself and I was not quite sure of his identity, but supposed him one of those blunt-nosed little dog sharks that are such a nuisance to wharf fishermen down this way. About this time an old fellow, fishing with a hand line for sculpins or whatever else he could get out of the close-in depths, tied his cable to a spike in the pier and came over breathlessly. "Mighty fine bass cum up here just then," he said. I was busy reeling in and changing the leader, so, receiving no immediate response, the old man went on. "Be ye goin' home presently? If ye be I'll move down here and have a try at thet feller." I slid over a bit on my timber by way of answer—for I very much dislike to talk when I am fishing—and he, leaving his sculpin line where it was, sat down, produced another equally heavy shark line from his pocket, affixed one good-sized hook to it, covered the hook with a live smelt from my fresh string, and, apparently forgetting the sinker, launched the combination overboard, where the struggling fish floated within a few feet of the wharf's edge.

Inasmuch as this is a tale of events "all of which I saw and part of which I was," I am constrained to stick at least to the outer edges of the firm land of truth, lest I sink in the wide morass of exaggeration in which every fisherman is supposed to be continuously struggling. And, in the pursuit of this firm idea, I cannot say that I expected very great results from the old man's methods. I had heard some rumors of the scandalous way in which these same bass were in the habit of treating the tackle with which mere men went against them and I had no idea that this fellow, without even a pole to keep his line away from the piles, would be able to so much as save his line should he get a strike, let alone landing his fish. So much for me and my bum work as a prophet. In the next two hours he caught five of as fine bass as I ever saw come out of the sea. We did not weigh them, but the clear perspective of the years assures me that the smallest was not under three pounds and the largest not far from seven. And I simply sat there, with my mouth wide open I ver-



Pierce Photo FISHERMAN'S CAMP AT FOOT OF BLUFFS NEAR REDONDO

itably believe, the while he caught them, without trying to put in my pole. Would that I could here set down some of the old man's quaint expressions and odd phrases, brought out in moments of unexpected strikes or of tense nervous strain when he was playing a big fellow directly under the wharf. Since that day I have had many a man tell me that the man didn't live who could strike and land a "yellow-belly" on a hand line. I am free to admit that I can't, for I've lost many a good leader in the trying, but I know that somewhere there is one man who has landed five in direct succession without losing one, and—"what man has done man can do."

Of course, by this I do not mean that I have never caught any bass from the pier ends, because I have had very good sport at that game, but I am sure I have lost more leaders and hooks and much more bait than I have ever caught of fish, while the methods I have pursued have not always been of my own choosing, but have rather been forced upon me by the occasion and the game I sought.

Undoubtedly the best outfit for bass fishing from a wharf consists of a long, single-piece pole, a typical "mackerel pole" with no reel and not over sixteen or eighteen feet of strong line, to the free end of which is attached a single heavy "bass hook." Such an outfit as this can be rented at the bait stores on most of the wharves, and, while I have caught these fish on light tackle, with small hooks and a reel carrying a couple of hundred feet of line, I am still convinced of the fact that the value of the tips and leaders and reel seats one puts up is too great to go against a fish in such limited waters as this one frequents. There is no room in which to play him; if you give him an inch he will take two feet between the piles and then it's fare-you-well to your leader and the greater part of your line. The only way to get him is to go after him with a strong-tipped rod, one which will not only not break, but which will not even bend with his wildest rushes. Then, when you have him hooked, simply "lift him out," for if you don't, my word for it, you'll never get him.

Some of these old "wharf rats" come to a large size; I saw one taken from the oldest pier at Redondo several years ago which weighed over twelve pounds, and when he came to the table he was just as fine and tender as any three-pounder of his kind it was ever my good fortune to eat. One thing can be said in favor of the inshore bass, if nothing else: he is one of the finest table fishes of all the seas beneath the sun. I do not believe that the sand dab is more succulent or more tender, certainly its pulpy flesh has no such flavor as has the bass—and any fool with a thousand feet of line, a few hooks and a windlass in the stern of his boat can take a million sand dabs, but it takes a mighty good man to catch a bass.

Then there are the perch, little and big, which come around every wharf of any age. These are good game when the rest of the swarm are not running, but they are so full of bones that one dislikes to eat them even when caught. They range in weight from the tiny creatures that feed around the barnacle-covered piles, right up into the edge of the surf, to one and two-pounders found out in the deeper waters off the end of the pier. I have bought many a "pompano," at beach restaurants, which was nothing but one of the smallest of the perch, well skinned and fried in olive oil. And the pompano, though he is in no sense a game fish, certainly deserves better treatment than to be counterfeited by this bone-filled plebeian. Fishing from the Ocean Park wharf, I have seen a man with average fisherman's luck fill a bushel sack to within a few inches of the top with pompano when they were running good. These were packed down solid and sold, in the beginning of the "run," which lasted some two months, for forty cents per pound, wholesale.

Then there is always the pleasure of an occasional halibut or a still rarer turbot (the one long and irregularly oval, the other smaller as a rule, and more circular in outline), while other strangers sometimes wander in from out the deep. To my mind there is little in the fish line better than a small halibut—one of say eight or ten inches in length—but I am going to tell in a later paper something of the sport of halibut-spearing in several southern estuaries and inlets, so will pass this fish up for the present from the standpoint of the wharf enthusiast. Now and again a sea trout will

pass through close inshore waters, but this is not often and the capture of one or two is by no means an indication that there are more to be caught where they were taken. Huge corbina (surf fish) also are sometimes taken in deep water around the end of the longer wharves. When they have attained the six or seven-pound stage they are, indeed, a beautiful fish, rivaling the sea trout just mentioned in the beauty of the rainbow markings along the sides. Both these fish are strong, quick biters and good fighters once they are hooked, so that the wharf-end angler, should he strike a day of good running among the larger fish, should have as good sport as many of us that prefer the sandy beach or the tossing deck of some puffing launch.

Photo by Annie W. Brigman

A SOUTH COAST FISHERMAN

A MONARCH OF INSECTDOM

By Alberta Field.

(Photos by F. D. Snyder, M. D.)

"The world is made up of eaters and eaten, of devices to catch and devices to avoid being caught."—Scudder.

ONE doesn't hope to find many instances of striking individuality among insects, but there are families of them which possess traits so cleverly ingenious that one is half inclined to credit them with a certain amount of conscious action.

There are still too many life histories unstudied, and too many of the mysteries of life unsolved for us to assert that insects are mere automata. The more we observe and understand them and their various methods and contrivances, the greater is our respect for them as individuals who do their work consciously or automatically and perform their several functions in a careful and conscientious manner.

One of the many interesting life histories to follow is that of the Monarch or Milkweed butterfly, *Anosia plexippus*, to be found in nearly all sections of the United States. This species has also migrated to Australia, from there to Java, Sumatra, and the Philippines, doubtless journeying as "stowaways" in the chrysalis form.

From egg to butterfly the handsome Monarch is practically exempt from the attacks of predatory enemies; a condition of which it seems perfectly conscious as it sails indifferently and leisurely from place to place, in a fashion quite unlike the hurried and frightened flight of some of the more savory species who seem to know that life depends upon their speed. The Monarch caterpillar which is gaily striped with yellow, black and white, lives openly on the upper side of a leaf. During this stage, however, it has one

THE MONARCH CATERPILLAR

dreaded foe in the ichneumon fly, which seeks out just such soft bodies on which to lay eggs of its parasitic larvæ, who feed upon the caterpillar "fat," leaving the vitals as a last morsel, thus dooming the poor host to a form of living death.

To drive away this invidious foe the "worm" has been provided with a pair of thread-like filaments on head and anal extremity which he waves about in a frantic manner fairly effective in its results. For foes of a larger growth the caterpillar has secreted a bitter juice, which is so unsavory from a bird's standpoint that he is dropped like hot shot after the first taste. This "bitter" experience the bird seems never to forget, and in future avoids all "worms" that resemble the milkweed's guest. Feeding voraciously and as he outgrows it changing his skin from time to time, this insect passes his "wormhood" days which last but a few weeks, and makes ready for the mysterious transformation act. For a day or two he

CHRYSALIS OF MONARCH BUTTERFLY

eats nothing, retiring to the privacy of a leaf or twig to prepare for his transition from creeping to winged existence, in the meantime purging his caterpillar body of all undigested food, not wishing to carry into his aerial life any of the dross of his earthy state. His next act is to weave a few silken threads about some chosen support (the fellow in the illustration was urged by "moral suasion" to use the frond of a Christmas fern for this purpose). Into these he attaches his last pair of feet and swings head downward. He remains in this "headachey" attitude until his skin cracks open along the back, when he wriggles out a long damp body still held at the anal end by the silken threads. To clear himself of his earthly cloak he holds fast with his hind feet until he can hook into the mat a wee hook on the end of his body provided for that purpose, from which he swings clear and his old skin falls to the ground. He is now a chrysalis and soon dries out and contracts into the form shown in the photo, turning a beautiful pea-green color, decorated near the top with a row of gilt buttoms that glitter in the sunlight like "real" gold. It isn't all over yet, however, for the shiny black cord which attaches the chrysalis to the twig is made of a soft, wax-like secretion, and to render it strong the chrysalis rapidly whirls in opposite directions several times in succession until the cord is twisted to its mind; then all is quiet and within the delicate structure the mystery of mysteries takes place.

In ten or twelve days this jewel-like inclosure loses its rich color and the darker markings of a new form can clearly be seen through the transparent walls, which soon burst open and out crawls a six-legged, black body on whose shoulders are bunches of what looks like wet velvet. The life of an insect at this period literally hangs on a thread, as when it emerges from the chrysalis it is very weak and very helpless, and many a butterfly pays the debt of nature without ever knowing the joys of winged existence.

If all goes well, however, air is rapidly pumped into the "wet velvet," which dries quickly and expands into a pair of gorgeous, brownish-crimson wings veined and bordered with black dots of cream-white embroidery. Many of those common butterflies who have

MONARCH WITH CLOSED WINGS

not developed any foul odors have "protective" coloration on the undersides of their wings, but as is shown in the illustration of a living Monarch (who by the way was more than impatient at having to "sit" for his photo), this milkweed habitue is as gaily colored below as above. He is also one of the greatest dandies of butterflydom with his leisurely manner and gorgeous coloring, but withal he is a shrewd fellow, for he has retained the nasty taste of his caterpillar days in the form of an unpleasant "carroty" odor which he emits when close pressed by a bird, who at the first whiff makes off with a *chee-up* of disgust. And, too, he is a crafty chap with something of human discernment in his make-up, for he has discovered the feminine love for sweet odors; so to render himself more attractive to his lady love he has developed a perfumed secretion which has a faint smell of honey. This is concealed in scent glands whose outlet is through a patch of scales called *androconia.* In the illustration showing one of these butterflies with open wings, these patches of scent

scales can be plainly seen near the large vein on the inner edge of the hind wing. This odor is emitted to allure the female, just as the handsome plumage of many male birds attracts their duller coated mates.

Most of the butterflies die in the fall, the continuation of the species depending upon such of the insects as winter in the egg, caterpillar or chrysalis state. A few species hibernate as butterflies, hanging up in crevices during the rainy or cold season, but the clever Monarchs with two or three other species, instead of tumbling down and calling life all over, simply flit away to warmer sections, a few living to return in the spring to continue their kind. How can a creature so weak and defenseless fly mile after mile following a direct course, and not only make the one momentous journey south but also the return trip? What is it that controls their movements? Is it instinct, inherited

MONARCH SHOWING SCENT PATCHES ON LOWER WINGS

knowledge, orientation, "hear-say," or are the younger directed by the older butterflies who have traveled the route?

In September I have seen the fences and low shrubs along the lower shore of Lake Erie simply ablaze with migrating Monarchs, who travel south in colonies; and on the same lake have seen hundreds adrift after a heavy gale, glad to find a foothold on board the steamers where they ride as stowaways until a calm or until they get their bearings. While this gay crowd flies southward in large companies they seem to make the return journey in pairs as do many of the birds. Are these insects guided by mountain and lake boundaries, or does "each little heart lead it on"? By the way, it may be just as well to add that a butterfly doesn't possess any heart—only a segmented tube in which a white blood circulates, another instance where science knocks out sentiment.

As ingenious as is the above described insect, a little "sweet flavored" butterfly known as the Viceroy, *Basilarchia archippus*, goes him one better. This atom of winged royalty, who belongs to a large class of showy butterflies, has, in the matter of wearing apparel, been one to entirely forsake family traditions; for, ignoring the conventional dress of its family, he has so carefully copied that of the Monarch the average observer could not tell them apart. This mimetic performance is very suggestive of stage trickery, but it is, nevertheless, fairly effective, for the Viceroys like the Monarchs are practically immune from bird and insect foes. The Viceroy is somewhat smaller than its "copy" and wears a transverse black band across the hind wing. The similarity of markings is shown in the small photo of separate wings, one of which is the Viceroy's and the other the Monarch's. The photo of two butterflies on one plate are the Viceroy and Banded Purple, *Basilarchia arthemis*, which belong to one family, and shows how the Viceroy has departed from its original coloring. Like all of its family save the Viceroy, the Banded Purple is chocolate-black with conspicuous white markings on each wing. It also has some purplish-red

1—WING OF MONARCH
2—WING OF VICEROY

VICEROY AND BLENDED PURPLE (BELONGING TO ONE FAMILY)

spots on the under surfaces from which it takes its name. The remarkable change of color developed by the Viceroy is thought to be the result of natural selection. Possibly some prehistoric Viceroy, seeing what a "soft snap" was the Monarch's foul flavor and odor, figured out that if it was to adopt the same coloring the birds couldn't tell them apart, and so the change has gradually come about. I have not the least doubt but what in the course of time the Viceroy will eliminate even the transverse band from its make-up, and the mimicry become entire. No one, however, need take this supposition for a scientific fact.

The Viceroy larvæ winter as caterpillars, preparing for themselves a tiny house formed by clipping a willow leaf in the center and folding the lower half into a tube which they line with silk and retire into, coming out on warm days to feed, and closing a silken door after them when they go in for the season. Now a funny thing is, where these insects are double brooded, the first brood seem to have no knowledge of house building, but live out during their caterpillar days, only the fall brood developing a faculty for forming a shelter. Is this instinct, or does each caterpillar, appreciating its own individual needs, work out the problem in its small head and act upon the conclusions?

LEAF BUTTERFLY OF INDIA

Speaking of protective mimicry, the Leaf butterfly of India, *Kallmia inachis*, shown in the photo taken from a specimen loaned by courtesy of the National Museum, is one of the most marvelous examples of mimetic form and coloration known. The underside of this foreigner's wings closely resemble a brown dead leaf, even to having the midrib and veins outlined in a darker color, while the extension on the tip of the lower wing looks very like a leaf stem.

The imitation "obtains" only when the wings are closed, for the upper surfaces are rich in their oriental coloring of purple, brown and gold. If this butterfly were all consistent he would alight only on branches filled with dead foliage to match him, otherwise, alighting among the rich greens of the tropical forests, he would be no better off than his gaily dressed companions, and the theory of pre-arranged protective mimicry would tumble to the ground.

SILENCE

TOO CLOSE

By T. S. Van Dyke.

IT seems absurd to say that game can be too close to hit with the rifle, but nearly every one who has shot at many deer knows there is no joke about it. It seems confined mostly to deer, though the same principles apply to most any shooting. With antelope it is not so apt to happen because they are generally at a distance that does not make one too confident, but I have several times had them too close in early days when they were not so wild as now, especially when coming upon one suddenly and just catching a glimpse of him over the crest of a ridge. Finding him on the watch and not daring to raise my head an inch to look over the intervening ground, and generally looking through a clump of cactus or brush, it was very easy to find him looking big and close and be just a trifle too much in haste to shoot before he should start.

Missing in this way is almost invariably from shooting too high. And this is due in some measure to the idea that a shot on the vertical line at a target is still a pretty good shot, even though too high or too low. In some target shooting such shots have a special credit over those too much to one side. This idea probably originated in the days of duelling. In shooting at a man at ten paces or so a line shot—or a "liner," as it is still proudly called by many—meant something. It meant generally a hit that would let the other man out of business for that day.

Now, suppose the men had been laid on a table so that the line of six feet was horizontal instead of vertical. What kind of a "liner" would you then need to bother the antagonist? This is exactly the case in shooting at game broadsides, and even lengthwise; for the neck makes a pretty narrow mark, the head is anything but a sure catch point for a rising bullet, while the legs are very easily missed; and in any event what you do not want to hit. So that it may be said that in all shooting at big game with the rifle the line shot you want is the horizontal line shot, and to talk of a shot on the vertical line being a good shot is very silly, because the line runs exactly the wrong way.

Now, one of the peculiarities of the rifle is that this horizontal "liner" is just the hardest of all to make. If you think not, go out and shoot a dozen shots or so at a telegraph pole at about a hundred yards. Then try the top board of a fence of the same width at the same distance, and you will wonder how such a stupid idea as the popular idea of a "liner" ever entered your head.

Remember that I am talking of open sights such as are generally used in hunting. With globe and peep sights or telescope there would be little difference, provided you know the distance, until you get to the point where light and shade begin to affect the question. But with open sights, such as you had better use in hunting, and which you must use for all very quick shooting, you will find the horizontal line more difficult to hit than the vertical even when you know the distance.

The principal reason of this is the varying play of light on the sights. The more nearly the front sight comes to a point such as may be used in very fine target shooting the more difficult it is to see the exact amount you want of it. In target shooting where you can select the light, and where all shots are made with the same light from the same direction, a front sight almost as sharp as a knife edge may be used to great advantage by a keen eye in good practice. But in light constantly changing in direction, even with the same strength, you will

find trouble in keeping on the horizontal line, though the standard "liner" on the vertical line can be made, perhaps, as easily as ever. I say "perhaps," because the play of light into the back sight may make some difference on this line, though it generally shows on the horizontal line only.

This part of the difficulty can be largely remedied by making the front sight broad and flat on half of the top. One will be quite surprised to find what good shooting can be done with a perfectly flat topped sight with a very little practice. But it needs no practice to know that the only error that could be caused by it would be on the vertical line and not on the horizontal, and that something could be sacrificed, if necessary, to the horizontal for shooting at game. Ivory or white agate makes the best front sight, because there is less danger of the sun lighting up one side so much as to make you mistake the center when in haste, as in running shots. This is always liable to happen with a metal sight, unless kept constantly dulled on the sides and bright in the center. Even then the sun may sometimes light up the base of the bright part more than the tip, which is not so likely to happen with an ivory sight. The objection that it is easily broken is easily met by leaving iron all around it except on the part you wish to see. The only remaining objection is that every goat who never saw an ivory sight before has to rub his thumb over the ivory. He can't look at it without doing this, and if he don't rub his nose with his thumb in the meantime, so as to get more grease to dull the sight with, it will be a marvel. I once loaned a rifle to a friend who promised most faithfully to grease it thoroughly every time he used it. When returned it looked as if no part had ever seen grease except the ivory sight, which was ruined.

With the back sight there is often more trouble. It is not possible to put a notch in a back sight that will not flash light from the edges if made sloping like a buckhorn sight, or from the corners and edges both, if a cut be made in a straight sight. So long as one can pick his light and have it always the same, as in target shooting, this trouble can be met by care. And in shooting at game it can also be, if one is not in too much haste. To say that Old Bill So and So never misses with such a sight is no way to prove its value. Old Bill does miss—and miss often, though he may be a very fine shot. And if you do not believe that some of his misses come from a bad back sight, make the following test, which is really the only way to test sights fit for running shots, and for all quick shots in bad lights or shifting lights. Stand out in the sun, hold the rifle as you would to shoot, run your eye along the sights and then swing around in a circle. Note how the center of light goes down one side and up the other of the notch, making it difficult to see always the same exact amount of front sight. Mind you, I don't say "impossible," but "difficult." Now, if it is difficult it affects your shooting where you do not have time to overcome the difficulty. You will find the center of the notch also change a little—that is, the apparent center—affecting your shooting on the vertical line. But this is of little account compared with the shooting on the horizontal line, which may be considerably affected, especially where the sun is behind you lighting up the base of back sight and the whole notch, and you are shooting down hill at a deer bounding through brush. It will be a wonder if you do not shoot too high most of the time.

If you doubt this because Rattlesnake Jake or some other local wonder says he hits his deer every time, put up four targets at the four points of the compass, with your rifle sighted for the center. Then, turning around, fire at the four in succession, and do it several times at the same rate you would fire at a running deer. Then count the misses from the horizontal line, including those from the vertical which are misses from the horizontal also. Balance these against the misses on the vertical line only and see if you can imagine how you ever missed any deer on which you thought you had such a perfect aim.

An attempt was made many years ago to remedy this by leaving out the notch and putting a platinum line on the back sight, and even ivory has been inlaid for the same purpose. This is an emphatic recognition of the difficulties of the notch, though many discovered them long before the platinum line was dreamed of. But that same plati-

num line is about the stupidest of all the methods that can be devised to remedy it. If you think otherwise, try some quick shooting down hill with the sun on your back about the middle of the afternoon or morning. An ivory line is still worse, especially with an ivory front sight. Each is a disturbing element in cutting off the right amount of front sight to make a good horizontal shot.

Now how did you ever discover that the line of vision had to be staked out to get through the center of the back sight near enough for good shooting.

Only from your imagination. You never tried it. The wonderful effect of this imagination is best shown by a sight on one of our leading rifles that I bought the other day. Just think of it! Even a fine notch was not sufficient to show the center. The platinum line had to be put on, too. And to be sure of making no mistake in a matter of such fearful importance, this line had to run all the way up to the bottom of the notch so as to blend with a front sight of equal brightness when you are trying your best to see only a certain amount of the front sight clearly.

What in the name of common sense do you suppose would happen if you should knock off the hind sight entirely? Well, about fifty years ago I encountered this fearful contingency. I was shooting big bullfrogs at Princeton with a fine duelling pistol. I dropped it off the bridge at Stony Brook and broke off the back sight on a rock. How on earth I was so ignorant, so out of fashion, as to keep on shooting with it, instead of flying back to town to get another one on, I cannot imagine even to this day. Anyway, I kept right on. I hardly dare to write it, for I have a little reputation left for accuracy in these days of ravishing lies, but the plain fact is that after shooting several dozen bullets I could discover no difference in the shooting on the vertical line. Of course, it was far easier to shoot just over or under a big fat frog, but there was no more missing on the side than there was before. I shot that pistol for years after that with no sight at all but the whole top rusted with blood and ink, and never had any trouble with the vertical line, but did better shooting on the horizontal after getting all the shine off the barrel.

When I began to hunt with the rifle it did not take me long to find that I was missing more on the horizontal line than on the vertical line, and that the trouble was the play of light in that notch. I took it out, and for thirty-five years have kept it out and used only a straight bar about three-eighths of an inch wide. The width is not very important, but the top should be beveled a little forward, so that you see only a sharp edge. And this should be kept well rusted and blackened. With such a sight I make exactly the same target in any light that I can with a notched sight in selected light. A dozen fine target shots have tried my rifle and shot exactly the same at first trial as with their own. All you have to do is not to think about the center. Your eye will take it perfectly if you will just let your eye alone. The principle is the same as that of the large ring on the Lyman back sight—that all you have to do is to quit worrying about the center and trust that to your eye. The Lyman back sight was discovered by me and many others long before he put it on the market. The elevating and folding principles are his—but scores of people reamed out the small hole in the old peep sight big enough to see game through quickly and found that it made no difference for the finest target shooting.

I have a straight bar sight now on one of my rifles given me by Mr. Lyman when in California, about 1883. He said it was the finest kind of a hunting sight, but would not sell because you could not make people believe it would work without some sort of a guide to the center. He had a target pistol with which he was doing some very fine work, and it was sighted just as my broken pistol was—with no back sight at all, but only a rusted and blackened top on the barrel and frame. I had said something about it in the old "Chicago Field" which he saw, and tried it. I afterward had a letter from a dentist in North Carolina referring to that article and enclosing a sight such as I was using. He said: "My father has all his life been considered the finest rifle shot in North Carolina, and now at the age of eighty shoots as well as ever. He has never used any other sight but this."

For old eyes its advantages are beyond question. Old people complain that they "cannot get the eye down into the notch," and shoot too high. I have been wearing glasses to read for about sixteen years, but can shoot a rifle as well as ever without the notch. But with it there is a haze in the back sight that is fatal to good shooting.

But the trouble of overshooting is not fully cured with any kind of a sight. Any kind of haste in sighting is likely to result in seeing too much of the front sight. It takes a second and often a third and fourth glance to get it down fine enough. It is hard to make one believe that for good shooting on game one should sight with the same care as at a target. Of course, this cannot always be done. But any departure from it is liable to result in a miss or a crippling shot. This is one of the reasons why it is rank nonsense to talk about how Lightning Pete always gets his game every time he shoots, etc. If he is worth a cent on bad chances he can't do it, or even approximate it very closely.

The temptation the best shot is under to be a bit over-confident, when big game is standing broadside at close range, is hard to resist at all times, and the slightest degree of it is apt to make him take too much front sight. If we add to this some other things, a miss is still more likely—a crippling shot being considered a miss at short range.

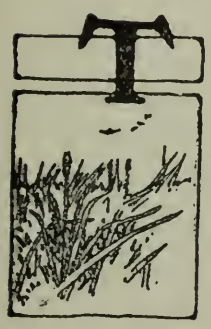
The most common of these is having the rifle sighted a little high. If it is sighted for one hundred and fifty yards and the ball has to make a rise of six inches to reach the center, then at the point where most of your shots will come in timber and most rough and brushy ground, you will have to use great care always to hold the front sight down fine enough and probably also to hold below the point you wish to hit. The latter is always very unreliable, and the least haste is apt to make a miss.

A miss often happens from a reverse of this, from having the rifle sighted to a center close by so that it drops several inches at one hundred yards. When you discover this you naturally try to remedy it by taking a little more front sight or holding a little higher on game beyond point blank. But that little is just what bothers you. It is easy to talk about, but you are not only guessing distance, but guessing on the amount of hold-over necessary, or amount of front sight, and also guessing on whether you have it right or not—three guesses, where any one of them is bad enough.

Across a deep gulch with a sharp bottom a deer is apt to seem farther off than he really is, even after you have discovered how easy it is to over-estimate distance in many other cases. The temptation to hold high is then especially great. If, in addition, the deer is well down hill, the ease of missing is much increased. And if the sun is behind you, so that it can light up the base of the front sight, or play into a notch in the back sight, nothing but the greatest care, with a full knowledge of all the causes working against you, can enable you to make a certain shot.

Some of the misses caused by game being too close are very absurd. You can miss a big buck almost within brickbat range. Where you see only the head and neck of a deer above the brush and attempt to guess where the body is, you are in great danger of a miss. The only sure way is to shoot at the head or neck. And to do this with perfect coolness, where a deer rises suddenly out of the brush at short range, is something quite out of the power of the tyro, while even the expert can easily walk home feeling very foolish.

Part III.



THE storm did not last very long—a thing that I was very glad of, for if it rains very much it fills up holes in the rocks that have been made there by the action of wind and water. These holes are called "tanks," and in volcanic regions they are so large that once filled with water they will not dry out for a year or more.

Again: there are what are known as "sand tanks;" these are simply holes in the rocks filled full of sand and water. Sand tanks will often last for years without being replenished by more rain, and if you know where one is situated you will find there, a few inches below the dry sand on top, pure cool water. But although tanks had been a great boon to me in the past I did not want them to fill up now; for so long as a sheep can get water in a tank he will not come to a spring where he knows he is liable to be shot. Doesn't the instinct that teaches him this approach very nearly to reason?

So after the storm was over I removed the log, for I had no further use for it; picked up my broken trap, and went to camp. The storm must have made a little water in the tanks, for no sheep came in for a long time. I sat there alone in the shade of a cactus, from daylight till dark, for many a day before another sheep came in sight. And now, boys, if you do not believe it is trying to stand this inaction, solitude and loneliness, just try it!

But oh! the thrill of gladness, the hope and satisfaction that you feel, when you finally see one of these magnificent creatures, more than balances the disappointments and loneliness that you felt while watching and waiting for him.

The sheep that came in sight on this occasion was a buck about 20 months old; he was a beautiful blue color and had very long sharp-pointed horns. As he stood there on the rocks far above me, with every sense on the alert for danger, and stepped about and viewed the ground below him for any possible enemy, I thought that I had never seen a more magnificent living creature. When he finally became satisfied that all was right he came slowly down the rocks, and to my great joy came in the direction of one of the traps. He came to within a few steps of one of the traps and stopped, and looked around for a long time. "Oh," I moaned to myself, "If he would only come a few steps nearer!" He did, and as the trap seized him he gave a great bound in the air and came tearing down the side of the mountain.

I grabbed a rope that I always had at hand, and lassoed him within a few steps of my camp. He made a heroic fight for freedom, but he had not the weight nor strength to hurt me very much. Once I got him by the horns he was my sheep. He could not jerk and drag me around as the old bucks did. I dragged him into the shade

of some desert willows and tied him down, and took the trap off him. I left him tied down for several hours. I think it better than tying them up by the head at once. For, tied down, he cannot lunge, fall down and hurt himself, a thing he would certainly do if he were tied up.

After a sheep has been tied down for a while it seems to cow him down, and when he is allowed to get up he is more quiet and not so likely to hurt himself.

I was highly elated over the capture of this sheep, for there was no reason why he should not live. He had not been in the trap over five minutes, was not hurt in the least, and he had not had time to get hot enough to do him any harm.

I have mentioned that this sheep had very long, pointed horns. At this age, about 18 or 20 months old, the big-horn is often mistaken by hunters and even naturalists for an ibex—an animal that does not exist in this country, nor never did. When a young big-horn is about the age mentioned, his horns, on account of not being so heavy, appear to stand back and out, something after the manner of an ibex. As a matter of fact, they do stand out considerably at the points. He is not so heavy through the shoulders, and is a finer formed and more graceful animal, at that age than he will ever be again.

But by the time he is three years old he is a full-fledged big-horn; has had several sound thrashings from the old bucks, and has been driven out and away from the band. This has made him rather cranky; and he has walked up to some boulder and deliberately hooked off the points of his long graceful horns, and left them the stubby, blunted looking specimens that you see in the shops of taxidermists. But do not believe the silly story they will tell you there: that the sheep broke his horns off in that manner jumping over a precipice; for he never does anything of the kind.

I stayed very close by my sheep for several days, till he began to quiet down some; then I reset my traps once more, and prepared for business.

But after several days of waiting without any sheep I found another place where they occasionally came along, and resolved to set some traps there, as there was a high point not far from camp from which I could see the location of all the traps, and camp, too. So everything would be under my eye at all times, and the chances to get another sheep would be greater.

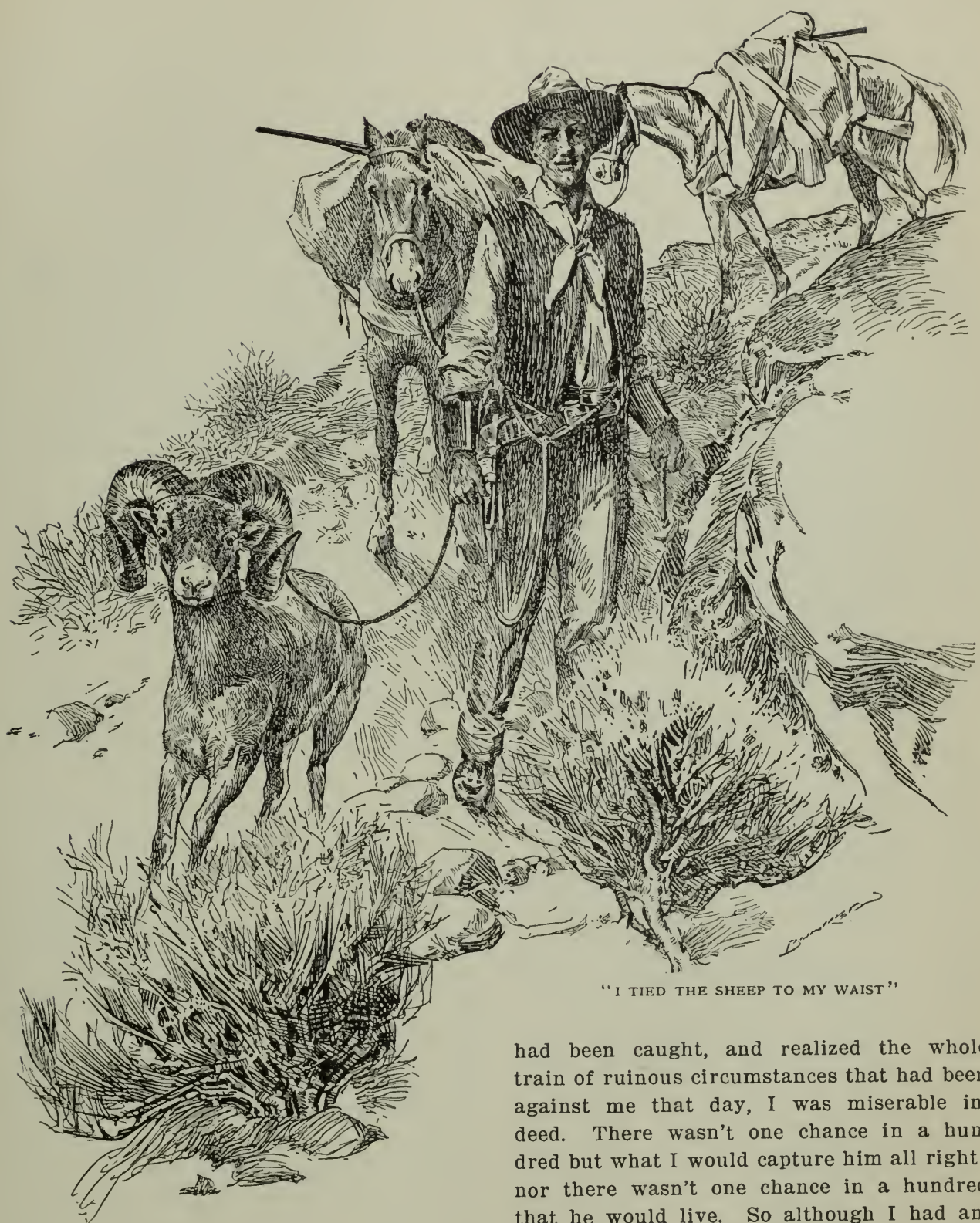
I waited and watched for several days, and did not feel the loneliness as I did before, for I had the sheep for company, and he had begun to like me a little and want to go with me. One morning about daylight, just as I was getting up, I looked around and saw some sheep up on the side of the mountain above the traps. I kept very quiet and watched them, for I thought they would surely come down for water when it began to get hot. But they stayed around there till nearly noon and then left without having come near the water, or traps either.

I hurriedly cooked myself some breakfast and dinner at the same time, ate it, attended to the sheep, took a rope and my glass, and hurried out to my point to see if the other traps were all right. When I raised the glass and looked where the other traps were set, I saw a sheep standing there very near them. After watching for a few minutes I saw that the animal had not seen me; so I got down behind some rocks and watched it for a long time. It occasionally stepped about, but did not get into any of the traps. Late that evening it slowly walked away up the side of the mountain and disappeared.

And now just to show you the real sunny cussedness there is in luck sometimes; there had been a full-grown big-horn in one of the traps all day in that blistering sun. Had those sheep not have kept me away from the traps all day, I would have found him early in the morning, and the chances are that he would have been alive to-day.

According to their custom he had started down the cañon, but had got fastened in some bushes and stayed there all day. But about noon when I had come out on my point to watch the traps he had either seen or smelled me; for he had broken loose from the brush and climbed back up the rocky side of the mountain in plain sight of me. But my attention was so taken up with the sheep that was near the traps that I never saw him.

When I finally went to the traps, and saw by the indications about how long he



"I TIED THE SHEEP TO MY WAIST"

had been caught, and realized the whole train of ruinous circumstances that had been against me that day, I was miserable indeed. There wasn't one chance in a hundred but what I would capture him all right; nor there wasn't one chance in a hundred that he would live. So although I had another big-horn there was nothing in the fact to be thankful for.

I took his track and followed it up the cañon a short distance, and saw my noble sheep trying to climb up over the rocks. He was a full-grown big-horn and in fine condition. "Poor fellow!" I said to myself, "what a shame that ill-circumstances

prevented me from finding you this morning."

When he saw me coming he turned to one side and went out over a perpendicular bluff about 20 or 25 feet high. I came around above him and had him cornered on this bluff. Now if there is anything in the world that would make a sheep jump over a bluff, the sight of a man at close quarters would do it. This sheep went to the edge of the bluff and seemed about to jump over, but suddenly whirled round and came back past me as fast as he could go. He would have run into me had I not gotten out of his way.

He went to a very steep place and slid down over the rocks. I followed as fast as I could, but the place was so terribly rough, and there was so much danger of falling, that the sheep could go faster than I down the mountain. He soon got into a little sandy wash that was not very rocky, and could run still faster. When I finally got down the bluff, and into the wash, I could run faster than the sheep. But I had taken up so much time getting down that he was a long ways ahead.

There was another gulch running almost parallel to this one, just over a little ridge; the two gulches came together several hundred yards below, and I thought that by getting over into that gulch I would not frighten him into running any faster, and could come in ahead of him at the juncture of the two gulches. So I hurried over and put in my best licks to get ahead of the sheep. We met where the two gulches came together; I tried to lasso him as he passed me, but missed the throw. I followed him with all possible speed, getting my rope ready as fast as I could to throw again. There was a knot in the end of the rope, and that caught in some brush, jerking the rope out of my hands. I saw that if I went back to get it he would get such a start of me that there was no telling where I would overtake him.

I had a short rope tied around my waist, and I saw that by getting right down to business that I could outrun him just a little. The sheep seemed to have the best wind, but as there was no other show I lit out after him in dead earnest. A string broke and one of my moccasins went off; the rocks hurt my foot considerably, but there was no time to hunt lost moccasins then.

A few steps farther and the other moccasin went. "Do your worst, Old Luck!" said I, "I'm going to have that sheep if you kill him the next minute." A few yards farther and I came up on the right side of him and grabbed him by the right horn with my left hand. I jerked his head around and grabbed him by the left horn with my right hand, and twisted his head all I could; at the same time I threw my weight against his shoulders, which caused him to fall. He was too exhausted to even kick, and lay quite still till I tied him down.

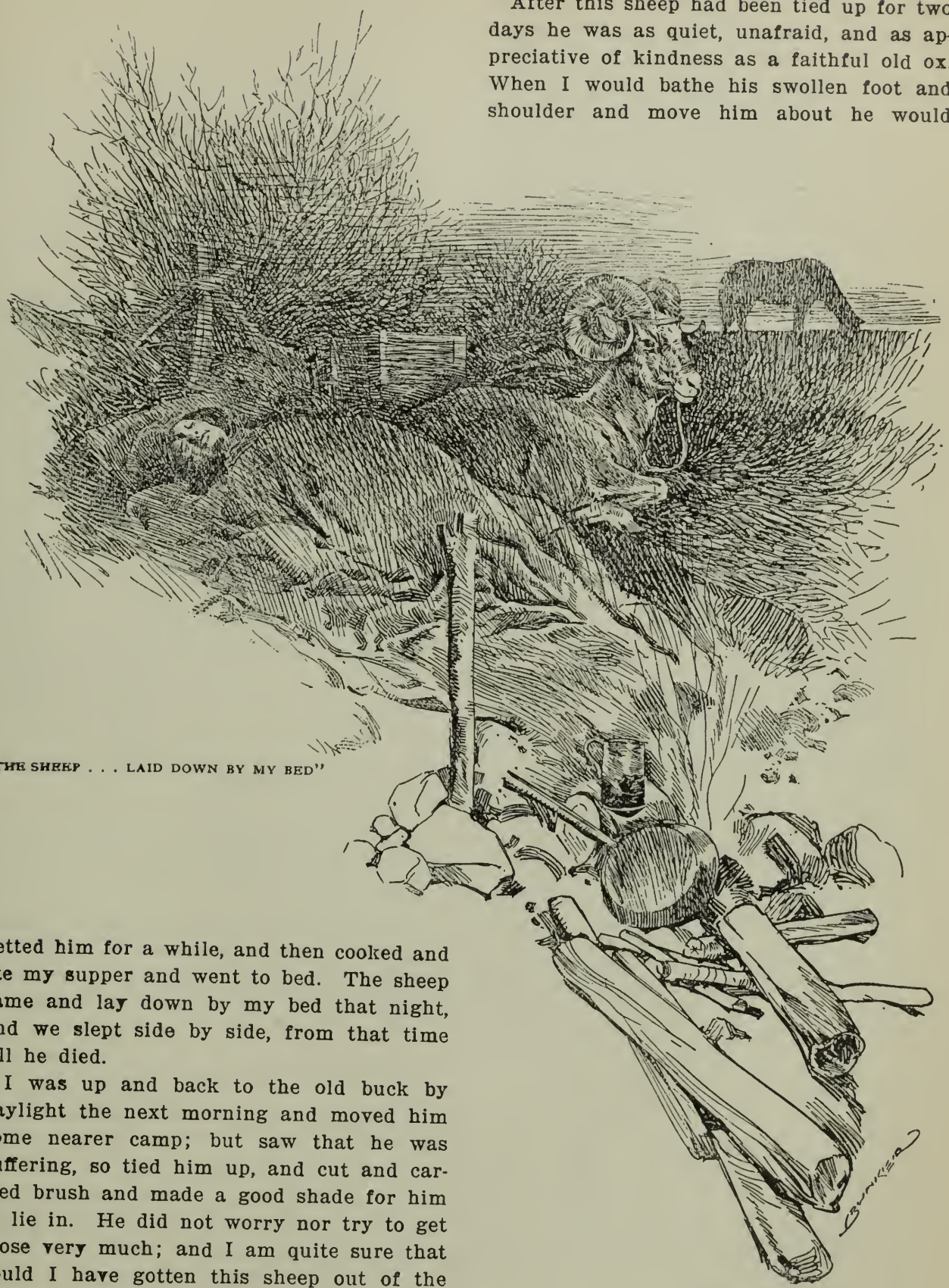
I dragged him into the shade of a desert willow, within a few yards of where the other sheep died. I saw that he was badly used up and was very old, but was fat and in good condition. Another thing in his favor; he was not nearly so nervous nor vicious as any of the other sheep that I had captured. That evening I put a long rope on him and got him to go back up the gulch about a half mile nearer camp than he was, without a single fight. This was due partly to his good disposition, and partly to my knowing how to handle him. But I learned something from this sheep:

I found that after the rope was tied around the base of his horns, if I took a half hitch around the end or point of one horn, that just as he was ready to make a charge on me, an action that I was able to time to a nicety from indications before described, that if I gave the rope a quick jerk it pulled his head a little to one side till he could not see me for a second or two, and left him pointing in a different direction. I then had time to better my position or get out of his way entirely.

So in consequence of this experience and knowledge I avoided having any trouble with him to amount to anything. But after a while he lay down, so I tied him up, made everything as comfortable for him as I could, gave him a drink of water, and went to camp in the dark. This poor sheep nearly made a big row, and was the cause of the desertion of a mining camp, in a way that I shall tell you about later on.

The buck in camp was glad to see me when I got back, and I was glad to see that he was all right. I watered and fed him and

After this sheep had been tied up for two days he was as quiet, unafraid, and as appreciative of kindness as a faithful old ox. When I would bathe his swollen foot and shoulder and move him about he would



"THE SHEEP . . . LAID DOWN BY MY BED"

petted him for a while, and then cooked and ate my supper and went to bed. The sheep came and lay down by my bed that night, and we slept side by side, from that time till he died.

I was up and back to the old buck by daylight the next morning and moved him some nearer camp; but saw that he was suffering, so tied him up, and cut and carried brush and made a good shade for him to lie in. He did not worry nor try to get loose very much; and I am quite sure that could I have gotten this sheep out of the trap at once he never would have died from nervous fright. His disposition and temperament varied greatly from the other sheep that I had captured. And this same law of variation, with all its degrees of variance, holds good with every living creature.

flinch and groan, and shake his head and look at me in a manner that was almost babyish; but however badly I hurt him he would never show the slightest inclination to resent it.

After I had done all that I knew to do for him, I would sit down in front of him, take his great head in my lap, rub his ears, smooth his hair, and talk to him. That he felt a gladness and appreciated this action on my part was undoubted. For he would never take his head out of my lap voluntarily; he was more quiet, and would sometimes go to sleep. But his head was so heavy that I would soon get tired holding it; and when I would lift it out of my lap and get up I could see clearly that he was disappointed.

"My poor pet," I would say, "I am sorry, but I have no way to make you know it."

Of course, the docility in this animal, aside from his natural kind and gentle nature, was due in a great measure to the fact that he was sick and badly wounded. The same dread symptoms of pneumonia that I had learned from the first sheep that died, were clearly to be seen in the actions of distress in this one. He lived for eight days, but the last two days he was entirely unconscious.

About this time two miners came along to do some work on a claim that they had near there; and of course that put an end to sheep hunting in that part of the country. And as I was about out of grub, nearly naked and barefooted, I resolved to learn my sheep to lead, give up the hunt till next summer, and strike out for home.

So the next morning I went around and unwired the logs from the chains, took up all my traps and brought them to camp. My buck had begun to like me and want to go with me by this time; so it was not much of a job to learn him to lead. He tried to get away, and fought and balked a little; but it did not amount to much.

In three days I had him so he would go with me anywhere. When I was learning him to lead, two more prospectors came to my camp and were greatly surprised to see a man leading a wild mountain sheep around over the hills. When I came up to their camp leading my sheep, one of them said to the other:

"Well, that poor devil was right, after all."

They then explained that, a few days before, one of their party had come into camp and said that he had found a full-grown bighorn tied to a tree over the mountain.

"And," said the speaker, "had he told us that he had seen a man in a flying machine over there we would have believed him just as quickly. We thought he was going crazy and asked him to have a drink of water. That made him worse; and being afraid of him, we packed up the next morning, and came over here and left him there alone."

The next day I was ready to start for home, 100 miles away over the blistering sands of the Mojave desert. There were only three watering places on the trip; but a miner who was returning with a wagon very kindly hauled me out some water and left it at a place agreed upon about 25 miles away. I traveled only in the night, for fear of overheating the sheep if I moved in the sunshine.

When I was ready to start the next evening about sundown, the miners all came out to see me off. They thought I had a terrible undertaking to lead two pack horses and a mountain sheep across the desert such a distance. These men were just as intelligent as I, just as good, and maybe better; but they did not understand the nature, nor the intelligence of animals.

The domesticated sheep is held up for a symbol of ignorance, but his wild progenitor is no such fool. For nearly a century the fools have all been killed off, and today they are a species of highly intelligent animals. An old experienced coyote is a pretty hard animal to trap; but he is not in it with a mountain sheep that has never had any experience. And even man, with all his boasted power of speech, has many religious superstitious beliefs that are so devoid of all logical explanation that they are far below the intelligence of our higher animals, dumb though they may be.

I tied the sheep to my waist and kept him tied there, day and night. I tied one packhorse to the saddle of the other, and led it. The animals all knew me, all liked me, and all wanted to go; and there was not the slightest trouble. I traveled about 20 miles that night and camped. The sheep lay down quietly by my side and chewed his cud till morning. At the dawn of day I was up

and going, but so soon as it began to get hot I camped till night. I had no trouble on the trip, and after the third night, about sunrise in the morning, I arrived home.

My sheep did well for about a month and I went to San Bernardino and bought some Merino ewes, to see if I could start a new breed of animals; but he did not live long enough to test the experiment. He was taken with pneumonia and died within three days.

I am very sorry that my hunt and my story ended so sadly. But I am glad that you can never feel the disappointments and the bitterness that I did.

AFTER THE STORM

A WHITE face turned to the reddening sun,
A sea, storm tossed and wide,
A wind swept reach of booming beach—
And a soul ebbed out with the tide.

—*Percy M. Cushing.*

ODE TO THE REDWOODS

WHILE states shall rise and flourish
And fade, the earth shall nourish
This tree, to whom the passing of
The lives of men must seem
Their coming and their going,
While the ceaseless tides are flowing,
Like its needles drifting from it on
The surface of the stream.

—*Vera Moller.*

A WAIF

YES, sweet is silence. When the storm is passed
Sweet is the calm that follows in its path.
But who could prize its sweetness, did it last
Unbroken, ever, by the tempest's wrath?
Sweet, too, is life; when loneliness is fled
Sweet is the love that lights our onward way;
But who could prize the light thus fondly shed
Were't not for Life's alternate night and day?

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

ANCIENT FISH HOOKS

BY LAWRENCE IRWELL

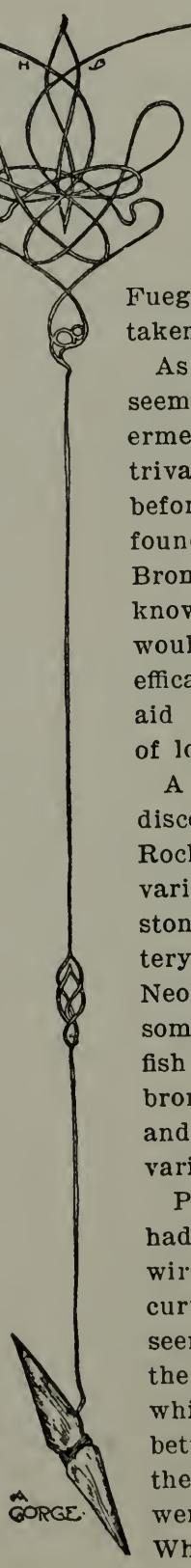
FISHING appears to be one of the occupations practiced by man from very early ages. The Neolithic man fished from his pile dwelling in the lake beneath, and to-day, savages in the South Pacific Islands fish in a similar manner.

Compared with the remains of the earliest fish hooks, our modern hooks have changed but little in general shape. The millions of hooks made in many centuries have not improved upon the original idea to any great extent.

With an invention of so remote an age, wrapped in the obscurity of antiquity, it is now only possible to surmise that we probably owe the idea of the hook to the men who fished in the Neolithic age. Long before hooks were thought of, no doubt fish were caught by hand, snared, or speared. The natives of the South Pacific Islands are skillful with the spear at the present time. They also shoot fish with an arrow projected from a bow.

The following article, by no means complete, is intended to deal with some examples of strangely formed hooks, in some cases in use at the present day, others being relics left by fishermen of the Stone and Bronze ages, the days of the true hunters and fishers of the Old World.

Although the fish hook is a well known contrivance, there are still savages to whom it is unknown. The Fuegians use a line without a hook. The bait is tied to the end of a line; this is dangled before a fish, and attracts it to the surface. Here the fish is allowed to bite it, and before it can release its hold it is jerked from the water and knocked into the canoe by the left hand of the Fuegian. Sea otters and seals are also taken by means of spears and arrows.



As far as can be ascertained, fly-fishing seems to have been unknown to early fishermen. It is doubtful if the simple contrivance of a gorge bait was thought of before the bent hook. Gorges have been found with remains belonging to the early Bronze age; they may have been well known. On the other hand, a barbed hook would have been preferred, it being more efficacious in securing the fish, by the aid of striking, there being less chance of losing a fish when nibbling.

A well-shaped bronze hook has been discovered in one of the caves on the Rock of Gibraltar. It was found with various articles, some of bone, others of stone, and a quantity of ornamented pottery, all of which belonged to the Neolithic age. During the excavation of some lake dwellings in Switzerland many fish hooks were found, in addition to bronze tools, weapons and objects of stone and clay. There were more than a dozen varieties of hooks.

Primitive forms of hooks seem to have had no barb; they were really pieces of wire bent round and pointed. Both curved and straight shanks are to be seen. In one instance, a large hook has the back of the shank serrated or notched, which may have been intended to give a better grip for the binding. A section of the bronze wire from which these hooks were made is in many cases quadrangular. When a round wire was employed it was

never uniformly round. A number of double hooks of very ancient date have been brought to light, some with and others without, barbs. In a lake dwelling of the Bronze age (near Berne, Switzerland), at a distance of four hundred feet from the shore, was found a habitation seven thousand seven hundred square feet in area. The remains of piles were standing in six or seven feet of water. With other objects, there was found one small double bronze hook, without barbs. Of the numerous hooks recovered during these excavations, one of the most interesting examples was a fish hook made from the tusk of a wild boar. From the primitive make of this barbless tusk hook, and the absence of metal among the remains, it may well have belonged to a fisherman of the Neolithic age. In the mud under these dwellings numerous fish scales and bones were found—the lower jaw of a colossal pike, the vertebræ of perch and other fish. Small bone objects, presumably gorges, were also dug up. They consisted of a bone shank, pointed at both ends. A depression was made in the middle, round which the line was attached; the gorge, covered with bait, was swallowed by the fish. Any pulling on the line had the effect of driving one, if not both, points more firmly into the throat or inside of the fish. At the present time ducks are caught with gorges in this manner in some parts of Holland.

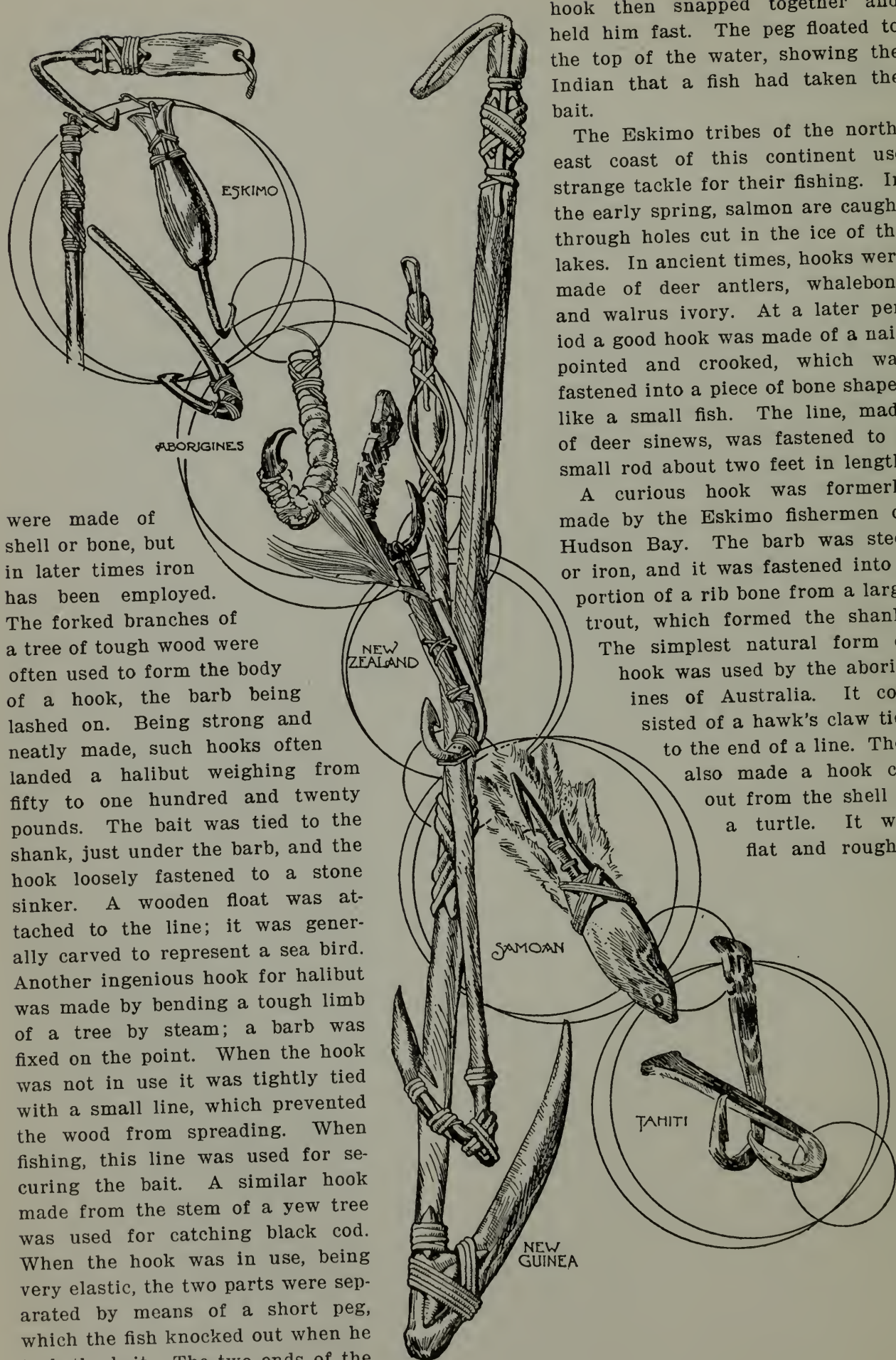
The writer has seen a number of Greek and Roman bronze hooks in English museums. Practically nothing is known about them, however, and some are so unusual in shape that they do not appear to have been used for fishing purposes.

Some interesting hooks were discovered about four years ago in Cyprus—the island in the Mediterranean, about fifty miles from the coast of Syria—during the excavation of a grave, when a hoard of bronze utensils was unearthed. The owner, who angled five or six hundred years before Christ, must have been an ardent fisherman, for he possessed what seems to have been a complete outfit for general fishing. One lot of small hooks, some eight or ten in number, formed a corroded mass. When in good condition, they were very similar to the small hooks used by roach fishermen of the present day. With these small hooks there were seven large hooks of various sizes.

The Egyptians indulged in fishing in the River Nile and its tributaries. Private fishing ponds were made in the grounds of the wealthy for cultivating fish, the catching of which provided amusement for the owner. In some Egyptian sculptures a man of high rank may be seen fishing from the bank of a canal or lake with a rod and line, or spearing the fish as they passed the place where he was standing. These ancient fishermen evidently believed in being comfortable when fishing. In one instance they are shown seated on a mat, which was spread on the ground in the shade of a tree. Others are to be seen sitting on a chair, a notion of comfort not despised by fishermen in some European countries, but almost unknown in the United States. The pole—or rod—of the early Egyptian was short, generally furnished with a single line and a bronze hook. Occasionally two lines, each with a bronze hook are to be seen on the one rod.

The clumsy looking hooks used by the Indians on the northwest coast of this country are said to possess advantages over hooks of modern makes. They still prefer hooks of their own making. One of the good points in their large halibut hooks is that they are less apt to foul the bottom. Although these Indians have our large iron hooks, they use them in an unusual way. By binding two hooks inverted to the end of a long pole, they utilize them as a fish spear. There is very little connected with fishing that we can teach any of the red men. They are crafty, skillful fishermen, and they have, nevertheless, strong superstitious beliefs in the infallability of certain forms of tackle. Where fish move in shoals, most Indians use a double hook or snag for snatching, or "foul-hooking." The Makah Indians of the State of Washington use a hook of this kind made by fastening two bone points to a strip of whalebone. A similar hook with a single point is more common. It can be used as a snag or as a baited hook.

The halibut hooks used by Indians are usually made in two pieces, lashed together at the joint with cedar bark. The shanks of the hooks of former days were often elaborately carved. Figures of medicine men, gods and birds were favorites, and they were intended to charm the fish and bring luck to the fisher. The barbs in early times

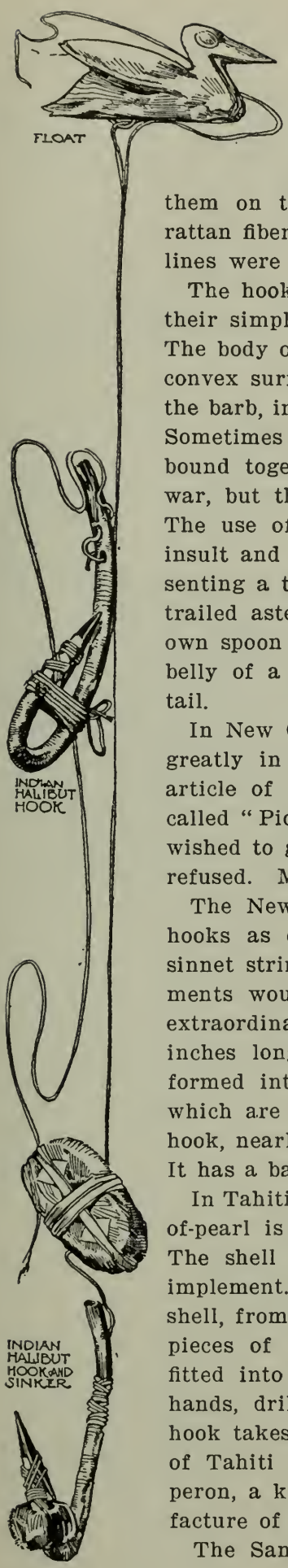


were made of shell or bone, but in later times iron has been employed. The forked branches of a tree of tough wood were often used to form the body of a hook, the barb being lashed on. Being strong and neatly made, such hooks often landed a halibut weighing from fifty to one hundred and twenty pounds. The bait was tied to the shank, just under the barb, and the hook loosely fastened to a stone sinker. A wooden float was attached to the line; it was generally carved to represent a sea bird. Another ingenious hook for halibut was made by bending a tough limb of a tree by steam; a barb was fixed on the point. When the hook was not in use it was tightly tied with a small line, which prevented the wood from spreading. When fishing, this line was used for securing the bait. A similar hook made from the stem of a yew tree was used for catching black cod. When the hook was in use, being very elastic, the two parts were separated by means of a short peg, which the fish knocked out when he took the bait. The two ends of the hook then snapped together and held him fast. The peg floated to the top of the water, showing the Indian that a fish had taken the bait.

The Eskimo tribes of the northeast coast of this continent use strange tackle for their fishing. In the early spring, salmon are caught through holes cut in the ice of the lakes. In ancient times, hooks were made of deer antlers, whalebone and walrus ivory. At a later period a good hook was made of a nail, pointed and crooked, which was fastened into a piece of bone shaped like a small fish. The line, made of deer sinews, was fastened to a small rod about two feet in length.

A curious hook was formerly made by the Eskimo fishermen of Hudson Bay. The barb was steel or iron, and it was fastened into a portion of a rib bone from a large trout, which formed the shank.

The simplest natural form of hook was used by the aborigines of Australia. It consisted of a hawk's claw tied to the end of a line. They also made a hook cut out from the shell of a turtle. It was flat and roughly



made without a barb, the point being turned very much inward to prevent the fish from slipping off. A similarly-shaped hook was used by the New Zealanders. The lines used by the aboriginal Australians were made by chewing reeds and stripping them into fibers. Two strings were twisted together by rolling them on the thighs. Another line was made by severing rattan fibers. This work was generally done by women. The lines were long and had a hook at each end.

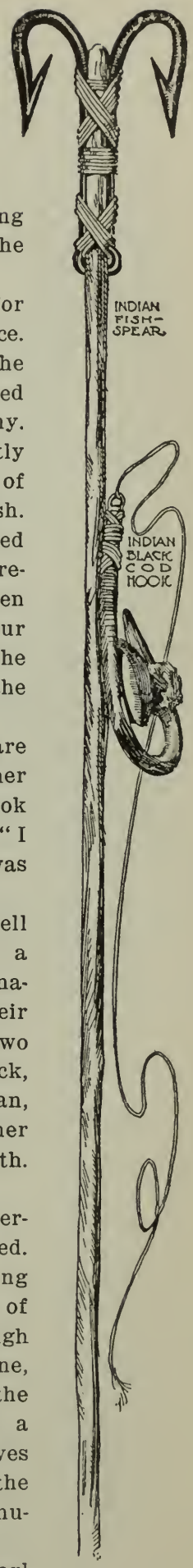
The hooks used by the New Zealanders are remarkable for their simplicity and ingenuity, and are a useful contrivance. The body of the hook is made of a curved piece of wood, the convex surface being lined with pawa shell. To this is fixed the barb, in many cases made from the bone of a slain enemy. Sometimes this bone portion consists of two pieces, neatly bound together. These are (or were) not only trophies of war, but they were thought to possess a charm to kill fish. The use of an enemy's bone as a fish barb was a studied insult and defiance to a hostile tribe. A tuft of fiber, representing a tail, was tied to the end of the hook, which, when trailed astern of the canoe, spun much in same way as our own spoon bait, the pawa shell flashing in the water like the belly of a small fish, and the tuft of fiber looking like the tail.

In New Guinea, hooks of American or European make are greatly in demand, and are preferred to almost any other article of trade, except tomahawks. The author of a book called "Pioneering in New Guinea" (J. Chalmers), says: "I wished to get a fine carved pipe, and offered a knife, but was refused. My boy Friday got it for three fish hooks."

The New Guinea ladies often wear a pair of turtle shell hooks as ornaments. Each hook is tied to the end of a sinnet string, and hung down the back. Many of these ornaments would be useless as fish hooks, on account of their extraordinary shapes. Some New Guinea hooks are twenty-two inches long, made in one solid piece from a forked stick, formed into a hook. The loop and bindings are of rattan, which are tightened by driving in pegs or wedges. Another hook, nearly as large, is more than nineteen inches in length. It has a barb, made from a separate piece.

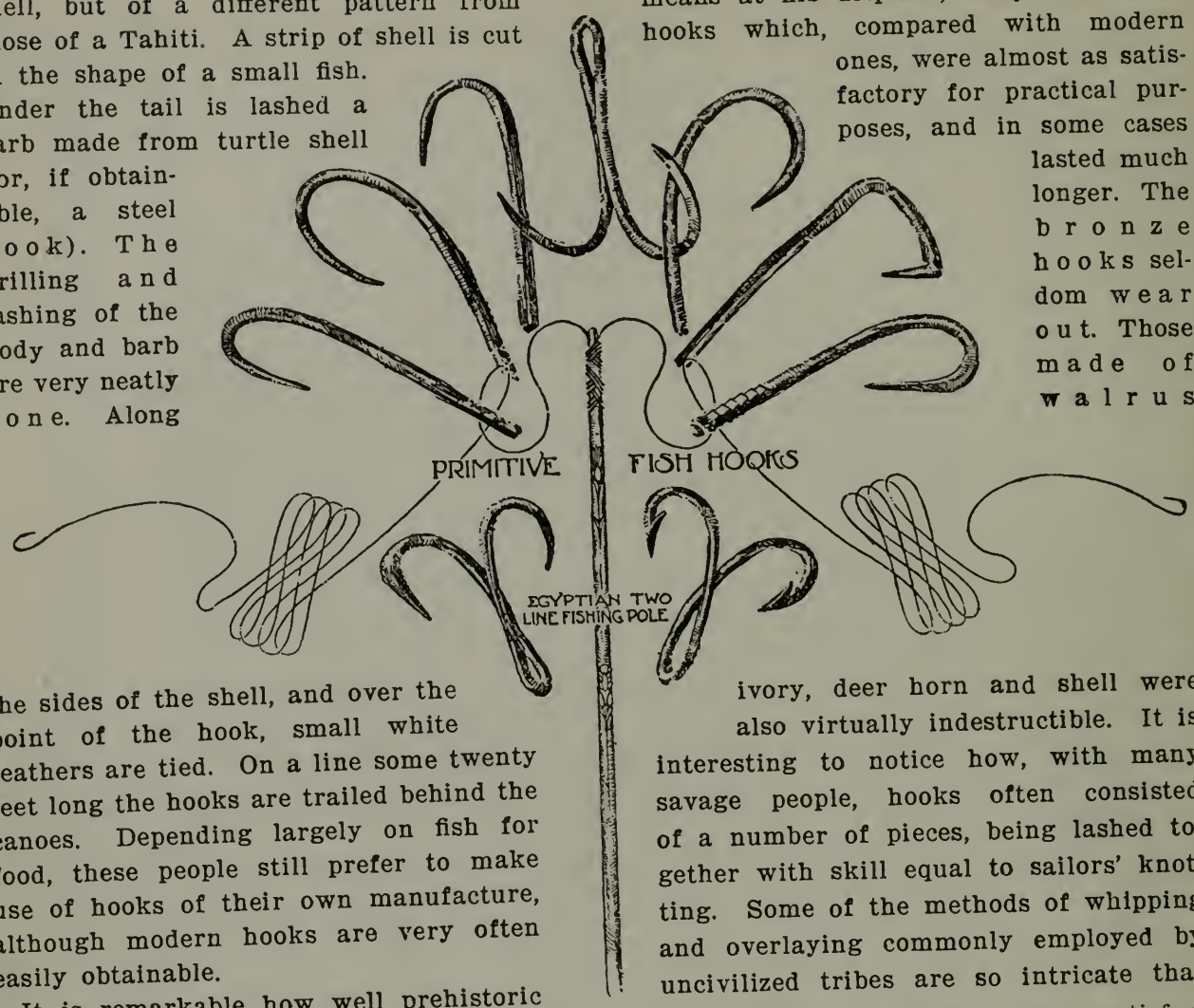
In Tahiti, every fisherman makes his own hooks, and mother-of-pearl is the material from which they are all fashioned. The shell is cut up, another shell being used as a cutting implement. The first operation is to cut out a square piece of shell, from which the hook is constructed by utilizing rough pieces of coral as primitive files. A sharp pointed stone, fitted into the end of a bamboo, and revolved between the hands, drills the necessary holes for the bindings. Such a hook takes only a quarter of an hour to make. The natives of Tahiti make their lines and nets from the bark of the peron, a kind of hibiscus. So skillful are they in the manufacture of these lines that many are as fine as our own.

The Samoans also make good hooks from mother-of-pearl



shell, but of a different pattern from those of a Tahiti. A strip of shell is cut in the shape of a small fish. Under the tail is lashed a barb made from turtle shell (or, if obtainable, a steel hook). The drilling and lashing of the body and barb are very neatly done. Along the sides of the shell, and over the point of the hook, small white feathers are tied. On a line some twenty feet long the hooks are trailed behind the canoes. Depending largely on fish for food, these people still prefer to make use of hooks of their own manufacture, although modern hooks are very often easily obtainable.

It is remarkable how well prehistoric men made, and the modern savages make, their fishing gear. With the most primitive means at his disposal, early man made hooks which, compared with modern ones, were almost as satisfactory for practical purposes, and in some cases lasted much longer. The bronze hooks seldom wear out. Those made of walrus ivory, deer horn and shell were also virtually indestructible. It is interesting to notice how, with many savage people, hooks often consisted of a number of pieces, being lashed together with skill equal to sailors' knotting. Some of the methods of whipping and overlaying commonly employed by uncivilized tribes are so intricate that it is difficult to imitate them satisfactorily.



SPRING

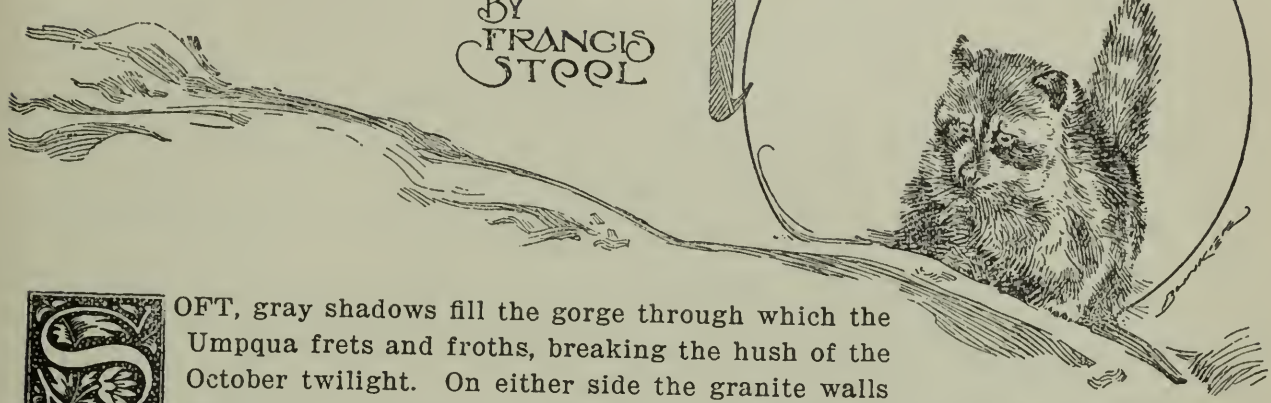
THE popish morning glory's early mass
Is ended, and the golden day begun;
Now, guided by the wraith of Phaeton,
Behold the chariot of Phoebus pass:
Dew-gems, aglint upon the tender grass,
Vanish, before the Heaven heights are won—
Rare fairy jewels, faded by the sun,
From hill and dale, the woodland and morass.

The fields are pregnant with the gifts of Spring:
The dainty violets, the May-buds, and
In blooming trees the feathered minstrels sing,
A happy—nay, a madly joyous band;
The bells of merry Spring time are apeal—
The loom of Mother Nature is awheel.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

Velvet Tip

BY FRANCIS STEEL



SOFT, gray shadows fill the gorge through which the Umpqua frets and froths, breaking the hush of the October twilight. On either side the granite walls rise sheer, leaving only a narrow strip of steeply sloping fragment of rock and debris between cliff and river bank. A broken trail leads down a deep cleft to a heap of jagged rocks, in front of which five raccoon cubs are playing kitten-like, while Wisca, their mother, lies outstretched upon a flat boulder watching them in maternal content. The cubs have the same brown-gray coats and the same expression of mischievous sagacity in their keen eyes and black-barred faces. But the tail of one of them is peculiarly marked, the last dark ring having apparently been combined with the sable tip to form a broad band of velvety blackness. Velvet-Tip is the sturdiest of the youngsters, and his face shows markedly the mingled playfulness, shrewdness and ferocity of his tribe.

Suddenly the barking of a dog drifts faintly up the cañon. At the sound, the cubs stop their gambols and steal noiselessly into the den in the rock pile. Wisca slips forward to the edge of the little ledge from whence she can command a view of the gorge. Here she remains several minutes motionless, intently listening. She is about the size of a large tom-cat, with a sinewy, feline grace strangely at variance with her sturdy build and short, powerful legs.

As the raccoon stands listening, the barking draws perceptibly nearer. Presently a small, black-and-white hound appears down by the river bank, running nose to the ground, and evidently following some trail. When directly below the den the dog stops abruptly, and after a few hurried quarterings strikes upward straight toward the little ledge.

When Wisca realizes that it is her own track that the baying hound is following, the red battle-light flares suddenly into her eyes. She backs up against the mouth of the den, and crouches there at bay, every muscle tense, her sharp, white teeth bared, and her hard eyes glittering.

Something in the sinister quiet of that couchant form makes the hound hesitate. But he wavers only for a moment, then springs fiercely to the attack. Wisca is ready, however. As the dog leaps she dodges skillfully, and quick as light her needle-sharp fangs slash him cruelly across the neck. Then they clinch and roll over and over, snapping, snarling and clawing.

While the issue of the combat is still in doubt, a rough-bearded man in faded, blue overalls, armed with a heavy stick, comes panting up the ledge. In face of

this new enemy Wisca makes a swift retreat to the den, while the dog, afraid to follow her into such close quarters, contents himself with barking and growling at the entrance.

After vainly trying to make the hound enter the den, the man begins to unpile the rocky covering of the raccoon's home. It is back-breaking work, and the beads of sweat stand out upon his forehead, while his hands are torn by the jagged edges of the rocks. He sticks to it, nevertheless, and at last the family of frightened raccoons is uncovered.

The cubs are huddled together in the farthest corner of the den, while the old mother crouches in front of them, watching her enemies with desperate eyes. After a moment's hesitation the hound slinks around toward the cubs. With frantic rage Wisca springs to meet him, but even as she is in the air a crushing blow from the farmer's club puts an end to her heroic life.

As soon as the old raccoon is out of the way the hound pounces upon the shrinking cubs. In an instant two of the kittens are shaken to death in his savage jaws. The rest scatter. But their toddling flight is vain. One is killed by the farmer, while the fourth is quickly overtaken by the dog.

Velvet-Tip alone escapes the fate of the others. In the wild scramble he slips unnoticed from between the hound's legs and seeing no other cover creeps under the woodsman's coat, which he had thrown carelessly upon the ground. Here he crouches trembling.

When the man has collected the carcasses he turns to pick up his coat. The cloth quivers slightly as the little 'coon tries to snuggle down closer in its folds. The man stops an instant, staring open-mouthed. Then he stoops quickly, and gently raises one edge of the coat. There is little Velvet-Tip with his head thrust into an armhole, so that only his furry, gray body shows. Chuckling softly, the woodsman rolls the coat more closely around his trembling captive, tucks the bundle under his arm, and turns homeward through the dusk.

* * *

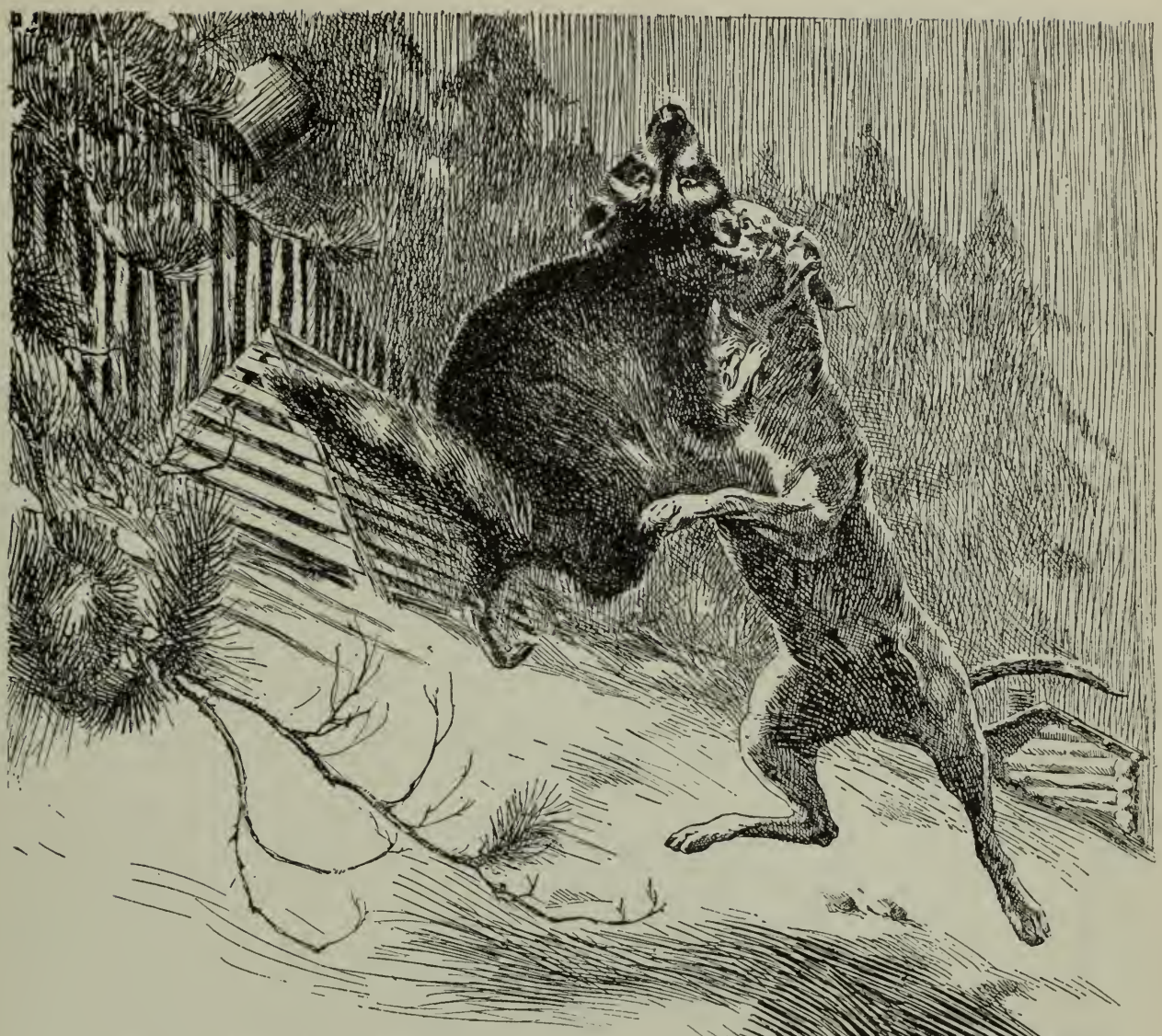
The moon hangs low over Black Mountain, shedding pale light upon the little farmstead, nestled in a small clearing part way up the cañon wall. From below comes the boom of the river, hollow and clear in the stillness of thousands of listening pines. In the center of the clearing is a log cabin, moss-chinked and weather-beaten; in front of this is a vegetable patch, while about a hundred yards to the rear a rough chicken house stands out darkly in the white moonlight. Before the cabin door a small black- and white hound lies asleep. This is the back-woods farm to which Velvet-Tip was carried a prisoner two years before, but from which he escaped after six months' irksome captivity.

Suddenly a muffled squawk sounds from the chicken house. The dog rises sleepily; then as the squawk is repeated, accompanied this time by the sound of a short scuffle, he utters a low growl and darts quickly around the cabin toward the hen-roost. When he is within a few yards of it a shadowy, gray form slips out of the dark doorway. It is a big raccoon with a still flopping hen flung across his back. In the silvery moonlight his tail shows plainly a broad, black band at the end. It is Velvet-Tip, full grown now, with a heavy set frame over which the corded muscles ripple at every movement.

At sight of the dog the big 'coon drops his prey, and crouches flat against the ground, claws digging convulsively into the earth, fangs bared, and eyes flaming with hate.

After tip-toeing once around his crouching foe, with every hair along his backbone erect, the hound springs fiercely to the attack. With lightning swiftness Velvet-Tip's forepaw shoots out, and the knife-edged claws rake deep, red furrows across the dog's face. But the impetus of the hound's charge is unchecked. The 'coon is thrown backward, snarling and biting viciously, and badly bitten before he can recover. After several minutes of whirlwind fighting, during which the squealing snarls of the raccoon combine with the growls of the dog to shatter the midnight quiet, the two combatants draw apart, torn and bleeding, and sink panting to the ground. In their eyes, however, as they keep silent watch upon each other, the sinister, green light of hatred burns more fiercely than ever.

At the end of several moments of this strained watching, Velvet-Tip stealthily gathers his limbs under him, while his sin-



"HE BEGINS CLAWING AT HIS ENEMY'S THROAT"

ewy form becomes rigid as steel. At the same instant the dog rises alertly, and he, too, stiffens into tense expectancy. This time it is the raccoon who attacks. Straight at his enemy's throat he flies, but at the last moment swerves suddenly downward, and in one swift bite his sharp, white teeth crunch to the bone in the dog's fore leg. The hound utters a yelp of pain, half turns as if to flee, and then seeing the hopelessness of flight, faces about to receive Velvet-Tip's second rush. Again the 'coon feints for the throat and ducks swiftly for his adversary's foreleg. Again the cruel fangs pierce to the bone, but this time the raccoon does not escape unhurt. As he leaps away the hound's great jaws close upon his neck, and in spite of his frantic struggles he cannot shake off their terrible grip.

Seized by the neck as he is, Velvet-Tip's sharp teeth are useless, but with desperate energy he begins clawing at his enemy's throat with both hind and fore feet. His razor-edged claws rip and

tear frightfully, but the hound, realizing that to let go now means death, holds on with fierce, convulsive strength.

Meanwhile the strangling grip at his neck is fast sapping Velvet-Tip's strength. His breath comes in gasps, and his jaws, flecked with bloody foam, open and close spasmodically. But not for an instant are his raking claws still, and now their fearful slashing is beginning to tell. The blood is pouring from the gash in the dog's throat, and over his eyes the dull glaze of death is creeping.

At last, when everything is turning black before the raccoon's eyes, the grim hold upon his throat relaxes. With one last fierce effort Velvet-Tip wrenches himself free; and then sinks exhausted beside his dead foe. For several minutes he lies thus, unable to move a muscle, then staggering weakly to his feet, he limps off through the moonlight toward the dark forest, his throat raw and bleeding, and his fur dappled with blood and dirt, but in his dark eyes the triumphant light of revenge.

IN EXCELSIS

I CLIMB a steep forbidding hill
And find another higher still.
I mount again and over all
The mountain towers grim and tall.
And toiling on, at last I gain
The monarch of the stretching plain.
I reach its crest and there—the peak,
Whose snowy summit sheer I seek.

Exultant with sustaining hope
I climb the final rocky slope;
With weary feet and rock-torn hand
Upon the barren verge I stand.
Alas, the point I thought the last,
Tho' higher than all others passed,
Is but the footstool for the new
And vaster heights that meet my view.

And yet I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou
Hast fixed so far the utter brow
Of all the heights I may desire;
That tho' I may to peaks aspire—
Aye, tho' my goal may touch the skies,
Yet I may high and higher rise.
For as I climb, my soul doth see
That all ascending is to Thee.

—*Maurice Smiley.*

TO AN OWL

TELL me, sad bird of night, what stress compels
Thy mournful plaint thro' all the sunless hours?
Doth crave the veiléd glories of the flowers
To grace thy orgies in the bosky dells?
Or is it that thy morbid soul rebels
Against thy poverished lot, and mouths its pain
In dolorous measures o'er the star-lit plain
Which sob in echoes thro' the woodland bowers?

Hath dreary solitude thy heart imbued
With misanthropic gloom—or is thy song
The burden of some long enduréd wrong
Inflicted by some tyrant of the wood?
Hath melancholy marked you for his own
Or meditation turned you cynic? Is
The sum of contemplative wisdom this:
That you do vex the echoes with a groan?

Or is it thro' thee Mother Nature thrills
The pulse of night with agonizing cry,
Moaning in accents which the bosom chills
That man—her fairest born—is doomed to die?
Or art thou, heavenly sent, a messenger
To wail the follies of our sinful days?
Doth the prophetic anguish of thy lays
Reproachfully our self-wrought doom aver?

Oh! friend, why dost thou mourn? Is sorrow then
Fraught with secrete delights which fail our sense?
Is there that 'scapes our world-dulled evidence
An ecstacy that e'er eludes our ken?
Teach us the occult gladness of thy grief—
The mystic pleasure that in woe abides—
So may we find in sorrow's chastening tides
That which will lave the stains of unbelief.

"Montezuma."

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AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

STILL UNREMEDIED

SOME months ago we called attention to the fact that that splendid trout stream, the "Big Sulphur," was in danger of being depopulated of its trout by reason of the inefficient fish ladder provided by the builders of the power dam in that stream a short distance above its junction with the Russian River near Cloverdale. We were assured by those in power that this defect was remedied and that a splendid and sufficient fish-way had been installed. At our suggestion the residents along the stream above the dam kept an assiduous watch upon its waters this season, and now are unanimous in the report that so far to date but one single spawning steelhead has been seen to ascend the stream. We understand that these residents are preparing a petition to present to their county supervisors asking them to take prompt action in the matter. Maybe they will do what our state authorities wont.

SIGN YOUR LETTERS

IT is the rule of this office to pay no attention to anonymous communications, all such being promptly waste-basketed unread. This will make clear to certain correspondents why their complaints as to violations of game laws, etcetera, have not been given a place in these columns. While we are eager to receive dependable information of any and all kinds that will lead to a betterment of the conditions affecting game protection, we decline to waste time upon hearsay and otherwise intangible "evidence" (!) that is not well founded and reliable enough to be guaranteed by the signature of the informant.

Therefore, correspondents will save postage and stationery by refraining from this puerile practice. He who is not manlike enough to make a statement over his own signature has no logical justification to our consideration and certainly will not receive it. It is a most despicable form of cowardice, this hiding behind the stump of anonymity, and one that we assuredly shall not encourage in our friends. Come out into the open, gentlemen, and we will gladly meet you much more than half way. Business in this office is done only in one way—openly and above board.

It goes without saying that under all circumstances personal communications are held sacredly confidential and this confidence is never violated. But as an evidence of good faith we require the personal vouchment of the writer. Sign your letters.

THE ABUSE OF PERMITS

UNDER sections 626 l, 628 c and 631 of the Penal Code, the "Game Commissioner" (who, it may be parenthetically stated, has no actual existence in this State) and the State Board of Fish Commissioners are empowered to issue permits to anyone for the taking—alive for propagative, or dead for scientific purposes, any "animal or birds" or any fish, and to have same in possession for the purposes named, viz., for propagation if alive or for scientific study if dead.

This provision in our law is an eminently wise, just and altogether satisfactory one in both letter and spirit, but we urge that there is a serious maladministration of both

in the promiscuous issuance of blanket permits, which are abused in the majority of the cases by irresponsible holders who are quick to take advantage of the loose methods employed by the issuing power.

For instance, few if any of these permits have any time limitation provided. We know of one permit issued to a man in Santa Cruz County in 1903, permitting him to capture 36 mountain quail for another man in the same county, which second man by another permit was authorized to have in his possession these 36 quail and their increase. The latter party made an agreement with the first man to pay him 50 cents apiece for all the quail he could capture. Under the plea that he has not yet succeeded in capturing the specified number (36) mentioned in permit, he is still at this date, March 15, 1906, taking quail whenever and wherever he can. In other words he is capturing quail and selling them to another man under his permit, when this is expressly forbidden by section 626 k of the same code, which says that:

"Every person who buys, sells, offers or exposes for sale, barter or trade, any quail, partridge, dove, pheasant, grouse, sage hen, rail, ibis, plover, or any snipe or other shore bird (Limicoloe), or any deer meat, whether taken or killed in the State of California, or shipped into the State from any other State, Territory, or foreign country, is guilty of a misdemeanor. [Approved March 18, 1905.]"

Another permit was issued to a man (conceded by the issuing power to "not bear the best reputation in his neighborhood") "to take mammals and birds for a certain university in this state; complementing this was another permit issued to yet another man for the same purpose, authorizing him to take two buck deer, two does and two fawns. The recent arrest of these two individuals by zealous game wardens who had not been previously "instructed" proved that these men admittedly had exceeded their permitted number, and it is the opinion of everybody in the country in which they operated that they had enormously exceeded it for private mercenary purposes.

Another flagrant and particularly audacious case of abuse of the standing blanket permit privilege is that of a prominent Kearny street bird and other animal vendor who actually advertises and catalogues offers of California mountain and valley quail, Chinese "Rice quail" and three kinds of pheasants. This, despite the provisions of 626 k, above quoted, which absolutely prohibits the sale of these birds. A lamentable feature of this particular case is that these facts were personally brought to the notice of the Fish Commission by the writer, over a year ago, notwithstanding which a catalogue was obtained from this dealer on this day, March 15, 1906, in which this illegal and actionable offer still conspicuously appears. The dealer admits paying for the capture of these birds and receiving a profit on their resale. It is easy to see how readily quail can be obtained by French restauranteurs who need only state that they want them "for purposes of propagation."

In our opinion these abuses can be at least minimized, if not altogether eradicated, by the exercise of a little more care and discretion in the issuance of them. Let them provide a time limitation in which such game may be taken; restrict the number which may be had in possession, and make a proviso that all the increase over and above a certain amount be returned to the Commission for liberation on the public domain.

We do not believe that the issuing of these vicious blanket permits reflects in any wise upon the motives of the Commission, but we insist that there is a certain laxity in methods which had better, for obvious reasons, be remedied without delay. A little less promiscuity in the giving of permits, a little more care displayed in the curtailment of tne blanket provisions of them, and a great deal more oversight of the enjoyment and operation of them by the parties so favored, would go a long ways toward stopping the acrimonious wagging of gossip's tongue.

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Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada, 1905.

Compiled by T. S. Palmer, Henry Oldys and R. W. Williams, Jr., U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey.

(Corrected to August 15, 1905.)

BIRDS.

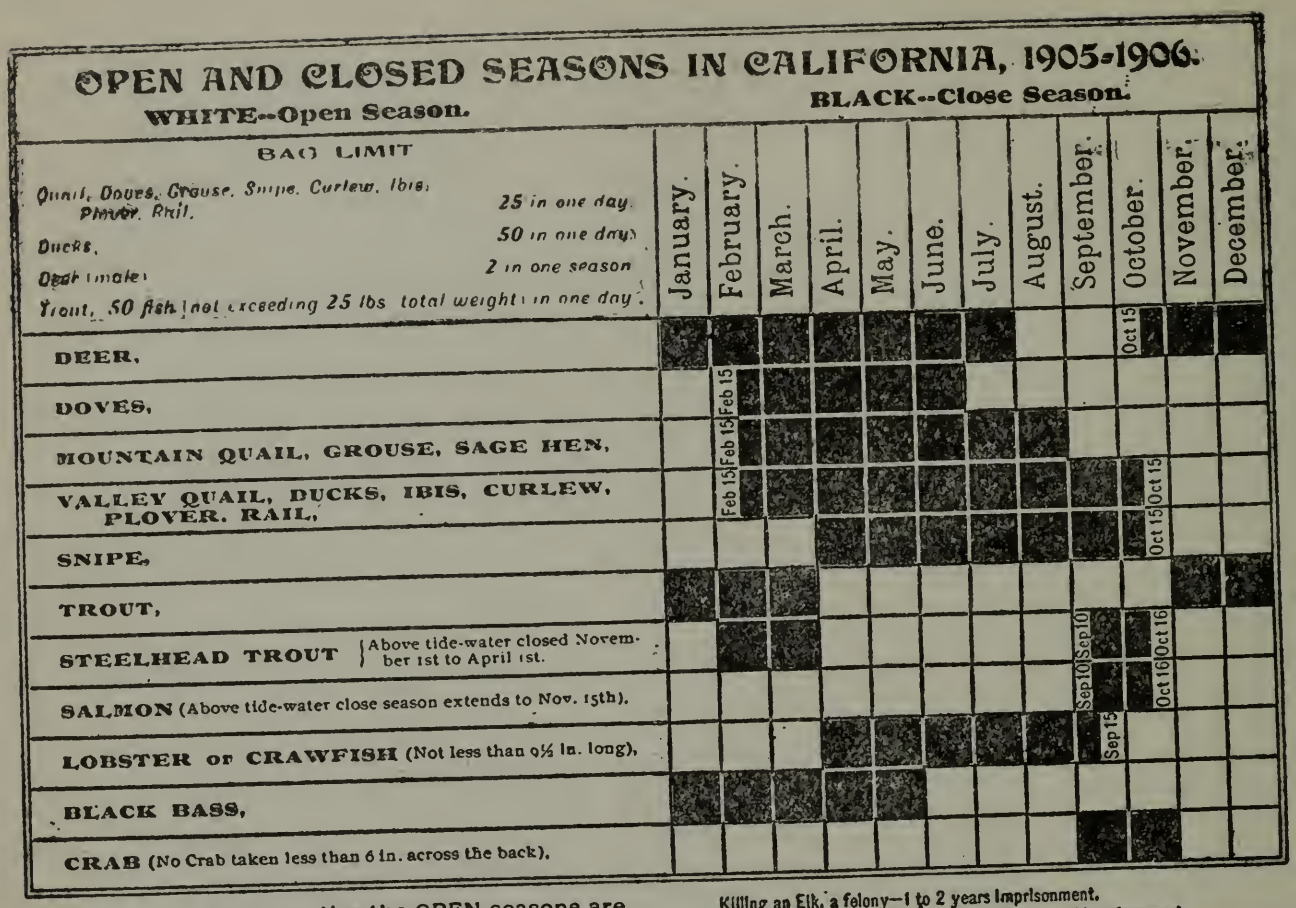
		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[1]	Snipe.[2]	Woodcock.[3]	Rail.[4]	Duck.[5]	Goose, Brant.[6]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 14			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 14		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[7]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]			All the year	Mar. 1-July 15[10]	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[10]	4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Dec. 1-Nov. 1				5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15		6
	7	New York	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[7]			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-July 15	Jan. 1-July 10	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 10		All the year	Jan. 1-May 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[12]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[10]	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[10]	May 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			All the year			Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	11
	12	Maryland[7]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 24-Nov. 1[7]	Feb. 8-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 24-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]	All the year	Jan. 1-July 20[7]	Jan. 1-July 20[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[10]	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 16	Dec. 15-Oct. 16	Dec. 15-Oct. 16	All the year			Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Jan. 1-July 20[10]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[7]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 3-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[10]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 3-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1905			Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[10]	17
	18	Michigan	To Oct. 16, 1907	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[7]	To 1910	To 1910	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 3	Jan. 1-Sept. 3	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	18
	19	Indiana[7]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 10[7]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[10]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 3	Jan. 1-Sept. 3	Jan. 3-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 3-Sept. 1[7]	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 24-Nov. 10	To May 18, 1909	To May 18, 1909	To Apr. 25, 1906	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[10]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1910	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1		All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	21
	22	Minnesota	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[10]	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 10[7]	24
	25	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[7]	Oct. 15-Sept. 15	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[7]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 15	Sept. 15-July 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15[10]	25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 1				Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 10[7]	26
	27	North Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1	May 16-Sept. 1[7]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[7]	27
	28	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1[7]	Oct. 15-Sept. 1[7]					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 15[10]	May 1-Sept. 15[10]	28
	29	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1							May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 10[7]	29
	30	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1909[8]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 10	31
							Aug. 16-Aug. 1		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]	Apr. 15-Sept. 10[8]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[7]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia[9]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-July 15		Mar. 15-July 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		35
	36	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws				36
	37	Mississippi[7]	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Aug. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	38
	39	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[7]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year							39
	40	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1			40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1					Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 16	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1							43
	44	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			44
PACIFIC.	45	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[7]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[7]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[10]	45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	All the year[10]	46
	47	Utah	All the year[7]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	49
	50	Oregon[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[10]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Sept. 15, 1909[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[10]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]	50
	51	Alaska		Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar. 1-Sept. 16					May 1-Sept. 15[8]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 10[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16	52
							Feb. 1-July 1							
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	All the year[10]	53
	54	Yukon*		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	N.W. Territories		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		55
	56	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	56
	57	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 15		57
	58	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	To Sept. 15, 1910	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15	58
	59	Quebec		Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[10]		59
	60	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 10				Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[10]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[10]	60
	61	Nova Scotia		Dec. 2-Oct. 1[7]					Mar. 1-Aug. 20[7]	Mar. 1-Aug. 20[7]		Mar. 1-Aug. 21[10]		61
	62	Pr. Edward Isl.*		Dec. 1-Oct. 1					Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Aug. 20		Mar. 1-Aug. 25		62
	63	Newfoundland		Jan. 12-Oct. 1				Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[10]	63

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[1]	Elk.[2]	Moose.[3]	Caribou.[4]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[5]	Squirrel.[6]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasant.[7]		Birds Protected in a few States only.	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Jan. 16-Oct. 1[7]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911					To Apr. 29, 1908	1	PHEASANT.	
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2		
	3	Vermont	Eks'pt Oct. 20-29		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1909	3	Nebraska	All the year.
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1906						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Oct. 1, 1907	4	Colorado	All the year.
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	6	New Mexico	All the year.
	7	New York	Nov. 16-Sept. 1[7]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[7]	Local laws	To 1910	7	Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	8	Long Island	To Oct. 1, 1907[7]						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	8	British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	9	New Jersey	Ex. 4 days Nov. 30						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	9	Yukon*	Jan. 1-Oct. 1.
	10	Pennsylvania	To April 3, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 15[7]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	10	N.W. Territories	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
	11	Delaware	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	11	Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1.[7]
	12	Maryland[7]							Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		12	Nova Scotia	All the year.
	13	Dist. Columbia	Local laws						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	13	Newfoundland	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		14		
	15	West Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 10[7]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[10]		15	SAGE HEN.	
	16	Kentucky	Dec. 15-Oct. 15						Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[10]	To Nov. 10, 1908	16		
	17	Ohio	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910	17	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 10[7]	To June 15, 1913	To June 15, 1913	To June 15, 1913			Jan. 1-Nov. 10[10]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[10]	To Feb. 24, 1911[7]	18	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
	19	Indiana*	All the year						Jan. 1-July 1		To Apr. 28, 1908	19	Wyoming	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 28, 1913						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910	20	Colorado	Oct. 5-Aug. 1.
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[7]								To Jan. 1, 1910	21	California	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 1			22	Nevada	Feb. 15-July 15.
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-July 1		To Dec. 1, 1910	23	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1						All the year[7]		To Feb. 26, 1907	24	Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.
	25	Kansas							All the year		All the year	25	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	All the year			To Mar. 16, 1908					26	Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
	27	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			Nov. 16-Aug. 16					27		
	28	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	All the year	All the year	To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec. 1-Nov. 15			Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28	PARTRIDGE.	
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year[10]			All the year	29		
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912		Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Dec 1-Sept. 1			To Sept. 1, 1909	30	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	31	Colorado	Oct. 11-Sept. 15	To Nov. 1, 1907			To Oct. 15, 1907	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[10]			All the year	31	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
								All the year[10]					Delaware	Feb. 8-Sept. 1.
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[7]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Local laws			32	Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]									33	Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	34	Georgia*	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								To Nov. 30, 1905	34		
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1									35	QUAIL.	
	36	Alabama	Local laws						Local laws		Local laws	36		
	37	Mississippi[7]	Mar. 1-Sept. 15									37	New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[7]						Mar. 1-June 1[7]		To Nov. 1, 1907[7]	38	New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 15.
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]								To Mar. 14, 1910	39	Long Island	Jan. 1-July 16.
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1								To July 1, 1909	41	Virginia	Jan. 1-July 30.
	42	Oklahoma	All the year				To July 1, 1906	To July 1, 1906[10]			Jan. 1-Dec. 1	42	South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			All the year	All the year[10]			To Mar. 15, 1910	43	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15.
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 4, 1911	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	44	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
PACIFIC.	45	California	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[10]	All the year		All the year	45	Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 15.
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			To Sept. 1, 1909	46	N.W. Territories	May 5-Aug. 23.
	47	Utah	To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909			To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[10]			All the year	47	Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 6, 1909	48	Newfoundland	Jan. 15-Aug. 21.
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1915	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 15[7]	49		
	50	Oregon	Nov. 1-Aug. 15[7]	To Sept. 15, 1907							To Mar. 13, 1910	50	CRANE.	
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1								Dec. 1-Oct. 1	51		
	52	Hawaii			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]				52	Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.
											Mar. 1-Sept. 16	53	South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 16-Sept. 1			All the year	54	North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
	54	Yukon*	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1				55	Colorado	All the year.
	55	N.W. Territories	Dec. 16-Nov. 1[8]	15-Nov. 1[8]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[8]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[8]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[8]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[8]				56	Nevada	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	56	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]			To Sept. 15, 1909	57	Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.
	57	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1				To Sept. 15, 1910	58	N.W. Territories	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
	58	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[7]	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[7]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		59	Yukon*	June 1-Sept. 1.
	59	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]		60		
	60	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15					All the year	61		
	61	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Oct. 1, 1910				Mar. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	62		
	62	Pr. Edward Isl.*								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		63		
	63	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1912	To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 31[7]								

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons included in following list: Dover: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr 20. Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Brant: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-15; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10 (under license); Michigan (bluebill, butterball, redhead, pintail, redhead, spoonbill, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, goose, brant), Mar. 15-Apr 11. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 13 counties to Mar. 11, 1906. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 1. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck. Louisiana, to July, 1906; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 13. Goose only. 14. Season of. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Except gout, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover. Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 16-Dec. 1. 21. Except east of the Cascades, in 1905, Sept. 8-15. 22. Sec. 405, ch. 189, Laws of 1905, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 16. 23. Nov. 8, 10, 15, 17. 24. Except brant, May 1-Oct 1.

* Laws for 1905 not yet received.



N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office. "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game?" As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commissioner's office — records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between January 1 and March 1, 1906.

E. H. Hulbert, killing swans, Fresno, Dan Dismukes; $25.

Jas. Beckert, dead swan in possession, San Luis Obispo, H. J. Abels; pending.

C. Schiefferly, dead swan in possession, San Luis Obispo, H. J. Abels; pending.

S. S. Stephenson, dead swan in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Frank Wilkinson, dead swan in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Arthur Holmes, killing swans, San Jose, I. L. Koppel; $25.

Sherwood Wheaton, killing swans, San Jose, I. L. Koppel; pending.

A. Krueger, excess bag limit, steelhead trout, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

Crow, excess bag limit, steelhead trout, Loleta, W. P. Huestis; pending.

J. B. Inguglia, underweight striped bass, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; $20.

Jos. Garibaldi, shipping robins, blackbirds and larks, Martinez, Ernest Schaeffle; $10.

Wm. Winzler, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls; $50.

Bert Bryant, having in possession one dead eagle, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $5.

Geo. C. Douglass, night shooting, Oakland, Thos. Woods; pending.

Frank Gonsalves, shooting robins, Oakland, H. W. Gooch; pending.

B. Blocksburger, deer meat in possession, Blocksburg, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis, $50.

Thos. Haney, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

G. W. Jackson, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

Chas. Jacobson, pheasants in possession, San Francisco, Chas. A. Vogelsang; dismissed.

Joe De Rosa, underweight striped bass in possession, Black Diamond, J. H. Dans and Ernest Schaeffle; $20.

John Gabriel, offering quail for sale, San Francisco, Chas. A. Vogelsang; $25.

B. Carinini, killing an eagle, Guadalupe, H. J. Ables; $5.

Ed Howard, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

D. Casassa, shipping robins, Santa Rosa, Ernest Schaeffle; $10.

J. R. Harrison, deer hides in possession, evidence of sex removed, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; $100.

W. C. Ross, deer hides in possession, evidence of sex removed, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

Wm. Hughes, underweight striped bass in possession, Pinole, Geo. Neale; $20.

Frank Ghiorsso, deer meat in possession, St. Helena, A. F. Lea and W. J. Moore; $25.

Henry Ghiorsso, deer meat in possession, St. Helena, A. F. Lea and W. J. Moore; $25.

Levin Tannery Co., polluting the waters of Santa Rosa Creek with substances deleterious to fish, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

T. J. Condare, underweight striped bass in possession, Benicia, Ernest Schaeffle and E. E. Pedlar; $20.

Andrew Frost, sturgeon in possession, Rio Vista, Ernest Schaeffle and E. E. Pedlar; $20.

A. Trapani (Western Fish Co.), sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle and E. E. Pedlar; $20.

G. Mosearelli, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; $5.

A. Besich, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; $5.

T. Magatoicke, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; $10.

B. Antoinali, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; pending.

SEIZURES MADE DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1906.

2,800 lbs. steelhead, bearing net marks.
3,302 lbs. underweight striped bass.
300 lbs. black bass (close season).
144 lbs. sturgeon.
4 set nets.
1 small mesh net.
24 ducks.
8 quail.
5 plover.
26 blackbirds.
92 robins.
2 English snipe.
1 sandhill crane.
5 larks.
3 yellow-hammers.

PENDING CASES SETTLED.

A. Ancestasia, San Francisco, netted ducks, $25.

G. Carone, San Francisco, netted ducks, $25.

French-American Wine Co., Santa Rosa, pollution of Russian River, $250.

Total, $300.

Fines imposed during month of January, $545.

Fines imposed, cases pending, $300.

Total, $845.

CASES MADE FOR VIOLATIONS OF THE FISH AND GAME LAWS, FEBRUARY 1, 1906, TO MARCH 1, 1906.

J. C. Maretti, dead eagle in possession, Guadalupe, H. J. Abels; pending.

Joe Joaquin Silva, steelhead trout in possession, close season, Sausalito, W. R. Welch and M. L. Sross; pending, held to answer before Superior Court.

Tony Marshall, steelhead trout in possession, close season, Sausalito, W. R. Welch and M. L. Cross; pending, held to answer before Superior Court.

Antonio Simoni, killing robins, Sisson, T. W. Birmingham; $25.

C. Hara, killing meadow-larks, Clayton, Thos. K. Duncan; $10.

W. M. Sproston, spotted fawn hide in possession, St. Helena, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $50.

David Hairfield, running deer with dogs, San Rafael, G. E. Ortman; pending.

F. Mandoli, spearing trout, Westport, William Ray; $20.

Charles Plews, steelhead trout in possession, close season, Willits, William Ray; $20.

Arthur Olson, night shooting (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; $10, error of judge.

Charles Green, night shooting (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; $10, error of judge.

John Hanush, night shooting (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; $10, error of judge.

Fred Erickson, taking steelhead, close season, Monterey, W. R. Welch and E. E. Pedlar; $25.

William Miller, night shooting (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; dismissed.

J. F. Silva, night shooting (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; $10, error of judge.

John R. Hagan, shooting quail, close season, San Diego, Webb Toms; $30.

H. M. Thompson, excess bag limit on ducks, Madera, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

G. Busalaccki, sturgeon in possession, Collinsville, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $20.

L. Mazzoni, killing robins, Washington, George Neale; $25.

A. Johnson (Indian), trout in possession, close season, Greenville, George A. Hall; pending.

Antone Coolures (American Fish Market), black bass in possession, close season, Stockton, Arthur G. Edwards; $25.

S. Morales, deer meat in possession, close season, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

John Rowley, deer meat in possession, close season, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

S. Morales, tree squirrels in possession, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

John Rowley, tree squirrels in possession, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

D. P. Rolins, steelhead in possession, close season, Monterey, W. R. Welch; $25.

SEIZURES MADE DURING FEBRUARY, 1906.

213 ducks
113 non-game birds.
50 pounds sturgeon.
10 pounds caviare.
25 pounds underweight striped bass.
3 small mesh nets, 1,800 feet.

Three hundred and forty dollars imposed in fines during the month of February, 1906.

Northwest Department

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia

Conducted by F. M. KELLY

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]

Now that the season of angling has commenced in the Northwest, it behooves us all to consider the future of the sport; and if we would enjoy a day now and then of this most gentle recreation in the years to come, we must ever be satisfied with a take consistent with unselfishness. To some, it will undoubtedly seem a hard matter at first to reel in when the fish are rising well; but the satisfaction of knowing that he is strong-willed enough to take his pleasure in a temperate manner more than compensates a man for the lack of a few more trout in his creel. Be sportsmen in the truest, highest sense, or be unworthy of the name.

* * *

Here in British Columbia we have sports and sportsmen. There is quite a distinction between the two, though all sports consider themselves sportsmen. They can hardly be so, even though they may belong to some organization founded for the purpose of preserving our game and fish. Some of them, though they are not a majority, take an advantage of the position in which this province is placed with regard to the game-fish. The amendment of February 12, 1904, to the British Columbia Game Act, relating to trout, reads as follows: "It shall be unlawful at any time to take, catch, kill, or have in possession any trout of any kind or species, except steel-head trout (Salmo gairdneri) between the 15th day of November in any year and the 25th day of March in the following year, and it shall be unlawful to take, catch or kill any steel-head trout above tidewater between the 15th day of November in any year and the 25th of March in the following year." The above reads plain enough, and as it was meant for the purpose of preserving our trout, it should be so upheld and recognized by all throughout the province. Not so, however. And why? Because the Dominion Government control the fish of British Columbia; and as there is no Dominion law against the taking of trout in the months of January and February, certain of our fishermen do not hesitate to go forth to lure the soft, pulpy, black-skinned habitant of our lakes and rivers with the wriggling worm. What kind of sport do they get from a fish with no fighting life? To remedy this state of affairs, the provincial authorities can do nothing. The amendment became a part of the British Columbia Act because certain game preservationists desired it, and that is all the good it does. Every week-end throughout January and February trout were taken from lake and stream; and so it will continue. If some arrangement cannot be entered into between the provincial and Dominion Governments, it will be bad for our game-fish, they will have little chance to thrive. In connection with the above, regarding Dominion and provincial laws, it is a wonder that officials of the former do not enforce section 9, paragraph D of the the Dominion Fisheries Act, which provides that there shall be a close season between October 1 and January 1, when our fishermen take fish after the 1st of October. Neither the provincial nor the Dominion Acts, however, would be entirely beneficial to our trout fishing. The one opens the season too early, the other closes it too late. In my opinion, the season should open about the 1st of April and close about the 1st of October. Before April 1st the fish are not in the best of condition; while after the 1st of October they begin to get heavy with spawn.

* * *

Some time back the editor of the Victoria Colonist, in an able editorial, pointed out that it was about time for the government of British Columbia to set aside a part of the people's land on Vancouver Island as a park and game preserve, and so save our few surviving elk from being totally exterminated. This editorial caused some newspaper discussion, the principal contribution coming from the pen of Captain Wolley, a noted big game hunter. In Captain Wolley's opinion, there was no necessity for the country burdening itself with the cost of a game preserve on Vancouver Island, neither were our elk in great danger of being exterminated. With the Captain we cannot agree, albeit he is an authority. Elk are not too plentiful on Vancouver Island, neither are they being properly protected. It is a notorious fact that many cows are yearly slaughtered, not solely by Indians, but some by white men. If there were thousands of elk in the wilds of the Island, then there might be some reason for saying there is yet time; but there are not, and the sooner something is done to form a preserve the better. Now is the time.

As I stated in a former issue, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company intended to appoint and pay wardens to look after the game interests throughout the lands acquired by them on Vancouver Island. Whether this would be done or not depended to a certain extent upon the assistance given them by the province of British Columbia. The railway company desired that certain districts be organized, so that it would have full scope in enforcing the law. At present, in the unorganized districts, a free miner, on paying $5 for a license, can kill game at any time; and as anyone can obtain this license, little or no good would accrue from the appointment of wardens by the railway company. The government would not consent to the organization of the districts, so the company decided that nothing could be done at present.

* * *

We note with pleasure that the enthusiasts of Nanaimo. B. C., have got together and organized a rod and gun club. May the Nanaimo District Rod and Gun Club grow in strength and prosper, and become a power in the matter of game preservation. The list of officers elected for the ensuing year follow: President, James Gordon; vice-president, Dan Dailey; secretary-treasurer, Dr. G. B. Brown. Separate committees were also appointed to look after fishing and hunting. The fishing committee is composed of D. Dailey, E. W. Case and J. Watson; while J. Old, J. W. Grahem and C. Wilgress constitute the hunting committee.

* * *

When the game wardens of the state of Washington meet in convention at Seattle in June it will mark the first gathering of the kind ever held in the state. The discussion of matter relating to legislation proposed for the 1907 session is said to be the principal object of the convention; while another matter to be taken up is the importation of field birds to take the place of the native quail, which have been all but exterminated in Washington.

THE VANCOUVER FISH AND GAME CLUB

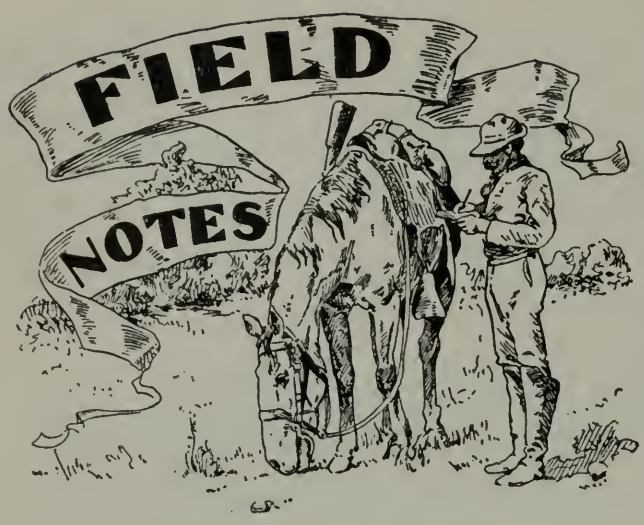
EDITOR "Western Field": I fear that the correspondence which has taken place in your columns between Mr. Kelly and myself has now reached a stage when it has become wearisome to the majority of your readers.

I would, however, ask those who are at all interested in the discussion to look over the back numbers of your magazine and form their own opinions as to the relative merits of the arguments which have been advanced, as I do not intend after this letter to go further with the matter.

If Mr. Kelly wishes to know the meaning of the simple English word "Pastoral" in its broad sense, I must refer him to any of the standard English dictionaries. I certainly must refuse to enter into what in all probability would be a lengthy argument as to its meaning. I may say, however, that the section in the act in which the word occurs and also that with regard to "fenced land" appear, in my opinion (possibly the opinion according to Mr. Kelly may not be worth much), quite satisfactory. With regard to Mr. Kelly being or not being a member of the V. I. Fish and Game Club, I merely wished to point out that it seemed to me a curious anomaly that a man should urge others (as Mr. Kelly did in the June number of your magazine) to become members of the club and not become a member himself. The reasons which prevent him from joining should surely be sufficient to prevent him from advising others to join. Mr. Kelly has more than once very kindly expressed his appreciation of the work done by the club. We are quite aware that our work, and perhaps the actions of some of our members are open to criticism. We are but human, but we are doing our best according to our lights to help in the protection and preservation of our game. Every sportsman has his own ideas as to how this should be arrived at, and it is only by meeting now and then, discussing the different phases of the question and listening to the different opinions expressed by individual sportsmen that we can reach the desired end. If everyone refused to join a club merely because the views of certain members conflicted with his own, there would be very few game clubs in existence. I hope Mr. Kelly will not think from the foregoing that I am trying to induce him to become a member (though I should be very glad to see his name on our roll). I only wish to point out to him and any of your readers who have followed this discussion that he does not practice what he preaches. Yours very truly,

J. MUSGRAVE,

Hon. Sec. Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club.



WHEN THE TERRIER TURNED

BRO. MAYER:

I got out after deer one evening the last season. I am located in the foothills to the east of San Benito Creek. West of me there is a blue hill sticking above the brown, and of course one cannot help looking at it and speculating some. Then I have an old dog that seems to know just about when it is time to take to the hills, for as the season comes he gets up and trots about with me in the morning, tests the air, whines and tells me as best he can that it is time to get away from civilization. He is getting a little old, a little rheumatic, a little deaf, has been shot three times, poisoned once, whipped once (two dogs), had 999 fights, and gets on the sunny side of the house and dreams happy dreams, from which he wakes and thinks long about. Just as you and I will, my friend. His eyesight is good, and he has a young sap-headed bull-terrier to do all his hard work—digging for gophers, squirrels, etc.—so he leads a pretty good life.

His eyesight brought to me one of the awful things of animal life, and the picture will stay with me always. His mistress has some very fine white "Rock" hens, and a few of them failed to show up at roosting time, much to her sorrow. A few weeks ago the old dog was watching the changing lights on the snow, away over where he and I got a big buck once, and I was feeling just about as miserable as a man could that is "honin' for the hills." I noticed that he was testing the north wind from time to time, and suddenly he began to creep. Down through the excited hens, across the arroyo he went, and then on the hill I saw what he was after—a coyote watching with slavering chops for one of those hens to wander his way.

Mr. Coyote did not seem to care much about the dog and only trotted away from the poor old chap's rheumatic gallop. When the old fellow started back the coyote promptly started back after him, and began nipping his heels, and then before the dog could turn he would jump back out of the way.

I had forgotten the bull-terrier who had a mouse "white headed" under the chicken coop, but once when he came up out of the excavation he heard a snarl from his "pardner."

Coyote was having so much fun with the old dog that he did not see the white streak until it was almost upon him, and then he went some. The terrier has got almost out of that period where he wastes his energy, so he evidently did not chase very far, for I soon saw him coming back over the hill with the coyote right behind him. It was really delightful, the absolute indifference shown by the terrier. One would have thought that there was not an enemy in a mile.

Then the coyote made his last mistake. He had been having so much fun with the old dog that he tried it with the young. A cat is nothing to the pup when it comes to moving, so when Mr. Coyote nipped and started to move, a white something moved a little quicker and white teeth closed on the coyote's hip. It did not take the old dog long to cover the hundred yards that separated them, and while he was doing it the coyote sealed his fate by cutting the bulldog and letting some of the blood run down into his nostrils.

Man, but it was magnificent for a time! The coyote would fight the old chap back and turn to run, but that drag was still there, and the old dog would catch him. I watched for a few moments and saw the fight that coyote was putting up against odds, and my sympathies began to be with the under dog, even if he was a chicken thief.

Finally the old dog tired, and, securing a good hold, held for a moment; in that moment the bull-terrier understood, let go and made for the throat. By this time I was trying to get there in time to save the coyote. I got there, but it was too late to interfere. It was horrible! The bull-terrier was cut about the head and covered with his own blood. All the fighting instinct of centuries was concentrated in this atom of abysmal brutality.

He had the wolf by the throat, the coyote's claws were tearing at him, his eyes were only a succession of wrinkles, and mingled with the gasps of the stricken animal was the horrible crunching of bones in those jaws of steel. I pulled, swore and entreated. The old dog was only watching. He was old and the fires of youth were nearly out. Besides, he had done his part, and the wisdom of many fights together told him that his part now was to prevent any interference.

I had come too late, for the coyote's tongue was already of a hue that I knew would bring death before I could choke insensibility into the terrier. I did the best thing I could think of, and slipped my knife into the poor Ishmael's heart. Slowly, slowly, that fearful grip relaxed. The terrier's wrinkles became one wrinkle and then an eye. He took in great heaving breaths and sat looking at his kill. And then the old dog got up and smelled of the dead, and licked the wounds of the living, and in other ways showed his approval; the victor was properly modest.

I went sorrowfully back. What if that poor devil did steal a choice pedigreed white rock hen or two? An honest wolf must live, and he was a fighter from 'way back!

The deer business was nothing but a cowardly case of butchery. I left home at 1 p. m. and

was back at 7 a. m. with a three-pointer. He had not stolen any chickens. He did not fight back, and besides, I had a 32-Special and did not give him even a chance. I frightened the doe and did not run any chance of getting hurt myself. The scarred face of that bull-terrier stands out as a warrior, for he fought a foe worthy of him. I feel ashamed for my kind when I draw comparisons.

JAMES H. PIERCE.

AN OREGON BEAR HUNTER

By WALTER S. BRITT.

LET me intoduce to your readers Mr. Geo. K. Quine of Riddle, Oregon, and his bear dogs. Take a look at Mr. Quine's picture and you will see he is a generous, whole-souled fellow, active and in the prime of life. That spotted dog over there is Dewey; his mate Schley is laid up for repairs, having become too familiar with a bear. These two, Dewey and Schley, are the sons of "Old Jack." Watch Quine take off his hat and stand with uncovered head when the name of "Old Jack" is mentioned. Well, Jack had his day like every other dog, and in the evening of his day went with George to Middle Creek, Quine's favorite hunting ground, and got after some kind of a "varmint," and never more came back. The rest of the Army and Navy that you see in the picture—and several you don't see—are all pups, and Dewey, their father, is here to train them.

Quine nearly broke his heartstrings with grief when, under the seductive influence of a big roll of good gold coin of the realm, he parted with Dewey and Schley, firmly stipulating that he was to have them back to train the pups with.

Do you want to go along with Quine and Gazley, his friend, on a bear hunt over to Middle Creek, about 12 miles southwest of here? They are all ready; and saddled, packed, with dogs in leash, we are off.

We are now on Middle Creek and Quine dismounts to examine a track across the road. It is a bear track, and a good big one, and there is another a little lower down, both about the same size. The dogs are brought up, and Dewey is put on the track. Can he run it? It seems pretty cold, but he starts off confidently, and soon you hear him give tongue. He is working hard, and Quine and Gazley are following up on foot to give him encouragement. The trail gradually gets warmer, and Dewey is following faster and faster. Quine thinks it is time to turn loose the dogs of war; the pups are off hot foot. Hear that Heavenly music! Dewey and the pups have opened up till the woods ring and it surely means "bar."

Come along! Hurry up! over that log, under this one, through that brush thicket, across this cañon! Keep Quine in sight and listen to those dogs! They have him up and are crowding him hard. He will soon tree at that pace, or bay if he is too old and fat to get up a tree. Hark! What is Gazley saying? Stop a moment and listen: "George! Oh-h, George! I will take

QUINE AND HIS DOGS

the back track and kill him when he comes around."

"Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry up here! Never mind your wind, you can stop to get that some other time." (Quine is afraid he will bay and kill some of his dogs instead of taking up a tree; but they are still going!) "That is Dewey barking tree," and here we go again.

See that streak going up that hill? Well, that is Quine, and we must keep him in sight. We hear the dogs plainer and plainer, and as we reach the top of a hill—that we thought had no top—we hear the dogs down in the canon below us, and down we go, hop, skip, slide. Look at Quine, craning and twisting his neck with looking up in that big fir tree. Is it a wild goose chase, after all? He could surely see a bear up a tree without all that fuss, twisting and turning, but where is he?

Dewey says he is up that tree, but you can't hide a 300-pound bear in a knot hole. That is a big tree, a regular Oregon fir, and pretty thick 'way up there toward the top, with lots of limbs all the way. He might be up there, but they don't usually go up far. Quine has got his eye on a dark looking bunch up there and I can see he is going to try a shot to see if he can make it move. That little 25-35 don't look as if it would stir up a bear very much, but Quine says it will, and he ought to know. Crack goes the rifle, and—look at that!

A big black bear backs down out of those limbs and is coming down as fast as he can. Quine shoots every time he can catch sight of him among the limbs. He is afraid he will be only slightly wounded, and there will be fool dogs that will think they can finish him easy! Crack! Crack! Crack! and now he lets go and tumbles all in a heap, and in a flash is literally buried with dogs. The little 25-smokeless has done its work well and that is a good bear henceforth.

One of the Middle Creek men comes up with more dogs, who take hold of the bear, to the owner's delight. "They ain't afraid of a bear, are they, George?" "No," is the laconic answer, "not after he is dead."

What about that other track we saw? Dewey is taken back to that, and that bear is eventually made a good bear, too, while our friend Gazley is still "waiting for him to come around." The picture was taken when Quine was coming in, by one of our neighbors who has

a Kodak. I was invited to take a look at the carcasses when they were skinned and hung up. They were big and fat and thought to weigh about 300 pounds apiece.

They tell a little story on Quine in connection with this killing. He was out in the shed viewing the remains of the bears, looking at the hides and thinking about things in general, when along comes Dewey. Quine puts his arms around Dewey's neck and give him a hug, but nobody has been found foolhardy enough to assert that he kissed him, no matter what the popular opinion is.

LOADING SHOTGUN SHELLS

By "RANCHER."

AMONG the younger generation of shooters there are comparatively few who have a clear idea about the loading of shotgun shells. In these days of mechanical perfection almost all shells are purchased loaded for use, and not many devotees of the gun care to load their own ammunition. Even granting that you find it much the better way to buy the ready-to-use shell, knowledge is always a handy partner and you should know the why and wherefore, even though you let others load your cartridges for you.

While shooting in the more remote villages you may run out of your particular load, and as the country store carries but a small stock your choice may not be obtainable. Powder and shot can everywhere be purchased, and if you have an intelligent idea of the powder and shot loads, you can easily load up your empty shells in a spare hour or two. A box of primers, re- and de-capper and a pocket crimper should be carried in your tool pocket when shooting out of town, and with these tools it is no trick at all to load your "empties."

In loading shells for the shotgun the mistake of overloading is commonly made. This excessive use of a heavy powder load is altogether unnecessary, as repeated experiments have proved. Beyond a certain amount, the excess in both powder and shot is a decided drawback. Every bore has its proper balanced load, and while we can safely vary it to meet the demand for a heavier or a slightly lighter one, there is a point beyond which it is not wise to go, if we wish our guns to shoot at their best. The pattern of a gun is defined by counting the pellets a certain standard charge will shoot into a thirty-inch circle at forty yards, the standard charge for the twelve-gauge being 3 drams of powder to 1 ounce of shot, usually number 8.

The points of greatest interest to the sportsman are the spread and penetration of a certain charge of shot. From my own experiments on this subject, I have found that when using over 3 drams of powder I am overloading, but if using less than 1⅛ ounces of shot I greatly weaken the load. This points to one fact, which is that while it is possible to lighten the powder load, any decrease of shot beyond the 1⅛ ounce limit makes the load less effective. I have tried 2 drams of powder and 1¼ ounce of No. 6 shot on quail and partridge, and the result both delighted and astonished me, working much better in my 12-bore Parker than the regulation—3 drs., 1 oz. No. 8—quail and partridge load.

Not feeling quite satisfied that this small charge would work with equally good results upon larger and faster flying birds, I made up a light duck load, using 2½ drams of powder and 1⅜ ounces of No. 4 shot. This is an extremely light load for duck shooting, as any wild-fowler will tell you, but I had no more trouble in bringing down a good bag with this charge than with the usual heavy powder load. I have always been a great believer in a well charged shell, and pet notions die hard with me; but actual results count, and when you see the birds come tumbling down, cleanly killed, it is time to acknowledge that your notion of things may be wrong. Further trials at a target plainly showed that the light charge of 2 drams made equally as good penetration as 3 drams of powder while the pattern showed a larger killing diameter with a much better distribution of the shot. The best light load seems to be 2¼ drams of powder and 1¼ ounces of No. 5 shot. This gave a good even pattern and excellent penetration.

The question of wadding has been a much debated one, and a great deal that has been written both pro and con has no real practical worth. Years ago the cardboard wad was said to be used to prevent all grease from reaching the felt wad and injuring the powder, and it was then used solely for this purpose. In later years manufacturers tell me that they use this cardboard wad to improve the shooting qualities of the shell. Then another fellow brings to light a theory that all wads must be from ¼ to ¾ of a size larger than the gauge of shell to be loaded. However true this may be in theory, if put into practice it would result in a badly bulged paper shell, which would join and make no end of trouble in the barrel chamber.

A good wadding is the customary two pink-edge wads between powder and shot, and the usual thin card (⅛ inch) on top of the shot. I have a liking for a pink-edge next to the powder, then a ⅜-inch felt wad. This gives a good thick wadding with considerable elastic quality and allows the shot to start slowly, gradually increasing its velocity until its highest velocity at the muzzle is attained. When using a light charge of shot, a good body of wadding is more essential, because the thick wadding develops the energy of the powder very much better, but when using over 1¼ ounces of shot, less wadding will give more uniform results.

The knack of loading a choke bore gun so that it will scatter the shot at close range is not generally known. The old rule for this open load is to lessen the thickness of the wadding between the powder and shot and to increase the wadding over the shot. While this method is satisfactory so far as it goes, a more effective manner of loading was given out some years ago by Mr. Greener, of shotgun fame. This method has given me so much satisfaction that I use my choke bored hammerless for all kinds of feathered game. The idea is very simple, and the "scatter" is fully as good as the open pattern obtained by the new fangled spreading devices.

A pink-edge wad is first seated on the powder, then a little powder is added, then a cardboard wad (⅛-inch top wad), until two layers of powder and the same number of wads have been loaded. A pink-edge over the shot finishes the charge. A full choked gun will shoot al-

most to a cylinder pattern by this manner of loading, and a still smaller pattern, i. e., more spread, is obtained by using a larger size of shot, say 4 or 5. Providing this load scatters too much to suit you, it may be modified by loading one pink-edge over the powder and two pink-edge wads over the shot. By using only one pink-edge over the shot, a pattern closely approaching the modified choke bore may be had.

The open pattern has not, of course, as good penetration as the regular choke load, but it possesses plenty of penetration up to 35 yards. For plover, snipe and swift-flying shore birds a 2¾ dram load of powder, and ½ ounce of No. 4 shot is a good load. This small quantity of shot will not tear or smash these small, delicate birds in the least, while the ample amount of powder warrants a close, even pattern, with the necessary velocity.

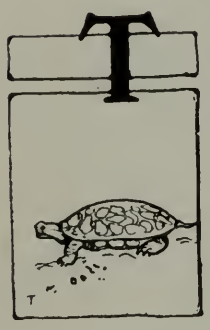
The size of the powder grains has an influence upon the pattern of the shell load. Those powders having a small grain give an increased velocity over the large grained powders, also giving a more open pattern. The probable cause of this difference lies in the fact that the finer grains burn more rapidly, and in this quick combustion all the powder energy is consumed before the shot has been forced the entire length of the gun barrel. With the coarser grain powders combustion is slower and this less rapid burning allows the shot to gradually increase its velocity up to the muzzle. The sharp-pointed powder grains burn more rapidly, while the round grains are of a slower combustion.

Experiments by an eminent authority show that an increased muzzle velocity is attained by increasing, not the quantity of shot, but the size. With 3 drams of powder and 1⅛ ounce of No. 6 shot, the average velocity was 790.171 feet; with No. 4 shot, 840.527 feet, and with No. 1 shot 875.463 feet per second. It is the opinion of nearly all gun experts that more than 3½ drams of powder cannot be consumed properly in a 12-gauge barrel, hence it is useless to expect good results by using a powder charge exceeding 3½ drams.

Next to the importance of using the correct wads in the proper manner, the size and quantity of the charge of shot is to be considered. The reason why No. 8 and 9 shot is generally used for snipe and quail is because a close pattern is needed to prevent the bird from flying between the pellets of shot. The only drawback to No. 8 and all shot smaller than No. 6 is the wounding of many birds that must invariably get away. With larger sized shot (No. 4 or 5) the bird is more generally brought down, and the wounding of uncaptured birds is greatly done away with. It is not difficult to see that the small sizes of shot, by reason of their lightness, glance or rebound from the elastic body of a bird much more than large shot. The common mistake that small shot penetrates the feathers of a bird more freely than the large shot is wrong. In fact, the power of small shot to overcome this resistance is not so good as that of a larger size, and you will always find the large shot has a decided advantage in penetration, even when using the same charge of powder.

THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE first competitions for the golf championships of the Coronado Country Club at Coronado Beach were held in 1905. Walter Fairbanks, the well-known Denver golfer, capturing the men's event, and Miss Rosamond Saltonshall of Boston winning the women's championship. The name of Walter Fairbanks is engraved on the championship trophy for men and that of Miss Saltonshall on the precisely similar trophy for women. Each of the fortunate winners captured a replica of good size of the championship trophy.

The course of the Coronado Country Club has been greatly changed since 1905 and is now an almost entirely new one. The names of the holes and their distances are as follows: No. 1, Start, 298 yards; No. 2, Pen, 80 yards; No. 3, Over the Fence, 265 yards; No. 4, Sand Patch, 300 yards; No. 5, Cedars, 367 yards; No. 6, Sea Shore, 378 yards; No. 7, Long, 538 yards; No. 8, Easy, 100 yards; No. 9, Home, 390 yards; total, 2,716 yards. The greens are of large size, made of asphalt and sand. The course, though on almost absolutely level ground, is an interesting one, hazards being furnished by fences and bunkers. The first two holes and the ninth are enclosed by the race track, but all the rest are outside of it. To the left of the ninth course is the practice field for polo-ists, while beyond the home green are the polo match ground and the grand stand. Point Loma and the Pacific Ocean are in full view as the golfer goes out.

The competition for the men's championship of 1906 was set to begin on Monday, February 5, but heavy rain fell during the night of the 4th and on the morning of the 5th, so that the qualifying round was postponed till Tuesday, the 6th. The soil of the Country Club course is sandy and dries very rapidly after rain. The qualifying round was over eighteen holes, medal play, the best sixteen to qualify. Tuesday afternoon was fine and pleasant, though patches of mud in some parts of the course rendered it difficult to return low scores. Twenty-five players went round the course, the lowest score being handed in by Alexander Reynolds, who won the silver medal of the Coronado Country Club offered for the best card in the qualifying round. The names of the players and their scores are shown in the table:

CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP—QUALIFYING ROUND.

Competitors—	1st Round	2nd Round	Total	Place
Alexander Reynolds....	46	40	86	1
Gale Thompson.....	45	43	88	2
W. J. Fischer.....	46	43	89	3
G. M. Furman.....	45	44	89	4
T. S. Lippy.....	45	46	91	5
James Gardner.....	46	46	92	6
R. P. Curtis.....	48	45	93	7
W. L. Thurston.....	46	49	95	8
Clarence Sprigg.....	45	51	96	9
Percival Thompson.....	46	50	96	10
C. F. Tatum.....	50	48	98	11
F. W. Jackson.....	50	49	99	12
Montgomery Ward.....	50	52	102	13
Capt. J. S. Sedam.....	54	50	104	14
W. P. McPhee.....	58	50	108	15
Richard Robinson.....	61	47	108	16
Henry B. Bates.....	61	50	111	..
S. T. A. Loftis.....	61	51	112	..
Major Maize.....	64	50	114	..
James Hoge.....	59	56	115	..
W. H. Eaton.....	62	54	116	..
Stanley Bates.....	66	58	124	..
Dr. Gilmore.....	66	60	126	..
Leon Mandel.....	61	65	126	..
*C. K. Miller.....	..	..	...	..

*No returns.

The first sixteen players named in the above table took part in the opening round of match play, over eighteen holes, on the 7th. All the matches except that between W. L. Thurston, who was eighth in the qualifying round, and Richard Robinson, who was sixteenth, were won easily. Thurston and Robinson tied on eighteen holes. In playing off the tie, Thurston won 1 up on 19 holes. Percival Thompson, who took ninth place in the qualifying round with 96, beat Alexander Reynolds, who took first place with 86, but in every other match the player who stood higher in the qualifying round beat his opponent. The results were as follows:

Percival Thompson beat Alexander Reynolds, 2 up 1 to play.

T. S. Lippy beat Montgomery Ward, 7 up 6 to play.

W. J. Fischer beat C. F. Tatum, 3 up 2 to play.

R. P. Curtis beat W. P. McPhee, 5 up 4 to play.

Gale Thompson beat Clarence Sprigg, 4 up 3 to play.

James Gardner beat Captain J. S. Sedam, 4 up 3 to play.

G. M. Furman beat F. W. Jackson, 7 up 6 to play.

W. L. Thurston beat R. Robinson, 1 up on 19 holes.

The second round, played on the 8th, between the eight winners in the first round resulted in four remarkably keenly contested matches. Percival Thompson and T. S. Lippy tied on the 18 holes and again at the 19th, Lippy winning

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the 20th and the match. Percival Thompson's medal score was 44, 44, 5, 5; total, 98 for 20 holes, and Lippy's was 45, 44, 5, 4, also giving a total of 98 strokes for the 20 holes.

W. J. Fischer and R. P. Curtis were all square at the end of the first and second rounds but the 19th hole, and the match was taken by Fischer. Curtis' medal score for the 18 holes was 44, 41; total, 85.

Gale Thompson and James Gardner played a hard, ding-dong game, first one and then the other being in the lead. They were all even at the end of the first round, but at the 18th hole Gardner was 1 up. Gale Thompson's medal score was 44, 43; total, 87; while Gardner's was 43, 41; total, 84.

W. L. Thurston won his match against G. M. Furman, 1 up.

In the semi-final round on the 9th T. S. Lippy of the Seattle Golf and Country Club defeated W. J. Fischer of the same club, 2 up 1 to play. Lippy's medal score was 41, 38; total, 79, and Fischer's was 43, 39; total, 82. The contest between James Gardner and W. L. Thurston was most stubbornly fought, the opponents tieing on the 18th, 19th and 20th holes.

INTERIOR CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE

At the 21st hole Gardner won the match, his medal score being 42, 44, 5, 3, 3; total, 97 for 21 holes. Thurston's card read 44, 43, 5, 3, 4; total, 99.

The final round between James Gardner, who is a resident of Coronado, and T. S. Lippy of the Seattle Golf and Country Club was played on the 10th, James Gardner winning, 2 up 1 to play. The scores of the players, hole by hole, were as follows:

First Round—

Gardner .....5, 3, 5, 5, 6, 4, 7, 4, 6—45

Lippy .....5, 4, 5, 6, 5, 5, 10, 4, 5—49

Second Round—

Gardner .....5, 3, 4, 5, 6, 6, 6—

Lippy .....3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 5, 5—

The round was finished, Gardner completing the second nine holes in 43 and Lippy in 42 strokes. At the first hole on the second round Lippy holed out his approach, winning it in 3. James Gardner won the golf championship of the Coronado Country Club for 1906, his name being engraved on the championship trophy, which must be won three times by the same player before becoming his property. He captured a replica of the trophy. T. S. Lippy, as runner-up, won the gold medal of the Coronado Country Club. W. J. Fischer and W. L.

INTERIOR CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE

W. J. Fischer, Semi-Finalist, and T. S. Lippy, Runner-up.

Thurston, having reached the semi-final round, won bronze medals of the Coronado Country Club.

After the winner had received congratulations upon his victory, T. S. Lippy raised the objection that the final round should have been played over 36 holes. It is, of course, a common practice to hold both the qualifying rounds and the final rounds of important competitions and club championships over 36 holes, but the facts are expressly stated in the circulars issued to set forth the conditions of such events. In the case of the Coronado Country Club championship the circular was silent on this subject, and it was generally understood that the rounds would be over eighteen holes. The qualifying round was played over eighteen holes without objection from anyone. Many of the golfers who visit Coronado do so for the benefit of their health and do not desire to be too strenuous. Only eighteen holes were played in the competitions each day, whereas at other tournaments it is usual to play two rounds of eighteen holes each daily. The committee having the tournment in charge, consisting of G. M. Furman, Gale Thompson and James Gardner, decided that all the rounds of the competition were intended to be over eighteen holes and that James Gardner is the golf champion of 1906.

W. L. Thurston, Semi-Finalist, and James Gardner, Golf Champion of Coronado C.C. for 1906.

Competition for the Women's Golf Championship of the Coronado Country Club for 1906 was delayed by rain which, however, is always welcome in Southern California. The qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal play, took place on the morning of the 16th, the silver medal of the Coronado Country Club being offered for the lowest score turned in. A strong wind blew over the course and rendered the scores somewhat high. Mrs. E. T. Perkins, a former woman champion of Southern California, and Mrs. Herbert Munn of the Coronado Country Club tied with 108. Before the tie could be played off over eighteen holes Mrs. Perkins left Coronado, but will return later. Eleven ladies, paired as follows, went round the course: Miss E. Whitney and Mrs. E. T. Perkins, Miss Jarecki and Mrs. Stearns, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Herbert Munn, Mrs. James Gardner and Mrs. Gale Thompson, Miss Bunn and Miss A. N. Smith, Mrs. T. S. Lippy and a scorer. The scores were as follows:

WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB—QUALIFYING ROUND.

Competitors—	1st Round	2nd Round	Total	Place
Mrs. E. T. Perkins.....	51	57	108	1
Mrs. Herbert Munn....	53	55	108	2
Miss Jarecki.....	60	54	114	3
Mrs. Jackson.....	60	55	114	4
Miss A. N. Smith.....	57	58	115	5
Mrs. Stearns.....	64	57	121	6
Miss E. Whitney.....	67	61	128	7
Mrs. James Gardner....	..	..	...	8
Miss Bunn.....	66	67	133	..
Mrs. Gale Thompson....	64	76	140	..
Mrs. T. S. Lippy.....	71	71	142	..

The sky on the morning of the 17th was dull and overcast, but the atmosphere was still and excellent for golfing when the eight ladies who qualified on the preceding day entered the first match play round over 18 holes. Three of the four matches were won by ample margins, the only close one being that between Mrs. E. T. Perkins and Miss A. N. Smith, which was won by the former, 2 up 1 to play. Miss Jarecki beat Miss E. Whitney, 6 up 4 to play; Mrs. Herbert Munn defeated Mrs. Stearns, 7 up 6 to play, and Mrs. Jackson won, 5 up 3 to play, from Mrs. James Gardner.

In the second or semi-final round on Monday, the 19th, Miss Jarecki of the Coronado Country Club beat Mrs. E. T. Perkins of the Los Angeles Country Club, 2 up 1 to play, and Mrs. Jackson of the San Diego Country Club defeated

Mrs. H. Munn of the Coronado Country Club, 3 up 2 to play. In the first round between Mrs. Perkins and Miss Jarecki, the first, third and fifth holes were halved, the second, fourth, seventh and eighth were taken by Miss Jarecki, the sixth and ninth being won by Mrs. Perkins. Miss Jarecki was 2 up on the first round. In the second round the tenth and eleventh were halved, the twelfth was taken by Miss Jarecki, the thirteenth by Mrs. Perkins, the fourteenth by Miss Jarecki, the fifteenth by Mrs. Perkins. The sixteenth being halved, Miss Jarecki was driving 2. The seventeenth was halved and the match won by Miss Jarecki, 2 up 1 to play. Mrs. Perkins was not in her best form, while Miss Jarecki played an accurate, though not a long, game, her running approaches and putting being specially good. The scores of the two players, hole by hole, were as follows:

First Round—
Mrs. Perkins.....5, 5, 5, 7, 6, 5, 9, 4, 4—
Miss Jarecki.....5, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 3, 6—

Second Round—
Mrs. Perkins.....5, 3, 8, 5, 7, 7, 9, 4—
Miss Jarecki.....5, 3, 7, 6, 5, 8, 9, 4—

Miss Jarecki and Mrs. Jackson met in the final round on the 20th. Mrs. Jackson is the stronger, taller woman and plays with a much easier and freer swing than Miss Jarecki. It seemed likely that Mrs. Jackson's long game would be better than Miss Jarecki's, but their balls were generally side by side through the fair green. Both players were nervous, but Miss Jarecki was rather more sure on the greens than her opponent. At the end of the first round, which each made in 55, the opponents were all square. Early in the second round Miss Jarecki forged ahead, obtaining a lead, which she increased until at the sixteenth hole she was closing 2. Miss Jarecki took the seventeenth hole and won the match, 3 up 1 to play. Miss Jarecki is the woman golf champion of the Coronado Country Club for 1906 and will have her name engraved on the championship trophy, of which she receives a substantial replica. Mrs. Jackson won the gold medal of the Coronado Country Club. Mrs. E. T. Perkins and Mrs. H. Munn, having reached the semi-final round, captured bronze medals of the Coronado Country Club.

The golf championship trophies are exceed-

2—{MRS. E. T. PERKINS / MISS A. N. SMITH}

1—{MISS JARECKI, Woman Golf Champion of Coronado Country Club}

3—{MRS. JACKSON, Runner-up / MRS. H. MUNN}

ingly handsome pitchers of hammered silver, in the Louis XVth style, while the replicas are of unusual size. With the exception of the trophy presented last year by Charles W. Clark to the Burlingame Country Club, they are probably the most valuable trophies ever offered to golfers in California.

On Wednesday, the 14th, the first regular handicap tournament for 1906 of the California Women Golfers' Association (Southern Division) was held on the links of the Coronado Country Club, ten ladies taking part. First prize, a silver medal of the C. W. G. A., was won by Miss Ada N. Smith of the San Diego Country Club, and second prize (a trophy presented by the Coronado Country Club), by Mrs. T. D. Hewitt of the Victoria Club, Riverside. The tournament was a handicap over eighteen holes, medal play, the full scores being as follows:

HANDICAP TOURNAMENT OF CALIFORNIA WOMEN GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION—FEBRUARY 14, 1906.

Competitors—	1st Round	2nd Round	Gross	Handicap	Net
Miss A. N. Smith	49	55	104	0	104
Mrs. T. D. Hewitt	63	74	137	30	107
Mrs. E. T. Perkins	59	49	108	0	108
Mrs. Jackson	57	55	112	4	108
Mrs. Stearns	57	67	124	14	110
Mrs. Herbert Munn	56	56	112	0	112
Mrs. Thomas	65	65	130	18	112
Mrs. E. B. Howe	67	62	129	16	113
Mrs. James Gardner	71	60	131	14	117
Mrs. A. Leipsic	72	64	136	16	120

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE Coronado Country Club aims to offer facilities for almost every modern sport and pastime. Lawn tennis is so favorite a game that it could not be overlooked in the Coronado programme. The championship trophies of the Coronado Country Club for men and women are the handsomest on the Pacific Coast. Each must be won three times by the same player before becoming his or her property, but the winner each year carries away a substantial replica in solid silver.

Twenty-one men entered for the men's championship and fourteen women for the women's championship. The drawings were held on Wednesday, February 14, and it was intended that the play should have begun on Thursday morning, the 15th, but heavy rain compelled a postponement. Among the best-known men players were Simpson Sinsabaugh, one of the doubles champions of the Pacific Coast; Grant Smith of San Francisco (once champion of California), Percy Murdock of Alameda, Warland (champion of Harvard in 1903), Bundy of Los Angeles and Luce of Stanford University. Murdock drew in the same half with Sinsabaugh and Warland, while Luce drew Grant Smith in the lower half.

The list of entries for the women's championship included Miss May Sutton, woman champion of Great Britain and the United States, Miss Florence Sutton, Mrs. Bruce (nee Sutton) and Miss Gabrella Dobbins of Pasadena.

The tournament opened on Friday morning, the grand stand being filled with spectators. The results were as follows:

Men's Singles—Preliminary Round: Sinsabaugh beat Madden by default.

Gardner beat Angier, 6—8, 6—1, 6—1.

Murdock beat Sutton by default.

Davis beat Russ by default.

Belden beat Morgan, 4—6, 7—5, 6—4.

First Round: Brown beat Collier by default.

Warland beat Mills, 6—1, 6—0.

Sinsabaugh beat Hardy, 6—3, 6—3.

Murdock beat Gardner, 6—4, 6—2.

Smith beat Luce, 6—1, 6—3.

Elliott beat Bancroft, 6—2, 6—2.

Bundy beat Hayes, 6—2, 6—1.

Second Round: Brown beat Warland, 4—6, 8—6, 7—5.

Murdock beat Sinsabaugh, 8—6, 6—2.

Smith beat Belden, 7—5, 6—2.

Bundy beat Elliot, 6—2, 6—4.

MISS MAY SUTTON
Woman Champion United States and Great Britain

MISS FLORENCE SUTTON

SOME OF THE CONTESTANTS

A FAIR CONTESTANT

HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF

In the semi-final round Murdock beat Brown, 6—3, 6—3, and Smith beat Bundy, 6—2, 6—4.

The final round between Smith and Murdock was played on the 19th, which turned out a very warm day. The match was keenly contested and five sets were necessary to decide it. In the opening set both played somewhat nervously and made several errors. Murdock came within a point of winning it, but Smith proved a little too strong. In the second set Murdock was at his best and won easily. The third set went to Smith and the fourth to Murdock. The fifth set and the match went to Smith. Murdock's service was good and he did some excellent volleying and chopping. Smith played well at the net, but was not quite up to his usual form on service.

In the women's singles on the 16th Mrs. Bruce beat Miss Whitney, 6—0, 6—1.

Miss Murray beat Miss Somins, 8—6, 8—6.

Miss Florence Sutton beat Miss Bancroft, 6—1, 6—1.

Miss Hodge beat Miss Macredie, 6—1, 6—0.

Miss Dobbins beat Miss Fenton, 6—2, 6—1.

Miss May Sutton beat Miss Crebbins, 6—0, 6—0.

In the first round Mrs. Bruce beat Miss Robe 6—0, 6—0, and Miss May Sutton defeated Mrs. Hewitt by default.

In the semi-final round Miss May Sutton beat Miss Dobbins 6—3, 6—0, 6—1, and Miss Florence Sutton defeated Mrs. Bruce (her sister), 7—5, 6—1. Though Miss Dobbins won only one game in two sets against Miss May Sutton, many of the games were deuce ones. In the only game lost by Miss May Sutton, Miss Dobbins made five consecutive points.

In the final round on the 20th between Miss May Sutton and Miss Florence Sutton the champion won, 6—0, 6—1.

In the men's doubles Murdock and Smith beat Belden and Luce, 6—0, 6—2; Warland and Sinsabaugh beat Gardner and Davis, 6—3, 6—4.

In the semi-final round Murdock and Smith beat Elliot and Morgan, 6—1, 6—2, and Warland and Sinsabaugh defeated Brown and Bundy, 6—4, 6—5.

In the final round Percy Murdock and Grant Smith proved the winners, beating Warland and Sinsabaugh, 6—4, 2—6, 6—3, 14—12. The match was a good one, all four men playing a fast, accurate game. Sinsabaugh was very quick at the net and Warland played a sensational game. The winners were strong at the net. In the last set Smith and Murdock led 4—2, but their opponents took three straight games, making it 5—4 in their favor. From the ninth game each player won on service until Warland lost the twenty-fifth game. Smith served the last game, which was won by himself and partner easily.

In the mixed doubles Miss May Sutton and Belden beat Miss Robe and Luce, 6—1, 6—1. Miss Florence Sutton and Warland beat Mrs. Bruce and Simpson Sinsabaugh, 6—4, 3—6, 6—4. In the final round Miss Florence Sutton and Warland beat Miss May Sutton and Belden, 4—6, 6—3, 6—1. Warland served well, and in the last two sets played a stronger game than Belden, who fell off somewhat. The Sutton sisters played strongly and made many hard drives.

In the women's doubles Miss Florence Sutton and Mrs. Bruce beat Miss Cribben and Miss Simons, 6—0, 6—1; Miss May Sutton and Miss Dobbins beat Miss Fenton and Miss Macredie, 6—0, 6—1; Miss Florence Sutton and Mrs. Bruce beat Miss Hodge and Miss Robe, 6—0, 6—0.

In the final round Miss Florence Sutton and Mrs. Bruce beat May Sutton and Miss Dobbins, 5—7, 6—3, 6—1.

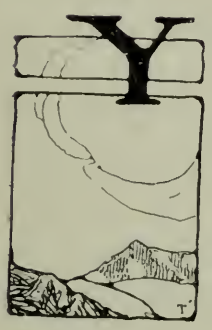
To sum up the results of the tournament: Miss May Sutton won the women's singles; Miss Florence Sutton and Mrs. Bruce won the women's doubles; Miss Florence Sutton and Warland won the mixed doubles; Grant Smith proved the winner of the men's singles, and Percy Murdock and Grant Smith of the men's doubles. Miss May Sutton and Grant Smith received solid silver replicas of the championship trophies and will have their names engraved on the challenge vases. Smith won a gold medal and a tennis racquet and Murdock carried off a gold medal, a silver medal and a tennis racquet. Miss Florence Sutton captured two prizes, Mrs. Bruce one and Warland one.

The tournament was played on the two excellent cement courts adjacent to the Hotel Del Coronado, and it brought out the keenest competition and highest class lawn tennis ever seen there. The matches attracted so many enthusiastic spectators that it was necessary after the first day to enlarge the seating accommodation round the courts. All the tennis players were loud in their praise of the generous treatment accorded them by the Coronado Country Club and of the excellent arrangements made for their comfort and enjoyment.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone."
—Byron.

ONLY A COLLAR PLATE

By "Recapper."



YES, only a time-worn German-silver plate with my name and former address engraved thereon. A plate such as you see on dog-collars; a mere useless trifle, many would say, yet as it lies before me on my desk, how much of a happy past it recalls. Ah! if all who have called themselves my friends in that past had been as faithful as the real friend who wore this plate on her neck for nearly fourteen happy years, my lot would indeed have been to be an always fortunate and happy mortal.

And yet, she was "only a dog." A handsome and high-bred English setter; beautiful in form and coat, swift and untiring of foot, keen of nose, and with eyes that were soft and loving yet bright and glittering as stars. She and her mate were the pride of my early manhood, and the admiration of, and cause of envy to my many shooting companions.

With the one exception of her mate she was the best dog for Wilson's snipe I have seen in all the years I have carried a gun; and she never was beaten when worked on quails. As a retriver I have yet to see her equal; for it is a fact that in the twelve years during which I shot over her and her mate constantly in the open seasons, and used her also as a retriever in duck shooting, I never saw her fail to bring to my hand a dead or wounded head of game; and so careful was she that never in a single instance were the birds mouthed or marred. More than this, she never once refused to retrieve —no matter how cold the water might be, how thick the briars and bushes, or how deep the mud. When I read, as I often do, the assertions of modern trainers and handlers that "there is no such thing among setters and pointers as a natural-born retriever that can always be relied upon," I smile and mark that man as one who has yet much to learn.

It took me just fifteen minutes, when she was three months old, to give Nellie all the teaching she ever got in retrieving. I think I hear some one saying: "Brother Recapper, we do not doubt what you say; but, it is only an illustration of the old saying, 'most rules have their exceptions.'" Well, gentlemen, I "go you one hundred better," and here is the proof. The last setter I ever owned was a Llewellyn; sired by Buckalew out of Brimstone. The sire by Druid out of Ruby; the dam by Champion Gladstone out of Swaze. Does the pedigree suit you? Here was another excellent retriever, and a natural one, at that. He needed no training in it, for the knowledge was born in him. Away with your fallacies, and let me return to my subject.

Woodcock was the one kind of game Nellie did not care to hunt. If she struck the scent she would follow it up till she had found and pointed the bird; but creeping and crawling through briars and rushes was work of which she was not fond. It was too slow. She wanted the open snipe-meadows, or the wide stubble-fields where Bob White likes to feed. There she could range wide and at full speed, with a keen nose for scent and eyes ever watchful for signals from me. Then she was happy. But scatter a bevy of quail into cover, let them rest for a half-hour and recover from their fright, and then take her and her brace-mate there and you would see work worth looking at. The wide range would be narrowed, but the speed very little slackened; and points would be made so quickly in succession that (in those days of the muzzle-loader) you would have to recharge your gun speedily and often.

I bought her when she was only a pretty little toddling ball of fat and silky hair, six weeks old; and well do I remember how, even at that early age, she would scramble about on the floor of our back piazza on sunny Summer days, drawing on and pointing flies. Did she grow up good-natured? Yes, but full of mischief even when grown—not vicious mischief, but just fun. She was named after a very close young lady friend of mine (dead these many years), and the two were as much alike in their ways and dispositions as it was possible for them to be. The cat and the fowls might come up and poach from her dinner-basin without fear of real harm, but were sure of a scolding. Was there sickness in the family, no one more conscious of it, more sympathetic for or watchful over the invalid than Nellie. She would watch by the sick one, and when entering or leaving the room do so quietly; but, when health came again to the ailing, she could not find ways enough to express her pleasure. Her eyes would sparkle and her tail, with its silky eight-inch flag, would wave as though it would drop off. Was it love and reason, or "only instinct?" Prove it to be the latter, if you can, you doubting Thomases who claim that birds and animals act by instinct only.

I have said that Nellie was a grand snipe dog and a fine retriever. She was well-bred, having for her grand-sire Frank Forrester's Chance, of which he writes in his "Field Sports, Etc.," as being a wonderfully good dog and by all odds the best retriever he had ever seen. Once when in company with my cousin, Dr. Charles C. Abbott, the well known naturalist (often in past years my shooting companion), Nellie crossed a stretch of water by swimming till her feet touched bottom, and then pointed with only her head out of water, and held her point, while I did the only thing I could, which was to hurry back and go around by land for some three hundred yards to flush, not one, but eleven snipe. This was early in April and the water was as cold almost as ice. We got seven of those snipe there and then, and next morning I got the other four.

At another time the doctor and I were after snipe in October. Both dogs came to a point in a rush-grown meadow and I insisted that the doctor take the shot. He was a little bit careless and stopped his bird wing-tipped. The ground where it fell was dry and it was not a good day for scent. After Charlie had reloaded I sent my other dog to retrieve, but he could not seem to locate the bird. Then I sent Nellie to help him. Of course, we were working down-wind—the only proper way to look for snipe. Both dogs had seen the bird fall, and after a few minutes' search Nellie dashed off to the other end of the meadow, two hundred yards away, and then, with her head high in the air, started back, quartering the ground. When she had got over about half of the distance the snipe tried to fly up within a yard of her, and went up about four feet in the air. With one jump she sprang up, catching the bird in her mouth, and then with waving tail and sparkling eyes, galloped up to the doctor, sat down and gave him his bird, with not a feather on it ruffled. And Dr. Abbott is ready to-day to make affidavit that what is here written is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Provided a bird was too hard hit to escape by flight, there was no manner of use in its trying to escape if Nellie was in search of it. This, of course, was due in great part to

her phenomenal scenting power; but not entirely. If she saw a crippled bird fall she seemed to know by the nature of the ground just where that particular bird would try to hide, and she was always right. Often when a wing-tipped bird had been marked down I have kept Nellie by my side, while the dogs of my shooting companions would try to find and bring it out from some spot favorable to its escape; and then after they had failed I would simply utter her name and point my finger towards the spot and Nellie would dash in, take up, and work out the now nearly cold scent to find, then point, and at my order "Fetch," retrieve the game. At such times it amused me and my companions to see the proud, yet half-sneering expression on her face, as she was passing the other dogs. It said as plainly as words could have done, "What do *you* know about retrieving?"

Ah! well, it is all past and over now, and Nellie and her mate Monk sleep beneath the green grass on the hilltop where we then had our home. Kind hands and loving hearts ministered to their wants to the last, and "when life's fitful dream was over," laid them sorrowfully in their graves. Why have I written this little sketch of Nellie? Well, brother-sportsmen, are there none among you who feel sometimes tempted to do likewise, when looking at some old collar-plate or photograph of a once loved, though now dead, canine friend? If not, I pity you, and ask that God may "keep my memory green." Though you may imagine yourself a true sportsman, you are not one; for the true sportsman is ever of a gentle nature, and always remembers, lovingly, the real friends of whom Death has robbed him, whether they were human or "only dog."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SHOW

At a meeting of the San Francisco Kennel Club held Feb. 14, 1906, it was decided to hold its annual show at the Mechanics' Pavilion, June 6th to 9th, 1906, it being impossible to secure the Pavilion for an earlier date.

Mr. Geo. Raper, of England, was to judge the show in May, and we hope that his engagements will not prevent his judging in June.

The club is pleased to state that it has just paid its standing reward of $50 for the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing a dog in the City and County of San Francisco. The dog was owned by Judge Carroll Cook, and stolen by Alfred Dougherty, who was sentenced by Judge Dunne to two years' imprisonment in San Quentin.

The following is a list of officers of the San Francisco Kennel Club: John E. de Ruyter, President; Wm. S. Kittle, Vice-President; Fred P. Butler, Secretary and Treasurer; W. W. Richards and John L. Cunningham, Directors. Bench Show Committee—John E. de Ruyter, Chairman; William S. Kittle and Fred P. Butler.

FINGLAS BESS

A GOOD "IRISHMAN"

We present herewith the picture of a particularly fine specimen of Irish Setter of the Elcho strain who was bred by C. W. Little, Minneapolis, Minn., and owned by Mrs. E. T. Smith, of the same city. This beautiful specimen of the real field quality Irishmen was named Finglas Bess, and she possessed to a remarkable degree all the field qualities found in the best strains of English setters and pointers, being in her prime one of the best field dogs in America. She was bred in the purple, her sire being Duke Elcho Jr. (28,336), he by Duke Elcho (14,587), out of Aurore (14,370). Her dam was Lady Finglas L. (35,794), by Imported Finglas (E. K. C. S. B. 28,950, A. K. C. S. B. 21,569), out of Lady Madge (32,766).

Finglas Bess, whose registery number was 40,086, A. K. C. S. B., won second in open 1897 at Minneapolis; first, local, 1897, Minneapolis; Res. Jr., 1898, St. Paul, and second, local, St. Paul, 1898.

She was whelped June 18, 1895.

WESTERN FIELD

MAY-JUNE
1906

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

Souvenir Edition

GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Clabrough, Golcher & Co.

HIGH-GRADE FISHING TACKLE

General Sporting Goods

LADIES' OUTING SUITS TO ORDER

TEMPORARY OFFICES:

712 Cole Street, San Francisco

We are Proud of what Ballistite did in last year's Tournaments

	Date.	Won.
ED FISSELL	Davisville, May 12th,	Live Bird Shoot
D. W. KING, JR	Gridley, June 10th and 11th,	High General Average
J. H. HAZELBUSH	Gridley, June 10th and 11th,	High Amateur Average
C. D. PLANK	Bozeman, Mont., June 9, 10, and 11th,	General High Average
J. W. BRADERICK	Portland, Ore., June 22, 23 and 24th,	Won Anaconda Cup
R. C. REED	Grant's Pass, Ore., July 4th and 5th,	General High Average
R. C. BARTLETT	Grant's Pass, Ore., July 4th and 5th,	First Amateur Average
F. J. ARMSTRONG	Grant's Pass, Ore., July 4th and 5th,	Second Amateur Avge.
J. W. BRADERICK	San Francisco, May 28, 29 and 30,	High and Gen. High Avge.
J. W. BRADERICK	San Francisco, May 28, 29 and 30,	P. B. Bekeart Chal. Trophy
L. HAWXHURST	San Francisco, May 28, 29 and 30,	High Amateur Average
DR. SLADE	San Francisco. Aug. 23rd,	Won Live Bird Shoot
C. D. HAGERMAN	San Francisco, Sept. 15, 16 and 17th,	Preliminary Handicap
GEO. SYLVESTER	San Francisco, Sept. 15, 16 and 17,	Pacific Coast Handicap
ROBERT BUNGAY	San Francisco, Sept. 15, 16 and 17,	Tied Score of Sylvester

GOOD SHOOTERS SHOOT GOOD POWDER

BAKER & HAMILTON SOLE AGENTS FOR PACIFIC COAST

Photo by W. J. Street.

WHY OUR ISSUE WAS LATE.
(Western Field Office Burning Just Around the Corner.)

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 8 MAY-JUNE, 1906 No. 4-5

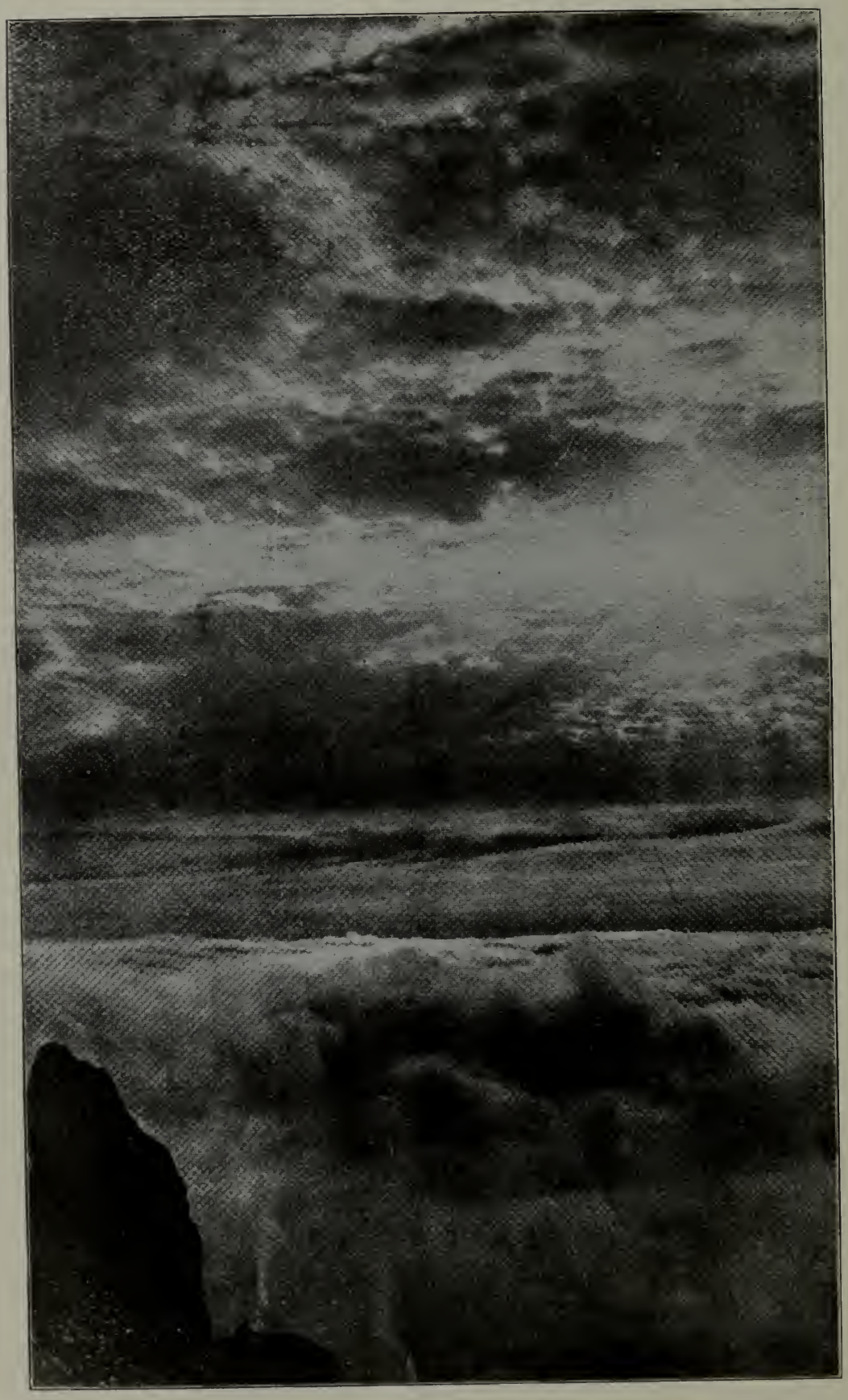
AT THE END

WHEN the pulse of my heart is quiet,
And the blood of my veins is cold;
When my brain shall have ceased its riot
And the story of Life is told;
When the hope and the care are banished,
And the toil of the years is done;
When the light of the day has vanished,
And the course of my life is run—
Oh, then would I sleep, forever
In a grave of the Western lea,
By the flow of an inland river,
Or the shores of the Sundown Sea!

To lie where the Western ocean
May surge on the golden strand;
Where the waves, in their sweet devotion,
May sing of my native land;
Or to sleep where the rolling river
May sob through the Stygian night.
I know that my soul would quiver
With many a strange delight;
And of Fate would I ask no favor,
In death would I feel no chill.
I feel that my dreams would savor
Of many a by-gone thrill.

I know that my grave would bring me
A charm from the Western skies.
I know that some bird would sing me
The song that I mostly prize.
I know that in all my slumber
No shadow of pain could creep,
No ties of the past encumber,
No phantom its vigil keep;
But the voice of the pulsing ocean,
Through all of the years to be,
Would tell of my heart's devotion
To the land of the Sundown Sea!

—T. Shelley Sutton.



ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Photo by Otto Von Bargen.

(See Opposite Page.)

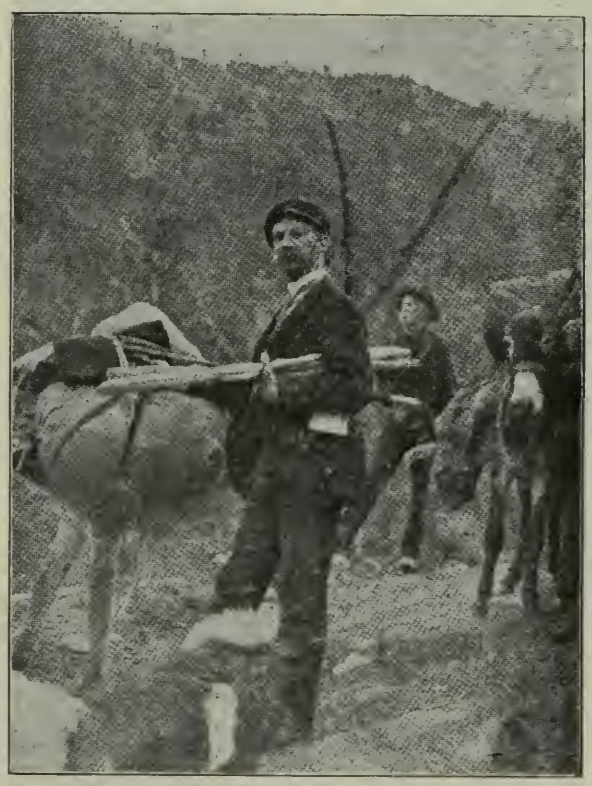
FISHING ABOVE THE CLOUDS

By Maurice Smiley.

PULLING speckled beauties out of a lake a few inches less than 13,500 feet above the level of the sea isn't such a trite experience when you come to think of it. There isn't anything conducive to ennui. It isn't quite so common as fishing off the pier or snagging mud-cats among the tadpoles of an Oklahoma streamlet, especially when you are fishing in a blinding snowstorm during the night of what was, when you left town, a sultry July day.

So far as I know, and without any official figures before me, there is no other lake on the American continent at least within the confines of the United States (possibly excluding Alaska, about which I know nothing along this line) half a mile in diameter, 1,000 feet above timber line, boiling with fish; and, if there is any body of water that far above the sea level, the trail leading to it isn't so hard to follow as that leading to Willow Lake, in Pitkin County, Colorado. And if there is a body of water meeting these conditions, it isn't stocked with mountain trout. And if it is stocked with mountain trout, the trout aren't so toothsome as those in Willow Lake. I am determined to retain some of my superlatives if such a thing is possible.

Pitkin County enjoys the distinction of having more miles of fishing streams inside its borders than any county in the State, and yet, singularly enough, it is not one of the famous fishing resorts of the State. For one reason, there are other localities where more and larger trout are caught in particular streams. These localities are industriously advertised, and you hear much about the White River country, Wagonwheel Gap, the Gunnison, Taylor River and other places, while you hear little of Pitkin County. Many well-informed fishermen who make pilgrimages to the fishing resorts of Colorado probably never heard of Willow Lake.



THE START.

But despite this handicap it remains not only the finest fishing resort within a radius of 50 miles of Glenwood Springs, but it is a blue gem of water set in what is to my notion the most wildly beautiful scenery in Colorado. There are scenes more wild; there are scenes more beautiful, but none, to my mind, combine the two elements in such a superlative degree as the magnificent grandeur of the Willow Lake setting, with the tremendous Maroon Peaks in the background.

The Maroon Peaks, themselves, are confidently declared by well-informed men in that part of the State to exceed by several hundred feet the height of Pike's Peak or any other peak in Colorado. As is well known, none of the four highest peaks meas-

ALONG THE TRAIL.

ured by the government officially exceeds 14,500 feet. The Maroon Peaks have never been measured by the Federal or State authorities, for too many reasons to be given here. They are declared to be easily 1,000 feet higher than Willow Lake and therefore not a foot less than 14,500 feet in height. They are merely tremendous, inaccessible crags of granite that have never been scaled, so far as known. Anybody who wants a good job of peak-climbing will have plenty of material right here at his command.

It was on a beautiful but rather sultry day in July when I set out in company with a little party for Willow Lake, the starting point being the silver camp of Aspen, 40 miles off the main line from Glenwood Springs. We were equipped with the usual camping paraphernalia, stowed away on two hardy little burros. You start up Maroon Creek and follow the main road for four miles to Crawford's ranch. Here you turn sharply off to the right, and if you have in the outfit a vigilant constable with an active search warrant you can find the trail. But with good luck you don't lose your way; you can't. You are between two immense walls that tower above you on either hand. You couldn't get off the track, on general principles, if you wanted to. But it is one thing to keep in a dim and misty trail and another to wander haphazard, zigzagging between two walls of rock.

Starting at 8 o'clock in the morning we reached timber line, 12,000 feet above the sea level, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Here we pitched our camp where there was plenty of wood and water. Then, "just as the sun went down," we climbed the 1,400 or 1,500 feet of altitude—and it was precious nearly all altitude, too—to the level of the lake. The lake is in the bed of an extinct crater, and, so far as my knowledge goes, it has no bottom. You'd get to Port Arthur if you fell in and were heavy enough to sink to the bottom.

Although it was the middle of July, only a small portion of the lake, near the outlet and inlet, respectively, was free from ice.

But at the inlet was a perfect shoal of clamoring trout whose gaminess alone saved the sport from being monotonous. They bit like wildcats, but were hard to land, even for lake trout, which are "easier" than brook fish.

MORNING AT WILLOW LAKE.

MAROON PEAKS.

THE SIMPLE LIFE NEAR TIMBER LINE.

A snowstorm came on soon after dark, and until midnight we battled against the biting cold, the driving snow, the darkness, the tricky banks—and the trout. But the sport repaid all it cost, and we climbed down to camp with fine strings dangling at our belts.

The next day was ditto, except that there was no snowstorm; and despite all we could eat, the party of four went back to town with all the fish that two burrows could comfortably carry. The pots and pans were emptied of their provender by that time.

If you ever happen to be in the vicinity of Glenwood Springs and want to do some "great" trout fishing; to see the highest lake stocked with fish in the United States; to fish above the clouds, nearly two miles and a half in the air from the sea level, and see the grandest scenery in the greatest scenic State in the Union—if you want any or all of these experiences, jump onto the Aspen train and make a bee line for Crawford's ranch and Willow Lake.

ASCENSION

DOWN in the darkened canon
  The path was dim and pale.
I groped amid the puzzle
  Of rock and winding trail.

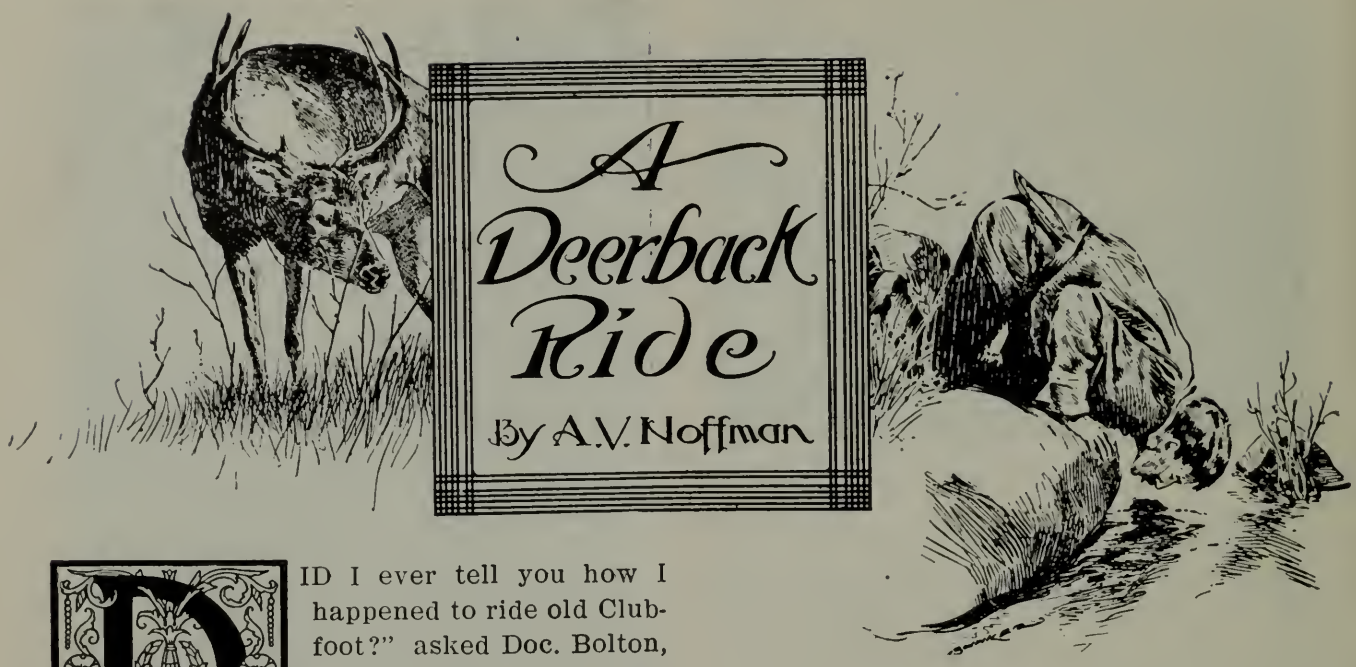
But higher up the mountain
  My vision clearer grew,
And slow at last the meaning
  Unfurled before my view.

And when I reached the summit
  I saw where each way lead,
And all the tangled pattern
  Was clear before me spread.

Down in the shadowed valley
  We sometimes grope in vain.
But to the soul ascending
  God's purposes grow plain.

And, high up on the summits,
  The lofty vision scans
The mighty view unfolding—
  The network of God's plans.

—Maurice Smiley.



A Deerback Ride

By A. V. Noffman

DID I ever tell you how I happened to ride old Clubfoot?" asked Doc. Bolton, as he tipped his chair back and refilled his pipe. "No? It isn't much of a story, but it shows how a fellow can get into a scrape and get out of it without stopping to think. To my mind it was like one of those electric machines, where you grab the handles, the other fellow turns on the juice, you perform some wonderful gymnastic stunts, the crowd applauds, and you find yourself all in a heap on the ground, like a wet sack, before you realize what has struck you. My performance with Old Clubfoot was not witnessed by anyone, and there was no applause. It was an impromptu sort of affair, and it occurred so suddenly there wasn't time for kissing hands to the audience, smiling sweetly and sadly and all that sort of thing.

"There had been a lot of talk about 'Old Clubfoot' for two or three years, and nearly every man in Nevada county who had a gun, or could borrow one, had been out looking for him at one time or another. Several of the boys had seen him and taken shots at him, but that deer possessed a charmed life. Once I came upon him standing broadside-on, and I pulled as fine a bead for his heart as I ever took in my life, but when the rifle cracked I saw a little twig drop between us, and the old fellow just turned his head quiet like, stared at me for half a minute, and then trotted off as unconcerned as you please. I felt that bad I could have taken 'Old Betsy' across my knee and busted her to pieces!

"Then there was Pat Miller. Pat had been camping on the old buck's trail for months, and he had said that he would never give up the hunt until he had Old Clubfoot's antlers nailed over his door. Pat was a stayer, too. He trailed the deer around from one range to another, and many a time he jumped him out of the chaparral only to hear him go plunking down the side of the mountain, out of sight. One day Pat wandered out to the end of Point Defiance, which was not a place Old Clubfoot was in the habit of frequenting, and sat down on a rock at the foot of a little cliff to have a smoke. While he was sitting there he heard a twig snap and saw Old Clubfoot walk out of a thicket and stop not fifty yards away. Pat always carried one of those heavy Pacific Ballard rifles, 45-70; you know the gun. When he saw that old monarch of the woods standing there, all unconscious of his danger, he just naturally was ready to bet that the horns were his. He told me afterward that he was almost ashamed to take such an unfair advantage of the old chap, but when he thought of all the shoe leather he had worn out chasing him from one end of the county to the other, he put his scruples aside and drew his bead with as firm a hand as if he were firing at the side of a mountain. When he had got his sights down where he wanted them he touched the trigger and—the gun snapped! Old Clubfoot heard the snap and that was the last Pat saw of him that day or for many days after.

"That blessed old buck had been shot at so many times, and had been chased around so much, he got to be sort of stuck-up and high-toned in his ways. When you came upon him suddenly he would raise that big head of his and stare at you over the end of his nose—like the president of a five-mile street railroad that is run with mules—give a contemptuous sort of sniff, then turn around as easily as a wheel on a greased pivot and fade away so mysteriously that you would find yourself staring at the hole in the atmosphere where he had been but wasn't any more. He never seemed to hurry, but he could get over more ground in less time than any other buck that ever lived. He was crippled, too. That club foot of his wouldn't work as freely as the rest of his pedaling machinery but kept flirting up and down so that he couldn't do the "fly-for-your-life" act without getting in a few awkward movements; but with this one exception he was grace personified. It would have done your hearts good to have seen him toss his head and limber up when he started on a record-smashing trip with half a dozen cur dogs yapping at his heels!

"Peter Brian had a whirl with him once, over near the Oregon House, in that little scratch in the ground they call Dry Creek. Peter had been dawdling along with his rifle in the hollow of his arm, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he came to a place where there was a little cliff in the gulch with a pool of water at the foot of it. Pete was thirsty, so he laid his rifle down on the sand and got down on his knees to drink. Just then he heard a snort behind him and when he turned his head, there was Old Clubfoot coming at him, not ten feet away! Pete saw that the buck had the advantage and he didn't wait to argue about it or to get his rifle, but just heaved ahead into the pool as hard as he could, floundering through it, and scrambled up the rock until he found a perch big enough to hold him. The deer stood there for an hour, shaking his head and letting out a snort occasionally. When he had gone Pete had to climb down into the pool again to get out. It was a cold day and he was mighty nigh stiff with the chill, so he came straight back to camp and didn't try to find Clubfoot any more that year. But this isn't telling how I happened to have a ride at the buck's expense.

"On the Nevada County side of the Yuba River there is a rough bit of country that reaches from Boston Bar to the Keystone Flats, and in one place there is a natural trap. At the foot of the mountain there is a precipice as straight as a wall, about sixty feet high, and two hundred feet long. From either end of this wall there are two other walls of rock, extending an eighth of a mile up the mountain like the sticks of a fan. Anything caught between those side walls must either climb up and escape from the top, or run down and jump over the cliff into the river. How Old Clubfoot ever allowed himself to get caught in the trap has always been a mystery to me. He was very careful never to be found napping, and he almost invariably chose high ground when feeding. But caught he was, and before he escaped he had the scare of his life. I had the scare of my own life at the same time, and I haven't stopped shivering yet.

"It was one of those gusty days in October, when the mast was falling and the maple leaves were turning from green to gold and brown, and there was a soft blue haze in the canons. I had been prowling through the woods for hours, and it was well along in the afternoon when I went slipping down into the trap, keeping a sharp lookout for a possible gray squirrel in the pines. When I did see one, and plugged him through the head, the report of the old 'Kentucky' rifle I carried echoed and re-echoed among the hills, and as the squirrel came tumbling down from the tree I heard a slight noise in the shrubbery below me. I knew at once there was a deer there, so I hastily reloaded and got ready for him. I waited a while, thinking he might come out, but he didn't come. I then crept as carefully as I could through the tangled mass of ferns that grew everywhere about and began to work my way toward the lower end of the trap.

"I suppose Old Clubfoot was watching all the time, and if I had gone to either side of the gorge he would have remained quite still until I was below him, but it happened that I went almost straight to the little clump of bushes in which he was hiding, and he was forced to 'freeze' or take the chance of being missed when I discovered him. Nobody ever knew Old Clubfoot to 'freeze.' He was that proud and reck-

less he would rather risk his life than make use of such methods. When I had approached so near that concealment was no longer possible, he broke from cover and rushed directly at me. Quick as a flash—and that wasn't any too quick—I threw my rifle up and fired at one of his eyes. You

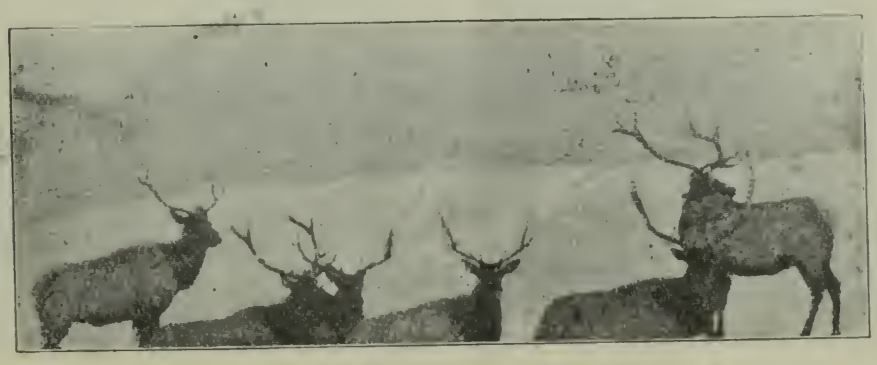
"I rushed up to him and drew my knife"

can imagine how puffed up with pride I was when I saw the notorious Old Clubfoot fall to the ground and lie quivering. I had recognized him the instant he thrust his muzzle out of the shrubbery, and was so excited that I forgot to reload Old Betsy. Right here, boys, let me say that that was the last time I ever carried a muzzle-loader rifle.

"When I saw the brave old chap lying there with the death shivers running through his body, I rushed up to him, throwing my rifle to the ground as I drew my knife. The next moment I was turning a backhanded cartwheel through the air. My shot had struck him just beneath one of

his horns, stunning him. He brought his head up with the force of a catapault, striking me across the breast with his antlers. When I regained my breath and my feet he was making a desperate attempt to get up, but his brain was still foggy and his eyes were dazedly staring at me. I seized my rifle and struck him a blow upon the head, but it had no apparent effect except to stimulate him and clear his brain. Just how it happened I can't remember, but the next minute was a mixed up scrimmage, and then Old Clubfoot was on his feet, I was on his back, his antlers were in my hands and my head tucked down between them, and we were tearing down the trap, straight for the river like a comet. Through the mass of tangled ferns, through the stunted madronos, over rocks and logs, now down and now up, banging against trees and tearing through long festoons of wild-grap vines, he went.

"I knew the river, at that season of the year nearly dry, was below us; and I knew that if we plunged over the cliff I would never tramp that range again; but for the life of me I could not loosen my grasp upon those wide-spreading antlers. If Old Clubfoot had lost his head, so had I. The suddenness of it all had bewildered me, and I clung to his back just as desperately as a drowning man clings to the first object he can grasp. This condition of affairs did not last long. With a choking sensation I saw the further side of the river bed burst into view, and I knew that within a few moments we would go spinning into space, then down, down, down to that pitiless bed of hard sand and gravel, where the life would be crushed from our bodies; where we might lie for many days, or even weeks, before we were discovered. Another leap, and we were upon the brink of the precipice. For just the fraction of a second the old buck wavered. Perhaps, in that fraction of a second, he saw below him a single chance for life, and decided to accept the chance. With a toss of his head he gathered himself for the last mighty leap, and we shot out over the gulf below. As we left the ground I saw, with a quick perception which comes to a man only in such awful extremities as this, the stout branch of a mountain oak, projecting over the edge of the cliff. Instinctively I threw up my hands and clutched at it, but my fingers were torn from it, and then, the next instant, I was left dangling in the air. The sleeve of my stout canvas hunting coat had caught upon a sharp prong, and with desperate strength I grasped the branch and drew myself to a position of safety. As I did so I heard a great splash, and looking down, saw that Old Clubfoot had landed in the center of a deep pool and was swimming bravely for the other side."



MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRAS

(From Castle Peak to Freel's Peak.)

(By George D. Baird.)

WHEN a person is compelled to spend fifty weeks of the year in an office it is but natural he should wish to spend the remaining two weeks in the open air. Then again, if you are of my temperament you will long for the high peaks and deep gorges, the dreaming lakes and the rushing streams. However others might set forth the special manner they would like to enjoy their vacations, mine was decided months before. I have always argued that if we want anything in this life the first step is to desire it and focus our thoughts upon it. When that is done it is astonishing how all Nature seems to conspire to help the project along. Of course, this does not always follow, but in my case an unlooked-for conspiracy did actually take place, and the trip I had dreamed of for about a year became a certainty.

Not wishing to enter into too much detail, let me say that the first part of the journey was included between San Francisco and the summit of the Central Pacific Railroad, not the least of which was that delightful ride across the valley to the dark blue foothills of the Sierra Nevadas. Through valleys, over hills, around thrilling Cape Horn, far above the American River, with the Giant Gap in the far distance—these are pictures that will not be soon forgotten.

My real journey began at Towle, about half way between Colfax and Blue Canon, where, strapping on my knapsack, I started up the grade by myself. My object was to view the interesting scenery to my satisfaction, for this no one can do while he is rumbling through the smoky snow sheds.

To be sure, when the afternoon would become warm and the sand hot I would trudge along in the cool shelter of the sheds. Frequently, however, I forsook them entirely.

The gorge known as Blue Canon is a lovely trench, cut in the earth by the rivers of ages, and is from two to three thousand feet deep, like most of the valleys of this region, overspread by a deep blue haze. Its most celebrated feature is "Giant Gap," or "Lover's Leap," an orifice shaped like the letter V, and over two thousand feet deep, through which the water pours on its journey to the sea.

Constantly surrounded by the most delightful scenery, and more beckoning me on, Emigrant Gap was far behind me when the imposing cliffs and granite masses of Grouse ridge, Old Man Mountain and the Black Mountains rose before me, the latter over 8,000 feet above sea level. From a distance of five miles Old Man Mountain seems to be a "North Dome" of solid granite, and cradles a tiny lake near its crest.

A few miles further on I came to Crystal Lake. Then the warm walk, the dusty road and the heavy pack were forgotten in the cool breeze by the lake while I ate my lunch under the trees, followed by a dip in the amiable waters. The surface is little less than 6,000 feet above the sea.

I now pushed on to Cisco and that night camped by the Yuba River. I doubt if there is a locality in California where so many attractive camping places can be found as by the south fork of this stream.

The next morning found me on my way to Soda Springs, with Castle Peak as my objective. Too late I discovered that I should have taken a trail a short distance beyond Cisco, but plodded along as philosophically as I could, reflecting that I had lost considerable time.

Arriving at Soda Springs, where I received instructions how to get to Castle Peak, I set out for my destination; but never having seen the mountain, and misunderstanding the instructions, I became lost. Now there are two kinds of "lost" in the mountains. One is to stray away in the darkness or fog, far from home or camp, confused and unable to locate even the points of the compass or to make good use of them if they were known, but worse than these misfortunes is to be without provis-

BITS

ALONG

THE WAY.

WHARF AT LAKE TAHOE.

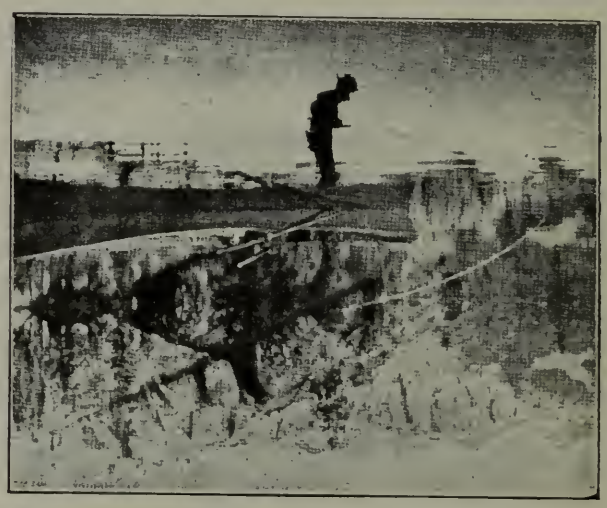
ions, water or shelter. Now I was lost, but not one of the aforementioned elements entered into my lost condition. I was merely off the trail. I was alone, it is true, and night was coming on; but the sky was clear, every point of the compass was known to me, I had plenty of provisions, water was abundant and my blankets were on my back. I had no occasion for fear, but I was in a wilderness of rocks, ravines, trees and ponds, without the slightest idea of the trail, and without the identity of the mountain I sought.

During my floundering around I had obtained a fine view of Lake Donner, which I should have photographed, but decided to do so from the peak. By sundown I had struggled out of the marshy bottom land and was well on my way up the slope, camping at an altitude of over 8,000 feet.

I shall never forget that evening. It was absolutely clear, not at all cold, and the view from my camp was charming. To the east the long line of mountains marked the barrier between California and Nevada, culminating in a huge plateau with three crests, Crystal Peak being the highest, 8,430 feet. At the foot of this the railroad enters Nevada.

Southeast of my camp the prospect was even more glorious, and I pitied the travelers on the railroad, for not one of the peaks which overshadowed the track could be seen from the car windows. The gloom of the snow sheds, and the manner in which the track hugs the mountain side, completely obscures and blots out anything like scenery. The sun was setting, and the long shadows streamed like banners from the sharp spurs, Donner Peak, Mt. Lincoln, Anderson Peak, Needle Peak and Granite Chief, ranging from 8,300 feet to 8,900 feet in elevation.

Surrounded by this imposing panorama I prepared my evening meal, occasionally casting a glance at the snow-sprinkled barrier, partook of the excellent prepared soup, broke up some chocolate in the coffee pot, and with the aid of condensed milk greatly enjoyed the beverage. Then, having gathered an armful of evergreen sprays into a mattress on which I spread my blankets, I lay down to rest with the old familiar



FISHING AT HEATHER LAKE.

stars as companions. Never did they seem so bright or so near! Over me like a guardian angel hung Vega, that magnificent star of the first magnitude whose mild rays twinkled through my windbrake, while the night breeze roared mildly among the trees which afforded me protection and crooned me to sleep. Thus I passed a night unique in my experience, for I was absolutely alone in the mountains miles from human habitation; yet I felt as safe as though in my own house in a large city, for who can tell what fire or explosion or burglars may do?

The next morning saw me astir early and on my way up the heights. After considerable labor I located the true peak, but was unable to reach the top from that side. Had I known what I knew later I would have persevered in the same direction, for I was on the right trail. Not knowing this, I dropped down to a lower level, left my knapsack, and after a hard climb mounted

one of the ragged peaks. Then I discovered to my disappointment that the other peak was the higher, and I did not know how to scale it, as one might as well try to scale the Bunker Hill Monument. Consequently I was forced to content myself with a minor peak, about twenty-five feet below the very summit, 9,135 feet.

The view from Castle Peak was indeed magnificent. Every point of the compass was resplendent with striking features. To the east a long line of mountains marking the Nevada boundary. To the southeast, perhaps fifty miles away, the most conspicuous object was Freel's Peak, a spur projecting above a long array of lesser peaks 10,900 feet above sea level, and at its base a patch of blue. "Lake Tahoe"' I exclaimed. To the south lay a bewildering train of snow-spotted peaks, all seeming to be jumbled together but really stretching away from five to fifty miles. In the foreground was the

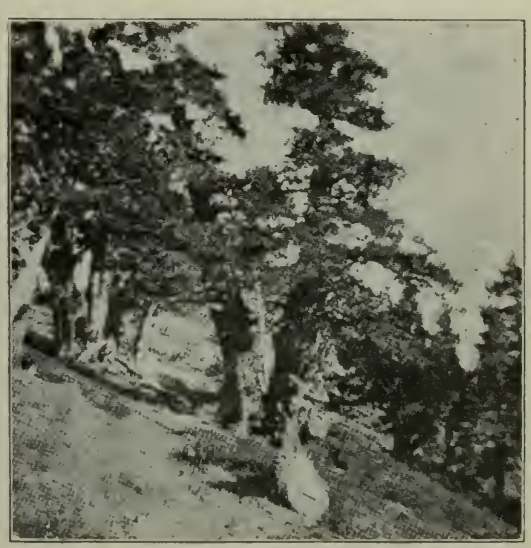
ON THE ROAD TO TAHOE.

railroad, and just the other side a body of water which I did not see on the excellent United States map which I carried (and designated the Truckee Quadrangle). After some speculation I decided that it was an artificial lake, and later inquiry proved my surmise to be correct. East of this lake and down in the valley, Donner Lake reposed like a dream of dark-blue quiet. The various windings of the railroad were all in plain view, except the Cold Creek twist, which covers about six miles to get over a few hundred yards. No wonder they want a tunnel!

But to return to the prospect. Looming up in the southwest, some twenty or thirty miles away, rose a huge mound which filled me with surprise. It seemed like an immense plateau, and like the one I had observed in the west. Its eastern side sloped down with a terrifying incline to the American River, and seemed all of a three thousand feet fall. I was unable to identify this great bulk that swelled up like an elephant's back, but I later heard it spoken of in terms that proved that it was deserving of my respect. Far away—twenty, thirty, forty miles—I could trace the course of the railroad and my own wanderings, and was surprised how much progress could be made by placing one foot before another.

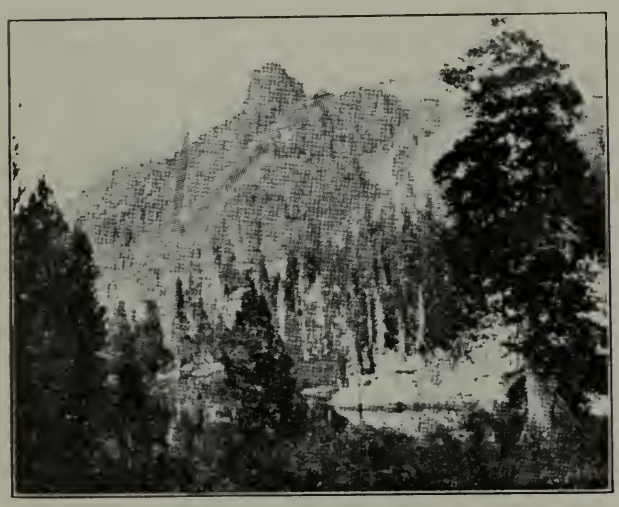
To the westward I could discern some of the mountains I had passed, Signal Peak and Old Man Mountain. As before mentioned the various peaks and ridges known as Grouse Ridge, the Black Mountains and English Mountain, or perhaps the last, gathered themselves into an imposing mass that quite astonished me. To the west Mt. Lola was the most prominent point, with Webber Peak in the background, but the prospect was not so attractive.

While the day was clear the horizon was tinged with a slight haze. Having about exhausted other points of the compass I turned my attention to the northwest. Fixing my gaze in that direction I looked past Mt. Lola and English Mountain—or whatever its right name is—and a peak in the far distance caught my eye. It reminded me of the large thorns I used to break off the rosebushes in the summer when I was a boy—broad at the base, with sides sloping

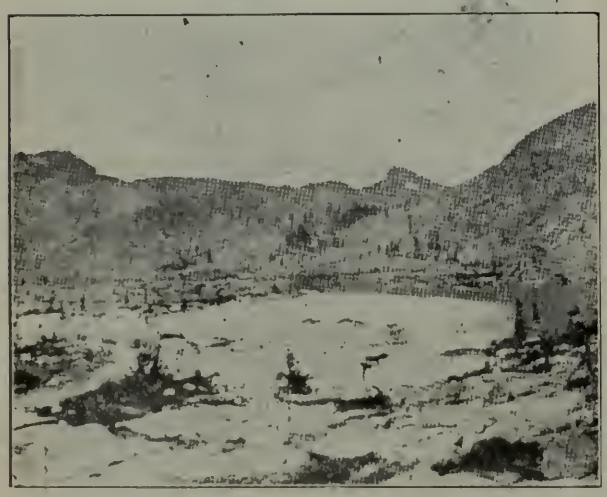


SNAPPED EN ROUTE.

CABIN AT SUZZY LAKE.



CHIMNEY ROCK.



DESOLATION VALLEY.

symmetrically, terminating in a needle point. Had it been covered with snow I would doubtless have pronounced it the most beautiful peak I had ever seen. "But what is it?" I asked myself. Then after a moment's reflection I exclaimed aloud (a weakness one will cultivate when alone): "Why, it's my old friend Mt. Lassen!" Sure enough. My thoughts ran back to the visit I paid that magnificent butte two years ago and the photograph which I so much prize. Fully seventy-five miles away it towered above all competitors, the supreme point in the whole Lassen sub-range. Then a thought struck me. Fixing my eyes on a spot in the horizon I waited. Was it a cloud? I looked away, rested my eyes a moment, and returned. No, it was not a cloud, and the white spots were spread outward and downward from a common axis. Once more I strained my eyes, and then I was sure of it; the white spots were snow-clad glaciers, and finally I could trace a familiar outline. There was no longer any doubt about it; it was fully one hundred and twenty-five miles away, and the object of my attention was the most magnificent peak from the Columbia to the Colorado—glorious old Mount Shasta.

That evening found me riding through those very snow sheds down to Truckee. The next morning I passed through the picturesque little canon of the Truckee River, and in a couple of hours was embarking on the small steamer which makes the daily circuit of Lake Tahoe.

Limited space and the familiarity of the subject forbid that I should devote more than a passing remark concerning this most wonderful body of water. It is the largest mountain lake north of the equator. It measures twenty-three miles long by twelve wide, and is wonderfully symmetrical, being almost exactly an ellipse. It is wholly surrounded by mountain peaks varying from two thousand to four thousand seven hundred feet above its surface. It is possible that it is the crater of an extinct volcano; be that as it may, its depth is greater, far greater than that of the vast mountain lakes of South America that overshadow it in size. Their greatest depth is less than a thousand feet, while the depth of Tahoe exceeds two thousand.

It is the first lake that I ever saw whose

glory and beauty does not depend on its surroundings. Other lakes depend on the hills, the forests, the verdure, the snow-banks or the sky for their beauty. Tahoe could dispense with all these and still be beautiful. I could utilize pages in describing the constant change of colors, from green to champagne, and the marvels to be noticed by looking through its clear depths. I will c'te one only.

I was standing on the pier at Tahoe Tavern, looking at the wonderland below, when I noticed a newspaper spread out some distance away. I hazarded a calculation. The water was ten feet deep and the newspaper fifty feet away, yet I read its title with perfect distinctness—"The Cincinnati Enquirer."

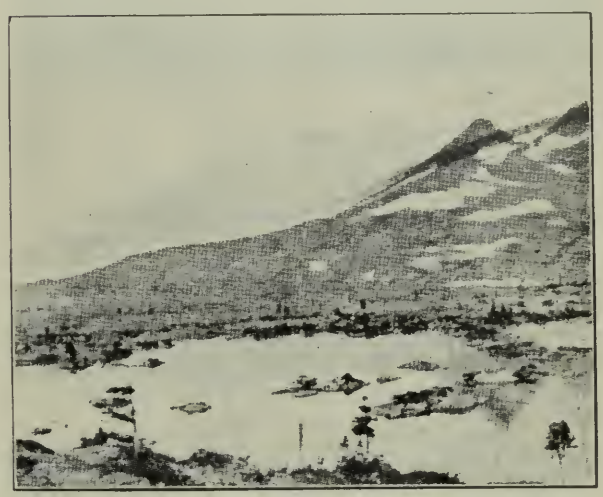
Landing at Tallac, I shouldered my knapsack and started for Glen Alpine. That night I camped on the south shore of Fallen Leaf Lake, a beautiful body of water, a miniature Tahoe. It is locked safely among the hills and mountains at the foot of Mt. Tallac, which rises sheer above it to a height of over 3,000 feet.

On the shore of this lake I found a deserted cabin. The roof at one end was dilapidated, so I built my fire at that end, making my evergreen bed at the other. Everything was stowed away for the night, and I was just about to cuddle down among the blankets when it occurred to me that it would be wise to scatter the embers and avoid the danger of a possible fire. I did so and stepped back in the blankets.

All was still. I was absolutely alone. Out on the lake I had seen two boats floating dreamily in the twilight, and I knew there was a small camp about a quarter of a mile away. Darkness and silence were the two elements which seemed to make up all Nature. I was about to lie down when suddenly—

"Bang!"

There was a report like a musket, and I turned quickly to see the hot cinders flying in every direction. For two or three minutes I sat perfectly still, trying to explain the cause of such an unusual proceeding. I had never known pine knots to explode with such violence. Could somebody be dropping blank cartridges through the crazy roof? These thoughts occupied my mind until I



PYRAMID PEAK.

HEATHER LAKE.

THE CASCADE.

ON THE RUBICON RIVER.

concluded to lie down. I had scarcely done so when—

"Bang!"

This time the report was not so loud, but I sprang up and ran outside in my stocking feet to see if anyone could be playing tricks on me. No one was to be seen, however, so I retired to rest and sleep.

No further bombardments took place, and I concluded later that it must have been caused by blank cartridges having been dropped on the sand of the cabin floor, but no shells were to be found. Later I was told that percussion caps for dynamiting fish were probably the cause of the disturbance.

Next morning I was in Glen Alpine and took a four days' rest from carrying the pack. This beautiful rock valley has been carved by the glaciers which have left only a lovely stream to represent them. On either hand the walls rise about fifteen hundred feet, while Mt. Tallac on the north and Angora Peak on the south rise much higher.

As this locality has been so much dwelt on as to be threadbare I will review the subject briefly. My first trip was to Mt. Tallac. For the purpose of enlightening those who are not hardy climbers I will state that I took it very easy all the way, and even stopped for a chat with a couple on approaching the summit, yet I accomplished the ascent in two hours and ten minutes. Let me warn tourists right here that it is easy to get off the trail on the return from the summit to Lake Gilmore. Have the lake in mind and keep well to the right.

I suppose that of all the nine thousand-foot mountains in California, Tallac is the most accessible; and that person must either be very old or an invalid who cannot make the trip. The view from the summit is indeed very grand. Lake Tahoe and its smaller satellites to the north, the splendid, snow-clad range, of which Pyramid Peak is the pinnacle, to the west. To the south another snow-clad range, the pinnacle of which I named Sunrise Peak, because of three streaks spreading upward and outward, and clefts filled with snow, which resemble the rays of the sun. To the east the Nevada range, with Freel's Peak as the apex.

The next day I inspected no less than six notable lakes and dozens of ponds. The following list makes a good itinerary for one who does not mind a hard day—and it's all of that—

"Suzy," "Heather" and "Aloha," with the innumerable crystal puddles of Desolation Valley. Lake of the Woods, Lucile and Grass Lake.

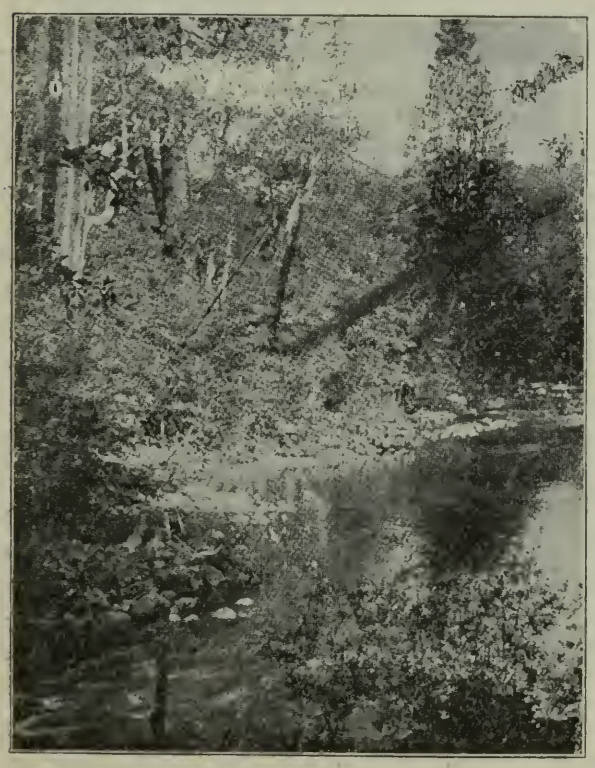
After a day's rest (for one day and two nights will prepare any healthy man for vigorous work) I slung my knapsack and started on what I expected, and which proved to be, one of the hardest and most interesting short trips of my career. When I left Towle my pack weighed thirty-three pounds; it must have weighed forty now.

The first part of this day's work led me up a precipice by the trail to Grass and Lucile Lakes, on up the depression to about 1,700 feet above Glen Alpine. Then my course led down through an open country where a trail was not needed except to soften the exceeding roughness of the travel. I have reason to believe that few people visit Echo Lake by this route. However, it is a very beautiful spot and well worth seeing. If one should pay a visit by the direction which I chose I would not advise him to make a circuit of the lake unless he should have an object in view, as the trail is very rough. It is best to stop at the channel connecting the two lakes.

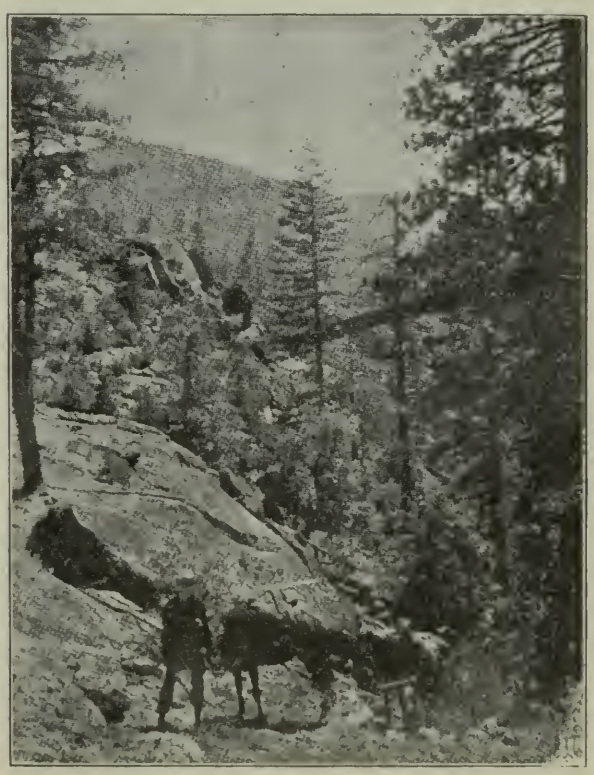
That night at five o'clock I camped at a stream of water by the roadside leading into Lake Valley. This time it was Arcturus that watched over me, and I dozed off into a delightful sleep superinduced in part by the delicious chocolate which I drank for supper. Over me the stars snapped in the clear atmosphere and pursued their solemn journeys as though they were created for the express purpose of guarding the slumbers of a lone tourist by the wayside.

The following morning I was awakened by the bright sky, and turned my head lazily to see a few truant clouds hovering over the giant height of Freel's Peak, so brilliant, so utterly dazzling in the morning sun that I was forced to turn away my eyes. New fallen snow and polishhed gold were the colors, on a field of bewildering blue. If ever these eyes are condemned to spend a long night, a night that looks not for the morning, let memory but unlock its doors and the darkness will be flooded by the recollection of that sunrise over Freel's Peak.

As I was about to start a party came along, and I began asking questions about the mountain in question and found that one of the men was a guide. "Can I reach Freel's Peak to-day?" I asked. He replied that I could not. His reply rather discouraged me, as I must leave on the one o'clock



RUBICON RIVER IN "HELL HOLE."



COMING OUT OF "HELL HOLE."

boat the next day. Not to make the summit would be a bitter ending of my two weeks' trip, as it was the tip of the range and I had never climbed ten thousand feet.

After the party had passed I felt discouraged for a few minutes and then said doggedly to myself, "Well, after all, there is one thing I can do; I can put one foot in front of another, and we will see what that accomplishes."

At eight o'clock I was on my journey. I obtained directions at "Myers,' which is simply a station for the stage. The morning was spent climbing over the intervening hills forming the base of the mountain. Step by step, up and down, little by little. Sometimes it seemed as though I was making no progress whatever, but when the trees and hills would let me I kept my eyes steadily on that rocky eminence so very far above me. At last, to my intense relief, I came upon the object of my search, the small settlement of the dairyman who conducts business in a beautiful "flat" among the hills, 8,000 feet above tidewater.

The dairyman's wife was extremely hospitable, and after partaking of lunch I started, a few minutes after one o'clock, for the summit. Of course, I left my pack behind and began a slow, steady treadmill-like journey up the ravine. There was little choice of pathway. There was but one general direction and that was upward and by the brook. The soil was simply granite sand and fragments of rock. Occasionally my feet would go down into a hole some little animal had burrowed. After awhile the brook disappeared, and I wished I had put more water in my canteen. I should have watched closer and half filled the vessel before it was too late; for, after all, the dryest place in the world is a mountain peak.

The distance from the flat to the peak in altitude was nearly 3,000 feet. I had been watching, and now joy filled my heart, for ahead of me I could see a "saddle" which assure me that I had covered two thousand feet or so of the journey before me. But another matter was making itself unconsciously felt. I did not notice that when I would walk a hundred feet or so I would get dreadfully weary. I would sit down on a friendly log or stone and breathe for a few moments, when I would rise, greatly refreshed, and push on vigorously. This was repeated many times before reaching the top. Indeed, many times it seemed as though I must give up, but a little rest would send me on my way rejoicing. It was not until later that I realized that it was the altitude alone which was responsible for my unusual fatigue.

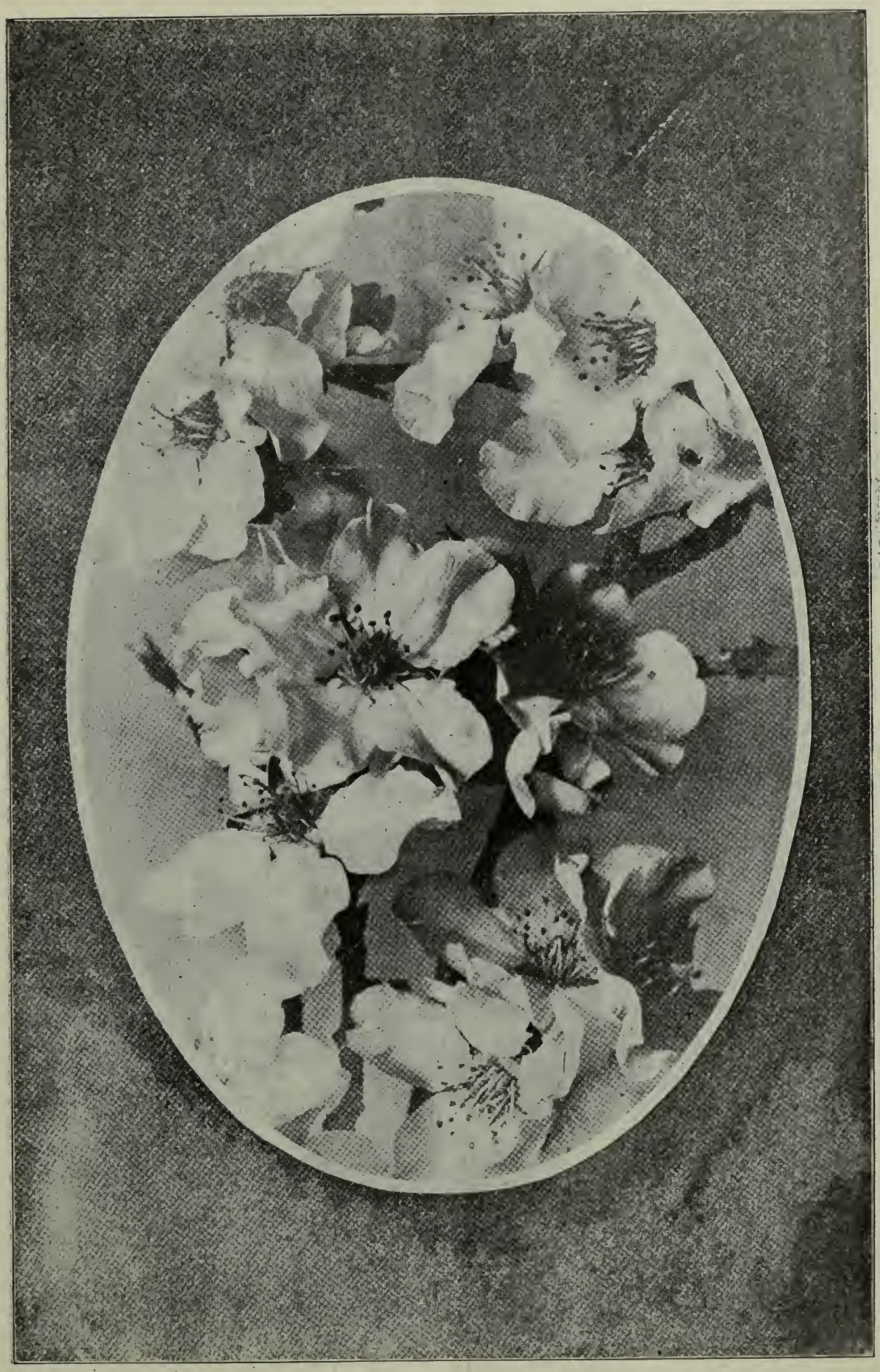
At last I stood upon the height, and overlooked an immense territory from an altitude of 10,900 feet, the highest point in California between Mt. Lassen to the north, Highland Peak on the south, a distance of about twenty-five miles.

Magnificent indeed was the view. To the north the great blue lake stretched out twenty-three miles, with Mt. Rose in the background. To the east the Carson Valley, and one could not but notice the resemblance between that mountain-girt depression and the basin-like valley which contained the lake. How did one come to be filled with water and the other to be as dry as a summer road?

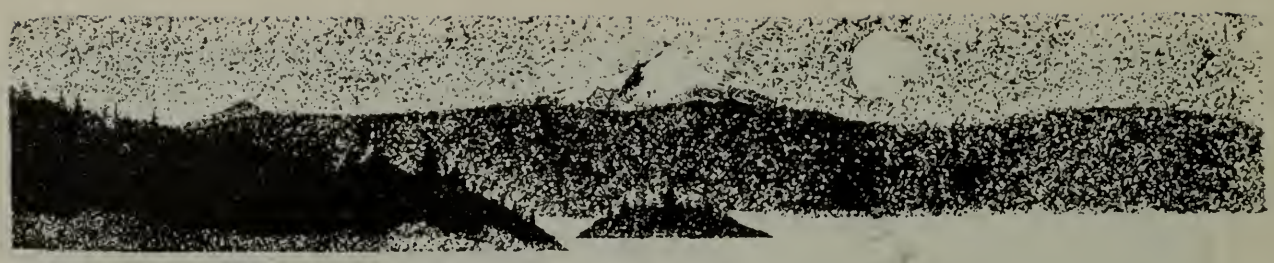
How different was the landscape to the west! Mt. Tallac, Pyramid Peak and the whole sub-range surrounding them jutted up into the sky like the points of a comb, while snow in plenty was gathered in picturesque drifts here and there, for it has to be admitted that snow to a mountain peak is like golden ringlets or glossy locks to a woman's head.

The outlook to the south was one of mingled pleasure and disappointment, as the astronomer discovers new wonders through the telescope, yet mourns over what he might discover if his instrument were but a little stronger. Far away—twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five miles—the splendid snow-clad peaks held up their heads. Some I could identify, the most I could not. The day was clear, but unfortunately the horizon was hazy and allowed me only to trace the outlines of a number of majestic peaks, but I failed to comprehend their beauty.

Once more I glanced around at the superb panorama, and on stepping down from the pile of rocks my two weeks' vacation was practically concluded. I had spent half an hour on the summit, and I reached the dairyman's house at ten minutes after five. Thus I had accomplished what the guide said I could not do and had two hours of daylight to my credit.



SPRING'S PROMISE.



STURGEON FISHING IN THE COLUMBIA

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON

OF over fourteen years that I spent in the Northwest —principally in Oregon, Idaho and Colorado—I believe that the summer which I passed along the old Columbia River, from Umatilla to Wood River, was one of the most enjoyable of all—a summer idealistically beautiful, adventurous and joy-inspiring in every detail.

Oregon would deserve her fame if she had nothing to recommend her but the Columbia; but she has much else—though nothing that surpasses this majestic stream —to give her rare distinction, picturesque prominence and an enviable place in the temples of scenic fame. She has snow-capped peaks that rival the mighty pinnacles of Switzerland or India; she has lakes which all but eclipse the emerald pools of Italy or France; she has forests as deep and dense and dark—as wonderful and wild —as the world-famed woods of Africa or South America; she has innumerable varieties of game and her rivers are rife with the finest trout that ever leaped to an angler's fly; she has a score of waterfalls scarcely surpassed by those of the Yellowstone or grand Yosemite; she has countless brooks and myriads of mountain cascades; she has valleys of perennial verdure and vernal beauty—green vales beside whose peaceful grandeur the valley of Avoca dwindles to insignificance; she has scenic marvels, quaint and picturesque canons, noble hills and wild, enchanting plains; in a word, she has all that Nature in her spendthrift moods could lavish within her boundaries. Her climate, if it be somewhat disagreeable in the winter months, atones for its excesses during the spring and summer months, when the weather becomes surpassingly fair and golden and the hills and skies and rivers mirror the halcyon calm and pensive mood, the sunlight and the flowers; her woods and canons echo with the songs of a million birds, whose music is mingled with the croon of endless woods, the sigh of rippling streams, the laugh and the plaint of veil-like cataracts.

According to state statistics, Oregon has more standing timber than any state in the Union. Closely estimated, over 300,000,000,000 feet, board measure, mantle her hills and valleys. As an asset, this figures close to $3,600,000,000. Last year 1,000,000,000 feet were cut, yielding the lumbermen, net, $12,000,000. These figures may afford an idea of one phase of Oregon's superior advantages, and of her richest industry; but they can give no idea of the beauty of those timbers. To know, to appreciate the grandeur of Oregon forests, one must stand in one of them, camp in it, live in it, as I have done; and even then, as a pigmy before some powerful Hercules, he feels the awe of his surroundings rather than comprehends them. Equally impressive, too, are her many lakes, rivers and waterfalls. The scenic wonders of the Columbia in many respects surpass those of the Hudson, for they are more varied and numerous.

Fishing is one of the most important of the state's industries. I refer, of course, to fishing as a commercial business; but as a sport it is likewise the principal attraction. The big fisheries of the Columbia River

deal with smelt, sturgeon, salmon and shad, which as a comic writer once expressed it yields an important revenue to the dealers, if not to the state. "$melt, $turgeon, $almon and $had—what fortunes are made by this depleting of our streams—this wholesale plunder and legal robbery of our waters!" The writer spoke truthfully. It is to be regretted that the fishing industry is not more curtailed by law, in Oregon and Washington, than it is. At present, one has only to get the fish, when or how he will, and sell them at any price in any quantity—the law is blind. Last year Oregon's salmon value alone—and the product was less than average—amounted to over $3,000,000. The product of other fish than salmon sold, wholesale net, at over $18,000. The shellfish product was over $11,000. Consider those figures and you have an idea of Oregon's fishing industry. It must be borne in mind that ocean-fishing products are not included. The Royal Chinook salmon, found in no other river in the world than the Columbia, and which in twenty years more will be extinct at the present rate of slaughter, was among the finny tribe of contributors to this tremendous output. No wonder the Oregon fishermen are crying out that "the salmon are forsaking the Columbia." On my last trip to The Dalles I was told by a pioneer "wheeler" that every year he was catching less and less. He could not understand that the fault was with the fishermen who took no steps to propagate the fish, but declared that he believed they were "jest naturally disappearing—probably in the ocean." It is amusing to note that salmon eggs have absolutely no protection from the law. They are a choice "delicacy," but sell, however, for a ridiculously low figure. While artificial propagation is resorted to in a narrow degree, the output of young baby fish by the canneries of Oregon, last year, was over 70,000,000! Chew the figures, and digest them.

But to return to my subject. I started in to write about a sturgeon-fishing expedition which I once enjoyed in the Columbia River country, near Cascade Locks. These locks, on which the government expended several million dollars, are situated on one of the most beautiful and picturesque portions of the river, about four miles from Portland's summer picnic place, Bonneville, and but a few miles westward from the famous Hood River Valley, where the finest strawberries in the United States, if not in the world, are raised by the train load. On the opposite side of the river—which is here from a half to a mile in width and in places over a mile—lies the great old state of Washington. Mighty mist-crowned mountains rise in eerie grandeur on every hand and form a rugged sky-line against the azure horizon. Great towering pines and tamarack, somewhat thinned out by the lumberman's axe along the river's edge and for several miles back, cover the nearer hills along both sides, forming a vast and seemingly interminable forest which stretches away along the higher peaks to the vague "timber line," beyond which gleams the boundless blankets of snow and ice which give to Mt. Rainier, Mt. Hood, Mt. Adams, Mt. Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Mt. Pitt, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Thielson, Mt. Scott and other lofty crystal-crowned buttes, their scintillating splendor. Think of that wonderful array of peaks—none of them less than 9,000, and from that to 14,528 feet high! Of course, not all of them are visible from any one section, but all of them go to constitute the glory and grandeur of Oregon and Southwestern Washington scenery. Where else in all the world can Nature boast such sentinels? Where else in Europe or America have the prehistoric seismic forces of the under-world upreared such noble, marvelous and eternal monuments? And where else, as from The Dalles to Astoria, has the great Creator seen fit to build such an infinite panorama of wild and rugged scenery? Snow-crowned peaks, unnumbered waterfalls, rock-ribbed streams, pine-clad vales and undulating forests, wild lava beds, bays, caves and lakes, and inspiring cliffs, and canon walls of granite, porphyry and sandstone, which the erosion of countless ages has tinted and striped in strange, prismatic colors. All of these and more are to be found from The Dalles to Astoria—aye, all of them can be seen within a stretch of twenty miles, from Cascade Locks to Bridal Veil. In this vicinity stand the far-famed Castle Rock, Dead Man's Island, Memaloose Island, Sheridan's Block House, Wind Mountain, Multnomah Falls, Oneonta Gorge and Bluff, Latourelle Falls, Bridal Veil Falls, Horsetail Falls, the Pillars of Hercules,

Rooster Rock and countless other scenic landmarks which lack of space forbids describing. At every turn and glimpse of the restless, rolling river one beholds some newer, stranger beauty; a myriad of glad surprises greet his eyes at every step; a host of incomparable marvels unfold to him as he ventures onward.

Here amid this land of wooded wonders, one bright June evening, I decided to try my luck at sturgeon fishing. An old-time boatman informed me that it is customary, in fishing for sturgeon, to stake out your line, tying it firmly to a tree at each end across some narrow channel. When this has been done a number of equally strong lines, firmly fastened to rings, are cast out along the heavy rope, strung with 10 or 12-inch iron hooks, almost like grappling hooks, baited with good-sized shad or suckers (preferably the latter). When the owner of this cable-tackle system gets a strike he allows the sturgeon to exhaust himself (for there is no danger of his escaping), after which he goes forward in a boat and begins the fight. If the angler can once get the nose of his big brute (for such a sturgeon is) above the water, the fight is won, for a sturgeon in this fix is powerless; but so long as his nose is under water he remains akin to Hercules in his power and brutal ferocity. The sturgeon does not submit tamely to being dragged up to the gaff. It is necessary to coax him gradually, seductively; and as he is fastened to a rope, the use of a reel or axle must be dispensed with, so the task is arduous. But all of this was unknown to me, and I turned a careless ear to the homilies of the boatman, although I had but just watched the capture of one 600 and another 780 pound brute which gave the captors their money's worth. It occurred to me that by merely fastening my rope to the boat and keeping it short, with a knife and gaff at hand, I could have more sport, and also do what few others had ever attempted —namely land my sturgeon in a true, sportsman-like manner. And thus it happened.

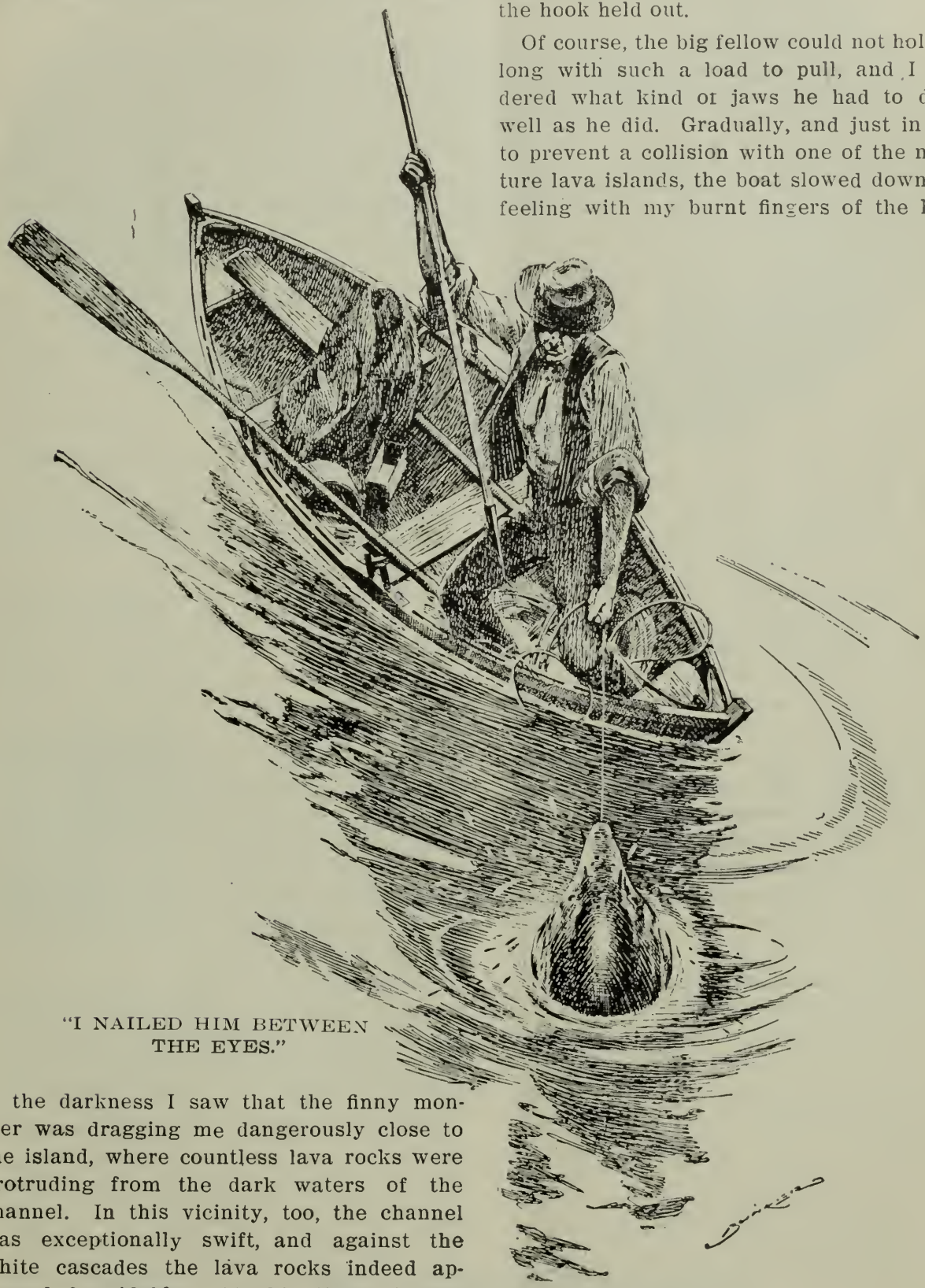
Procuring a round-bottom, 16-foot, double-ended "St. Lawrence River" fishing skiff, with proper tackle and a strong iron gaff, I pushed from the bank at Bonneville and started up the river toward Rooster Rock. In the left channel, on the Washington side, I threw my line, firmly fastened to the helm-pegs, and waited for results, while I watched the moon steal in a mellow flood of light above the pine-robed hills and moodily puffed my pipe. My line was a strong hemp rope, such as is ordinarily used as a clothes' line, and at the end of this was fastened a strong piece of baling wire as a leader, with a ten-inch hook baited with a shad. I had but a few vague ideas of what I would do if I was lucky enough to get a strike; in fact, it was my ignorance of sturgeon catching rather than my desire to catch one, which caused me to adopt this crazy method; but my line was cast and there I was—waiting.

It was a beautiful night—one of those dreamy, mid-summer moonlit nights peculiar to Western Oregon—so beautiful that one almost wishes the night would never end although he knows the day will be every bit as beautiful.

It is a peculiar thing how moonlight affects the sturgeon. It is a well-known fact that they can seldom be induced to bite in the daytime. As a rule they feed in the dark of the moon, and it was a surprise to me later, when I learned more of the ways of this big fish, that I caught one at all, for the moonlight lay almost as bright as day upon the water. During three months of sturgeon fishing on the Snake and Kootenai Rivers in Idaho, I never caught a sturgeon of any size except in the dark of the moon. I have never heard this fact explained.

I had almost despaired of a strike, and had trolled my line about the channel for nearly two hours; suddenly, as I was buried in a reverie of noctural dreams, my boat gave a sudden powerful lunge against the tide and I fell upon my hands and knees from the force of the lurch. In an instant it occurred to me to cut the line to prevent the capsizing of the boat, but I reasoned that such a strike could not have come only from a good-sized sturgeon, and therefore I must get him at all hazards. I crawled to the helm and in an instant had grasped the line. I found it slack and it occurred to me that I had lost my catch. Accordingly I began to draw in my line, and as I did so—presto!—I suddenly felt a tug, and with a terrific whizz the line sped through my fingers to the end, burning them as would a streak of fire, and ending with another heavy jerk that threw my boat half way

around. At that same moment the moon buried itself behind a cloud, and a dense darkness engulfed me. For fifty yards that skiff went ploughing through the channel like a gasoline launch on an open bay, and



"I NAILED HIM BETWEEN THE EYES."

in the darkness I saw that the finny monster was dragging me dangerously close to the island, where countless lava rocks were protruding from the dark waters of the channel. In this vicinity, too, the channel was exceptionally swift, and against the white cascades the lava rocks indeed appeared formidable. At this time of year the Columbia is always uninvitingly high, and only those acquainted with its moods and eccentric manners can appreciate the dangers of such an experience. But in justice to myself I must say that I was not so much concerned for my personal safety as for the sturgeon. By all means I meant to capture him—if the leader did not break and the hook held out.

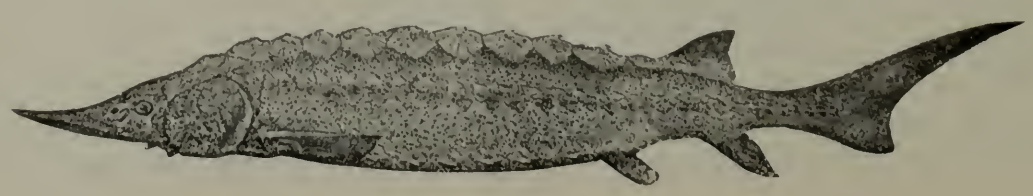
Of course, the big fellow could not hold out long with such a load to pull, and I wondered what kind of jaws he had to do as well as he did. Gradually, and just in time to prevent a collision with one of the miniature lava islands, the boat slowed down, and feeling with my burnt fingers of the line I saw that it was again slack. I hurriedly determined to get back to mid-current at any cost, even if it again scared the monster

into another flight, and so, after guiding my skiff from among the rocks by pushing with my oars against them, I soon began to pull with all my might to the northward from the island. It was a difficult task, for I was compelled to keep a steady watchout for the least resistance, and be ready at an instant's notice to handle my line. As I expected, the fish disputed my course, and although he did not attempt to steer me, he semed to weight me like an anchor to the spot. But I had escaped the shoals, and so laid down my oars and began to test my game. My idea, now, was to get his nose above the water and if possible gaff him; but with all my pulling I could not lift him up, as I was weakened by the terrible condition of my hands. After two or three attempts the line became perfectly taut again, and I found myself whirling about, with my skiff almost upon its end, and a volume of water pouring into the helm end. I let go of the line, grabbed a bucket, and while the helm went down undertook to bail out the water as fast as I could. Fortunately the sturgeon came up again and the danger was soon eliminated. But I realized now that he had me in deep water, and that the line was far too long. It seemed inevitable that I should give him up, but as I arrived at this conclusion and undertook to act upon it I found that I had lost my knife. The water had probably washed it into some inaccessible nook beneath the foot-planks. And there I was.

There was no time for speculation. Again grasping the taut line, I put my weight upon it, and found that it gave to the effort. Inch by inch I drew it slowly, laboriously up, and at every pull threw another loop about my pegs. After a full half hour of this kind of work I had managed to pull in less than twenty feet of the line, but I was suddenly greeted with a splash of water and a low peculiar snort told me that the monster's nose was above the water. With another almost superhuman effort I gave my line a last long draw, threw a couple of loops to secure it, and grasped my gaff. Fate evidently favored me that night, for scarcely had I poised the hook before the moon came out again, and I found myself looking into the eyes of the biggest subaqueous brute that I ever expect to battle with. In an instant I had nailed him between the eyes and I fancied that I could almost see the stream of blood that spurted from his dilated gills. That settled him, and a few minutes later I was towing my catch to shore across the channel. It was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning when I heard my keel grating on the gravel at Bonneville. Waking up a couple of my fishermen friends, I told them of my luck and asked them for assistance. But three men could not get him whole to the platform. We called two other fishermen, and the five of us at last managed to get him to the scales at the O. R. & N. Railway station platform. There we weighed him, and when I looked at the figures on the indicator, I did not marvel that he had dragged my skiff so easily across the channel. He weighed 837 pounds.

Yet I afterward watched a Portland sportsman land a 600-pounder with far more difficulty. The size of these big brutes does not regulate their fighting ability. The 600-pounder that I mention was the hardest fighter I ever saw; and in Snake River, near Pasco, I once saw a fisherman spend five hours on a sturgeon that weighed but 280 pounds. I believe I would as soon tackle a young whale as another of those Columbia River monsters, and in the future I will confine myself to shad and bass, salmon, yellow-tail and tuna, trout or the less obese and weighty finny families.

I have had enough of sturgeon fishing for several years. Yet the sportsman who may find himself in sturgeon waters should by all means experience the victory of landing just one of them. It is worth the time and labor.



THE NISQUALLY, AN IDEAL WASHINGTON TROUT STREAM.

On A Wagon Through Washington

By "Garvanza."

IT was early in May when "Big Bob" Burrows—pioneer hunter and trapper of the Pacific Northwest—suggested to me that we take a trip by wagon through the State of Washington. At the time we had been spending several weeks in the Palouse wheat country, at Moscow, Idaho, where we had disposed of a group of Potlach River placer claims to a local syndicate; so, being "flush," Bob's ever-present penchant for the wild suddenly became so invincible that he packed his "traps," and induced me to prepare, posthaste, for the journey. I did not hesitate much, for I was familiar with Washington's topography, and knew the pleasure and out-of-door sport that such a trip would afford us.

Accordingly we procured a tent—a small "A" affair—several weeks' supply of provisions and ammunition, a good bunch of bedding, and incidental paraphernalia such as we would be expected to use on a hunting, fishing and prospecting tour. Each of us had our old "trusty" individual rifle and shotgun—all tested and reliable firearms which had given us many a good day's sport—so we considered ourselves well "heeled" for the journey. Bob, though keenly anxious for the quest, maintained his customary silence and stoical demeanor, only evincing his eagerness by the dexterity with which he made our preparations; but I, being much younger and less accustomed to the "call of the wild," of course, was bubbling over with enthusiasm and the joys of anticipation, long before we were ready for departure.

On May 10th, at daybreak of what proved to be a warm ideal day, we pitched the cover on a strongly-built but light spring wagon of the western mountain type, hitched two of the best horses we could find, grabbed the reins, mounted the wagon seat and in the "dull, gray light of dawn" started toward Colfax, the first town westward from Mos-

A FORD ON THE UPPER SNAKE.

cow over the boundary line of Washington. The first few days of our trip were comparatively uninteresting, for from Moscow to Walla Walla one beholds, either by rail or wagon, only the same landscape—a continual, vast, undulating stretch of waving grain —the finest and best-yielding wheat-fields in the world. There is not an acre, save where corrals, villages, outhouses or farmhouses stand, that is not consecrated to Ceres; and everywhere the same rolling, emerald or golden vastness, according to the season, greets the eye—fading away in the dim perspective of distance, into the cerulean blue of cloudless, summer sky; acres upon acres, sections upon sections of soil that has never yet exhausted its rich fecundity, producing for the most part from forty to fifty, and as high as sixty-six bushels to the acre. Such is the great Palouse country stretching from Pendleton, Oregon, northward to Walla Walla, Colfax and Colton, in Washington, to Moscow, Pullman and Lewiston, in Idaho.

A day's journey from Walla Walla, the beautiful and enterprising metropolis of Southeastern Washington, brought us to the first shifting of the scene. Gradually as the soil becomes more sandy and less fertile the fields of grain give way to intervals of sand and sage brush, which intervals soon come nearer and nearer together, until at length one finds himself upon an arid desert, with only here and there a cattle ranch or isolated farmhouse. From this point we follow along the north bank of Snake River—a wide, winding, sluggish stream that is all its name implies. Its tortuous course leads it in freakish channels of ragged lava beds, through rolling sand-banked canons, back and forth like the trail of a running serpent across the north extension of the Umatila Desert. It is much like a snake, too, in its formidable character, for its fords are generally uncertain, dangerous even to those most familiar with the constant cutting and shifting of its currents. But its waters are alive with many game-fish, the best of which are the royal Chinook and Columbia River salmon, and the monster sturgeon. Far up into Northern Idaho come the finny families of the Columbia, there to spawn in the British Columbia tributaries or in a few of the deeper streams of the Idaho Mountains. Many a bright day's catch have I enjoyed from the bosom of the winding Snake, and along the wild, pine-fringed waters of Salmon River.

The Snake empties into the Columbia at a point a few rods from the sand-swept hamlet known as Wallula Junction, four miles from Hunt's, and about sixteen miles from the famous wind-beaten, sun-parched, desert town of Pasco. "Keep your eye on Pasco!" was once a universal expression, but fortunately all Washington is not represented by this arid hamlet. When one has crossed the Umatilla Desert, on either side he discovers a country which more than compensates for Nature's freakish infliction of the sand and barrenness. It is a wretched waste in a land of wonderful unfoldments—a desert in one of the most productive, beautiful and inspiring farming States in all the Union. And perhaps, after all, it adds to the charms of Washington, for it makes complete the heterogeneous variety of its topography and landscapes—making it "as a turtle, to suit all tastes."

Bob Burrows and I were not able to keep our eyes long on Pasco, for the wind was blowing up so much sand the day we pulled in there that it was almost impossible to do anything. There was but one tree in the

town and that was leafless. Not a soul was on the streets, and we found two trains tied up at the depot waiting for the section hands to shovel off the sand that had piled on the track. It is a remarkable fact, worthy of passing mention, that for two hours the sand piled up faster than twenty men could remove it. Such is Pasco.

Passing hurriedly on we endeavored to find a sheltering gulch of some kind, in which we could camp before night to await the passing of the storm, but two hours' travel still found us in the same sandy waste and wind-storm, and as our horses' eyes were given out under the terrific blast we found it necessary to do the best we could, and so threw up a shelter made of our tent and bedding, and there barricaded ourselves with our two dogs and horses. After washing our animals' eyes with the waters of Snake River by which we were camped, we improvised a raft of driftwood and railroad ties fastened together with bailing wire, and floated out on the river to escape the sand. We fished till late in the evening and caught several big bull-trout, two twenty-pound salmon, and several squaw-fish and square-jaws. My friend, Bob, also landed a half dozen suckers, but these were considerately given their liberty, being too bony to eat.

From here we continued our journey, in the morning, to Yakima, from which point on our trip was idealistic. Yakima is in the center of one of the finest hop countries in the West, and in many respects is a typical frontier town, without a duplicate outside of Arizona. At that time gambling halls were running wide open; Indians, cowboys, hop-pickers, prospectors and other truly Western characters constituted the ever changing populace. Shooting scrapes were of daily occurrence, drunkenness and extreme dissipation generally prevailed, and everything was conducted on the "let 'er rip" principle so peculiar to the straggling settlements of early days. But for all this, Yakima is an enjoyable place; one meets hundreds of rugged, sturdy but honest and whole-souled pioneers and gold seekers, whose dissipations scarcely cloud their noble self-sacrifices, their sincerity, honor and stability of purpose.

We enjoyed a week of western life at Yakima, going among the hop fields and attending two "shin-digs" given by the mot-

A HUNTER'S CABIN IN THE SHADOW OF MT. RAINIER.

tled assemblage of campers who were employed therein. The jingle of spurs, the rustle of chaperejos, the racket of high-heeled boots and the "whoop-ee!" "whoa, Bill!" of light-hearted men, mingled with the laughter of calico-clad maidens, the monotonous quadrille music of a bronco-buster's mouth-organ, and the scrapy squeaks of a two-dollar fiddle. But everyone was happy.

Ellensburg, a more modern city, was our next place of sojourn, after which we journeyed on toward the Coast. It was not until we reached the old Nisqually River that

HEAD OF THE NISQUALLY.

we found opportunities for much real hunting sport, for heretofore our game had consisted of cottontails, teal and mallard, coyotes and sturgeon. I include sturgeon, for the reason that anyone who has ever had a strike from one knows that they are truly "game."

The Nisqually is an ideal river, always clear, crystal-like, and teeming with mountain trout. To this point, via the Natchess River, around the base of majestic Mount Rainier, crossing the Puyallup near Ashford, was a long and interesting trip, rewarded with two of the fattest deer it has ever been my pleasure to kill, and with one of the biggest brown bears ever shot in Washington. The latter fell to Big Bob, but both of the deer were mine. Had it not been for Bob, however, I would never have gulched them out, for they were "dropped" in an inaccessible canon near Tannum Lake, and it required hard work and several difficult clumbs to get the animals hide-whole to our wagon. Bob also killed a cougar near the lake, which gave him his money's worth. It measured a trifle over nine feet.

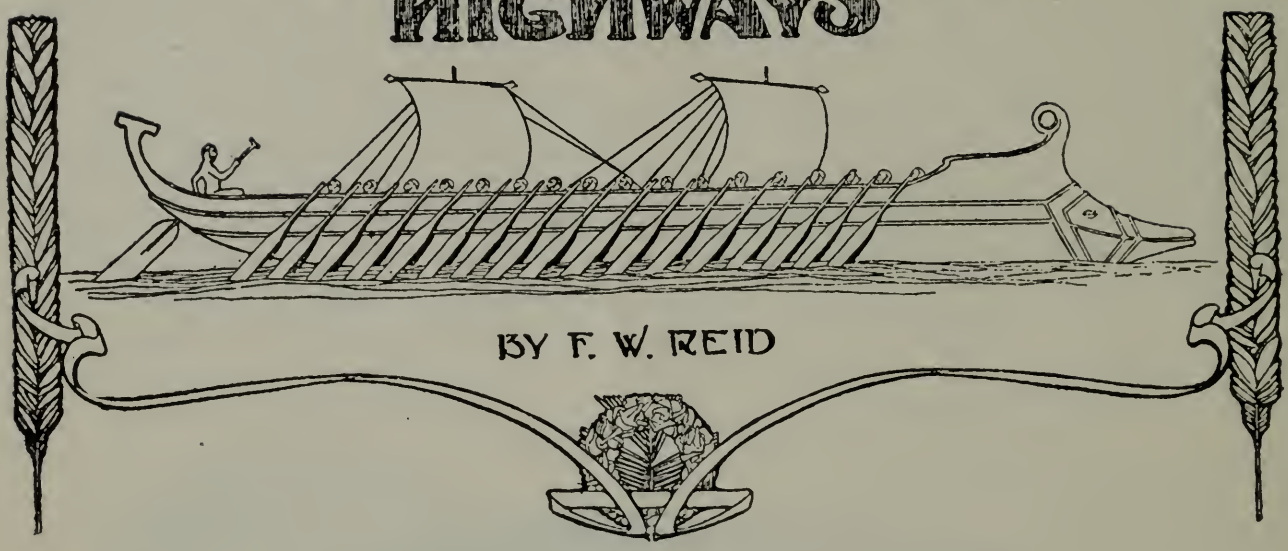
There is no better hunting ground in the world than that which lies along the Nisqually River, from its source near Mt. Rainier to its mouth. An average day's fishing, with proper tackle and an expert at the reel, will net a yield of from thirty to sixty pounds of the finest trout that ever browned in a frying pan. Spawned, hatched and domiciled in waters melted from the snow of mighty peaks, they seem in their flavor and tenderness to reflect the purity and taste of the aqua pura. With the aid of several inflated decoys, made of rubber and painted (a new invention tried by us for the first time near a big marsh on the Nisqually), Bob and I dropped a good load of teals, and for a week feasted upon trout and duck. The air was clead and invigorating, the sunlight warming and fresh, and our constant climbing and active pastimes gave us shameful appetites, so maybe we didn't enjoy many ambrosial repasts! Reader, as I recall that summer's outing, and other days that I have enjoyed in the silent sanctities of Nature, I wonder at the money-mad, maelstrom wretchedness of humanity. It seems to me that if the world could know the wild, as I have known it; that if these struggling, strife-worn denizens of the smoke-swathed, grime-bemuddled cities could realize the beautiful attractions of the mountain forests, the joys and health imparting atmospheres, the rugged sports and soul-enrapturing resources of the fastnesses of nature, you, and all of you, would hurry to the hills, to the silence and song and solitude of the canon wild. Ah, how much better we would be—how happier,—if we could fly from the sin-stained street, from the din and glare and

wanton witcheries of the city! But others, like me, are forced to follow in the path of commercial and industrial progress—forced, however, to follow the beck and call of that crimson siren, Civilization. We cannot live as we would; we cannot be as we desire; we cannot go and come as we wish to do, for there are forces beyond our feeble ability to control which drag us back, ever and always, to the juggernaut-trails of humanity. Fly though I would, there has ever been a Fate to hold me from my goal, an invisible hand to draw me backward to the weary treadmills of the world.

And thus it was, one beautiful July day in the wonderland of Western Washington, Big Bob and I found ourselves compelled to hunt up Civilization. The Fate which caused us to return and sell our wagon and team, I shall never forgive. Suffice it, we left the wild, going to Tenino. And it was all over a trifle—we had run out of flour and soda. Our intention was to replenish our grub-box, and return to the Nisqually, or to go to Castle Rock. But at Tenino Bob met an old acquaintance who told him of a big placer proposition on the Kuskokwim River, about forty miles south of Mount McKinley, in Alaska. It seemed to be a good thing, and that settled it. We disposed of our equipments, and two days later boarded a train for Tacoma. Thus ended one of the most delightful journeys of my life—a journey that I shall not forget for many years. I only wish that I could impress the reader with the wonders and possibilities of that beautiful Northwest country, but space prohibits a description of many of the exciting incidents and details which enlivened our trip, and language is too limited to convey an idea of the scenery of those rugged wilds. Washington is one State in the Union that must be seen to be appreciated; and once seen it will ever afterward be the cynosure of the sportsman's fancy, the goal of his dreams, the vision of his ideal "hunting grounds."

A BRANCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL YAQUIMA.

ON AQUEOUS HIGHWAYS



BY F. W. REID

EVERYONE who travels has his favorite means of locomotion. Perhaps the majority prefer the nickel-silver and be-plushed comfort of the vestibuled car, and call that way-billed and ticketed conveyance traveling. But Ruskin was right when he stigmatized it as being "carried like a parcel."

The art-critic and philosopher took his own pleasure behind a team of horses, bowling over the highways of France toward his beloved Switzerland. He could not surrender his time to the schedule of a railroad. His own initiative he retained, could stop or go on, loiter or speed; but he was still in the passive class, depending on the muscles of another animal. In so doing he had given hostages to Fortune, to the Black Care that ever accompanies the man who puts his trust in horses.

But the active man who travels for sport and recreation likes to use his own muscles. He has come out from the cabin of the city to limber his joints and taste the sweetness of labor in the open air. He must walk or wheel, row or paddle.

Wheeling he seems to fly, but yet he is at the mercy of machinery, and gravity is forever plucking at his skirts. The wheelman, moreover, is confined to the beaten track. Not so the hardy pedestrian, to whom an untraveled moor or a mountain path is a zestful adventure. But, unless humped and laden like a beast of burden, he, alas! is not independent of the inn-keeper. Besides walking lacks the spice of novelty; it comes to us by nature, as Dogberry thought reading and writing came. It is a glorious exercise, but of the earth, earthy.

But the man who travels by water launches out from his own familiar element. There is a taste of hazard in exchanging, even for the thousandth time, the solid contact of land for the treacherous buoyancy of water; a lingering memory of the trepidation one felt as a child afloat for the first time, half charmed, half afraid. Then—not to embark on so wide a subject as the sea—what highway made with hands can compare with a river? It is a smooth, dustless road that mirrors the trees and the blue sky, that imprisons the sunbeams and flashes back their light, that breathes an atmosphere ever fresh and cool. Your stream is itself a traveler. It is a good comrade, always at hand to carry your burden and ease the toil of the common journey. If you choose to strive against the current, it is not the gracious, yielding water that impedes you, but the forces of Nature, to whose power both you and it are subject and enthralled.

The man who has learned to use a boat travels in comfort. He can be his own inn-keeper and baggage-master. His vehicle, served by his own muscles, is uncomplicated by machinery. It is simple as a product of nature, fashioned like the seed-hull that

floats on the forest stream, and which gave to primitive man his first idea of a canoe.

Did you ever in your boyhood build yourself a canoe? Have you stretched canvas, puddled tar, joined unwilling planks in matrimonial bonds? And having launched your creation—contraption, rather—amid the triumphant quacking of ducks, did you not look on its lopsidedness and find it good?

Every boy is a marsupial, delighting in pockets. In the floating shell he has fashioned for himself they are wide enough for a giant. Under the canvas he can stow away lunches, fishing tackle, forbidden books—a magpie's nest of unconsidered trifles. He is better equipped for cruising than Crusoe, and all his voyages are adventures. For as he glides between home pasture and wood-lot, and out beyond the point of pines on to the forest-embosomed lake, he sails in thought on foreign waters in quest of treasures hidden on islands girt with palms. Grasping the fresh-hewn paddle he feels conscious of a longer arm, flushed with the power of a new leverage. Flying could not be better. How he comes to love that tubby vessel, bone of his bone, sleeked with his swear, wetted mayhap with his tears.

Sometimes the dreams come true when the boy grows up. What an independent traveler the canoe makes of the man! With his dunnage, sporting and provision kit packed all round him in the hull, he is the motive power of his own machine. Say, rather, the man and his craft form a new composite organism; birch-bark and cedar, having lost their slow vegetable life, are now infused with blood and muscle. The whole is governed by an alert spirit; with an eye trained to read the face of the waters, as Browning's street boy learned to read the faces of men, quick to interpret the smooth smile that veils the oily rapid, to spell danger in the white signal that flashes above the hidden rock.

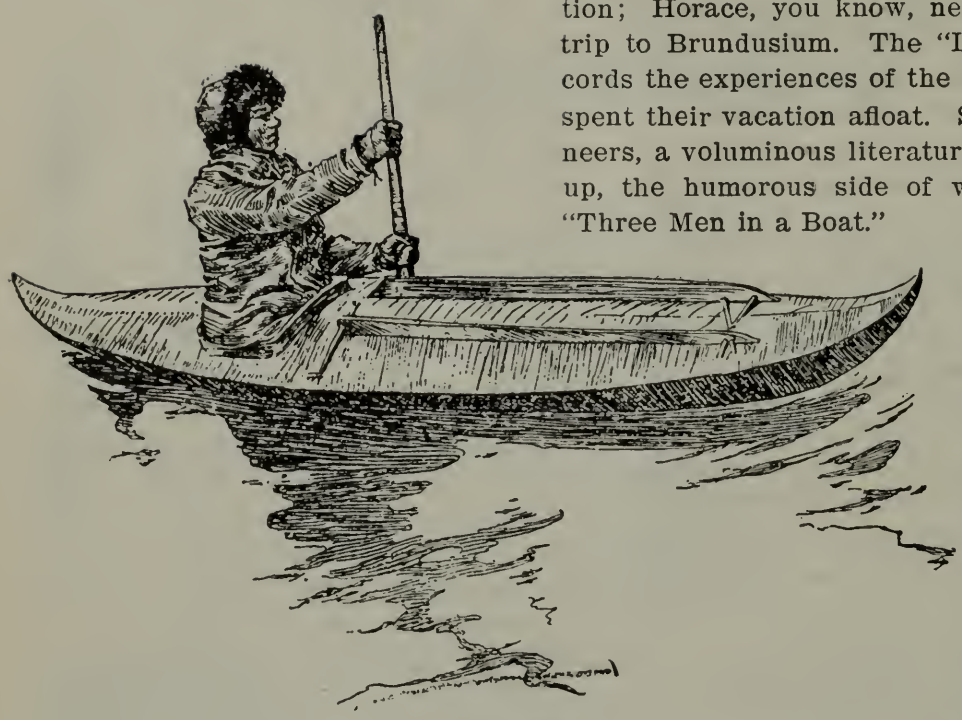
Self-contained, too, is the canoe man, one to whom the word "lonesome" is an empty sound, who finds company in the birds of the river, the ducks that squatter before his pursuing prow, and in every shy creature that stands agaze for a moment on the brink of his path. A woman's pity is wasted on his night-loneliness. He is too busy over his cooking fire. And the evening meal over and his body steeped in the sweets of lassitude, his mind, inspired by tobacco, floats on a ripple lake of reverie; or with senses alert he marks the movements of the friendly stars, travelers themselves on the trails of ether. Yet for all his solitude the man who fellowships for a while with nature, paddling his own canoe, need not develop a morose or unsociable character.

In every quarter of the globe the lone hunter uses a canoe of some kind. A hundred varieties of wood are burned, dug or carved out to make a vessel to match his needs. America is, I believe, the mother country of the canoe proper. On this continent it takes many shapes; the kyack of Alaska, tight as a drum; the familiar birch-bark of the North, and many others. It may be built of wood as light as cedar, or fashioned, like the woodskin of Guiana, out of the stone-heavy covering of a giant forest tree.

Considered as a sport, canoe traveling is of modern origin. In Europe, Macgregor was its prophet. Does anyone remember nowadays the Rob Roy books, and the canoe "of that ilk"? Their author, who took for his punning motto "Arma virumque canoe," was the first to defy the auguries of the timid Roman, and with oak and triple brass about his breast to adventure his frail shallop on the stormy English channel. He cruised on half the rivers of Europe, even flashed his paddles on Jordan and the waters of Galilee. Since his time canoeing has spread from England into every European country that boasts a drop of sporting blood in its veins.

The single canoe is the sulky, the row-boat the "sociable" of water travel. If you reckon the aquatic hacks and omnibuses that minister to the occasional needs of the wanderer, a catalogue as long as Homer's list of ships might be drawn out of ferry-boats, gondolas, dingys, Oriental sampans and the like. But the craft for those who see no charms in the face of solitude is the trim-built wherry, with its sleek varnished sides, cushioned stern and wagging rudder-tail.

Its mother country is England, the land of regattas and aquatic sports. When Oxford and Cambridge early in the last century began to temper learning with rowing, the cult of the oar grew apace. Before that



time rowing was not thought to be a gentleman's recreation; Horace, you know, never pulled a stroke on the trip to Brundusium. The "Log of the Water Lily" records the experiences of the first party of Oxonians who spent their vacation afloat. Since the days of those pioneers, a voluminous literature of boat travel has sprung up, the humorous side of which is well portrayed in "Three Men in a Boat."

Jerome and his friends jaunted on the Thames, a river well adapted to the sport. Its sedge-bordered current is so gentle that the labor of rowing against it is trifling, there are depots near London where comfortable boats can be hired, inns of all classes abound on its banks. American travelers who are fond of the oar should cut loose from the railroad and spend a leisurely fortnight penetrating into the heart of England by this, its cleanest highway.

Hire a pair, or a four-oar, from Salter's, and row from Richmond to Oxford. A panorama of parks and gardens, punctuated by places of historic note, unrolls itself before you: Pope's Twitnam (now spelled Twickenham), the woods of Cooper's Hill, celebrated by Denham, Runnymede, royal Windsor and humble Datchet, where Falstaff was ducked; the oriels of Eton, Henley, a hundred classic spots, and then the "fair city with its dreaming spires." June is the best month for the journey, because Thames becomes overcrowded with pleasure traffic later in the season, the days are at their longest, the meadows scented with hay.

Every river has a character of its own. The features of Thames are poplar spires and alder groves, stile bays sheltered by willows and enameled with water lilies. Below Windsor Thames' side is almost suburban, so close packed are the small towns and villages on its bank. But in the lonelier country of the upper reaches you will find quiet backwaters where the crew can lie undisturbed beneath the beeches till the slow striking of the village clocks calls them back to the thwarts.

A moving incident of the day's work is the passage of a lock. Blockaded by a flotilla of punts, canoes and wherries, you wait your turn to

be admitted to the cool, dripping dungeon, whence the slowly rising water lifts you to the level of the critical gazers above, the girls in white and the men in parti-colored blazers. It is like facing the footlights.

Thames Valley is of course hedged about with all the restrictions of private property. Aside from the towing-path, and the village green, where the geese run open-mouthed at the stranger, there is nowhere to put up a tent. On warm nights Londoners sometimes play at camping out. But they oversleep the summer dawn, and the early laborer prods them out of the haymow with a pitchfork. Better take your ease at the "Silver Trout" or the "Anglers' Rest," inviting inns, where the ostler is waiting on the landing stage to take your boat by the painter and stall her for the night.

Thames travel is easy, almost luxurious. If the crew take a lazy fit, a horse and a boy can usually be hired to tow. It is sociable, especially on Sundays, when the trippers' boats are even too familiar, a kind of prolonged water picnic checkered by rain storms.

It is a long leap from the wherry, dependent on inns, to the self-contained sufficiency of the houseboat. In Holland you can take passage in a canal barge, and from its brightly painted poop survey the windmill-dotted embanked levels. The slow pace of the journey is set by the horses that plod along the tow-path. Its length is not measured by miles, but by the number of pipes the skipper, who is everlastingly smoking, consumes between stopping places. In many Asiatic countries some kind of floating ark is the most comfortable conveyance. In China it saves the white traveler from the noise and squalor of the detestable native inns. Before railroads were built in Hindustan, the English used to ascend the Ganges leisurely in budgerows, large punts with a roofed and cabined superstructure. In the romantic vale of Cashmere, the white sahib travels in a kind of house-boat, called in the vernacular a doonga.

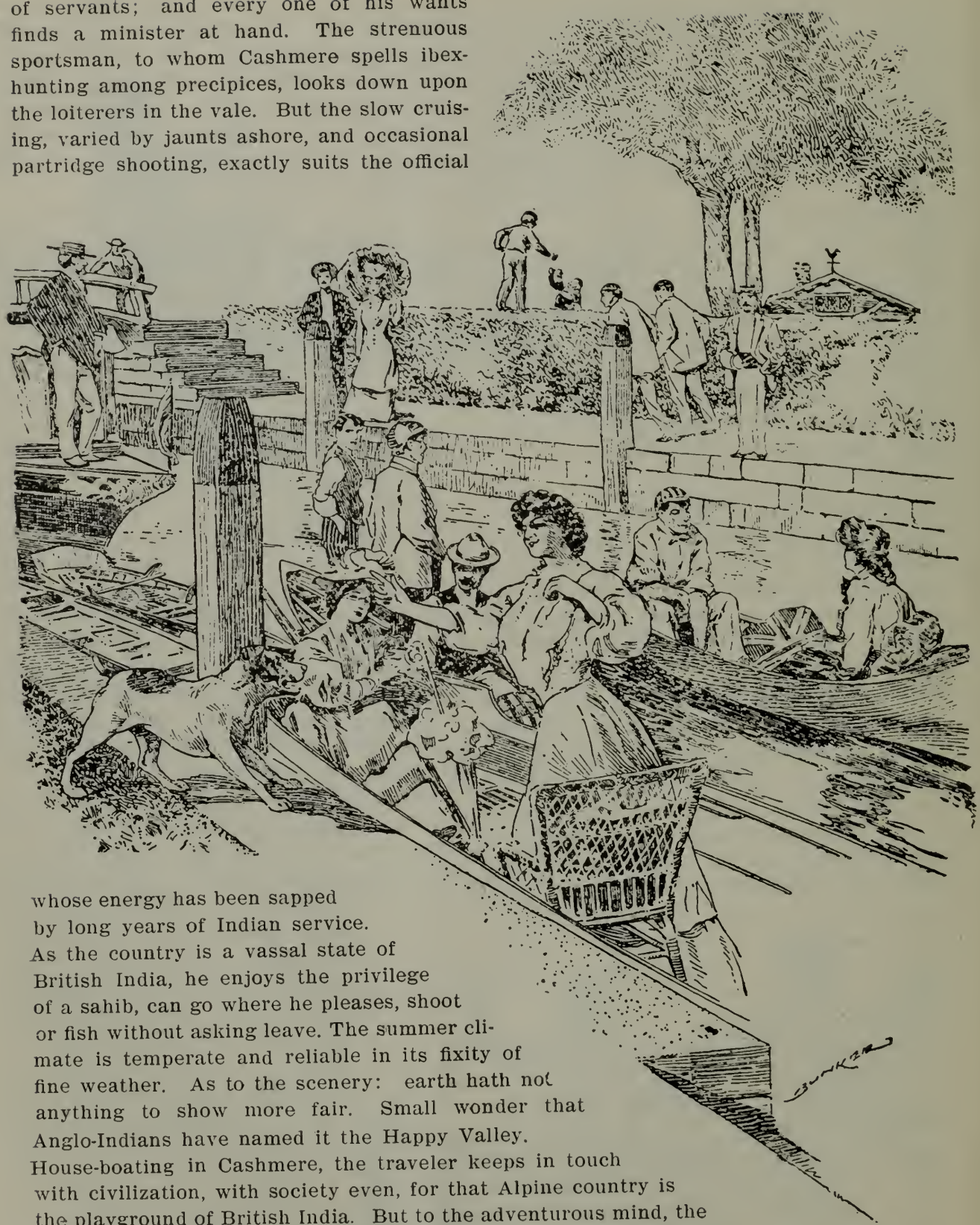
Cashmere is a green shelf on the slope of the Roof of the World, raised 6,000 feet above the dust and heat of the Punjab. Its hundred and fifty miles of mountain-girdled plain are unscored by carriage roads or railways, but studded with lakes and watered by a noble river and its tributary canals. Rightly to enjoy its temperate seclusion you should have escaped "on leave" from a sweltering office in Lahore, or a baking parade ground in Pindi. And at Baramoola, where the long road from India comes to a stop on the banks of the Jhelum, a doonga should be waiting for you.

In the raw this is a flat-bottomed ark of smoke-brown cedar-wood, with a roof amidships supported on posts and stanchions. In such vessels small families of turbaned, gray-skirted Kashmiris live and move about their well-watered fatherland. Your Indian servant, sent on ahead, has hung cane blinds in the stanchion-frames, partitioned off the matted floor space into cabins, and furnished them with striped durree rugs, folding chairs and camp tables, your portable clock and favorite teapot. Space is left fore and aft for the crew, and the doonga is transformed into a snug traveling home, cramped of course, but roomy enough for a man and his wife. All the appliances of home are there, except the kitchen. The cooking is done over a charcoal fire, on a clay hearth, in the kishti, a small open boat which acts as tender to the doonga. At meal times it is hauled alongside and the dishes come on board over the gunwale.

The crew sleep on board the kishti. Two or three men, or women, are enough to row the doonga, or pole it through the shallows. For the ordinary traveler is not in a hurry, and the natives never are. He glides along slowly, fleeting the time carelessly, tying up here under a chenar-plane to fish for mahseer, encouraged by the sketches of fabulous monsters on the walls of the Sopor bungalow; landing there to photograph the gray timbered houses of a native village. At Srinager, the capital, he finds a small Asiatic Venice, the carved balconies of whose cedarn houses overhang and darken the canals. The very shops are afloat. A barge draws alongside, a curtain is rolled back, and a glittering heap of silverware displayed. The doonga, nosing its way among floating gardens, lands him at the marble steps of Shalimer, once the pleasance of the Mogul queens, carries him down vine-bordered canals to the smooth lotus-covered Woolor Lake.

There is, perhaps, too much lotus in the life of the doonga traveler. Asia is the land

of servants; and every one of his wants finds a minister at hand. The strenuous sportsman, to whom Cashmere spells ibex-hunting among precipices, looks down upon the loiterers in the vale. But the slow cruising, varied by jaunts ashore, and occasional partridge shooting, exactly suits the official



whose energy has been sapped by long years of Indian service. As the country is a vassal state of British India, he enjoys the privilege of a sahib, can go where he pleases, shoot or fish without asking leave. The summer climate is temperate and reliable in its fixity of fine weather. As to the scenery: earth hath not anything to show more fair. Small wonder that Anglo-Indians have named it the Happy Valley. House-boating in Cashmere, the traveler keeps in touch with civilization, with society even, for that Alpine country is the playground of British India. But to the adventurous mind, the crown and consumation of boat travel is an exploration of the wilderness. And if your chosen wild be a virgin forest in the tropics, it is there that the advantages of such travel reach their climax.

For traveling by land through its tangled depths is arduous and wearisome. To a slow rate of progress and the labor of path cutting, the trouble of finding and retaining trusty carriers, is added the physical oppression caused by its twilight gloom and heavy moisture-laden air. Nothing damped the spirits of Stanley and his followers so much as their long struggle through the jungles of the Aruwimi. Natives of a cleared country,

they missed the wind in their faces and the sky above their heads.

But these familiar blessings are not withheld from the man who traverses the forest by a water highway. The too ardent sun he can dodge by steering his boat in the shade cast by the continuous wall of trees. In Africa and South America, wherever there are vast forests, the river is a road into their recesses provided by nature. Into the trackless wilds of tropical Guiana it is the only path.

There the sportsman-naturalist who feels a longing to explore its mysteries hires a crew of river-folk and their boats. Riverine life in a tropical colony always leads to a mixture of races; and the men will be a mixed gang of Arawck Indians, negroes and half-breeds. They will bring with them dug-outs, hollowed from ceiba-trunks, "woodskins" and bateaux..

How this French-Canadian term came to be adopted into the river-speech of Guiana, a colony that was Dutch before it became British, I do not know. But a bateau is a plain four-oared boat, built of planking, with an awning over its stern. In it the white men of the party travel, with their guns, cameras, and small gear. It is the traveler's observation car. Sprawling in the bows, he watches keenly when the boat rounds a point of land for the ducks that may be feeding among the lilies in the backwater. He is the first to spy the maipuri-tapir swimming, a succulent prize; to call on the rowers to spurt and cut off the herd of pigs that is crossing the river. He trains his telescope on the trees, marking the stripped top where the leaf-browsing sloth harbors, searching the forks for nesting orchids or monkey lairs, reading all the signs of the forest well.

In the dug-out canoes and the woodskins the provision boxes and other impedimenta are stowed. The woodskin, a half cylinder of bark with an open nose at either end cocked high above the water, is the vehicle of the native Indian. To the white man it is the key that unlocks the penetralia of the forest.

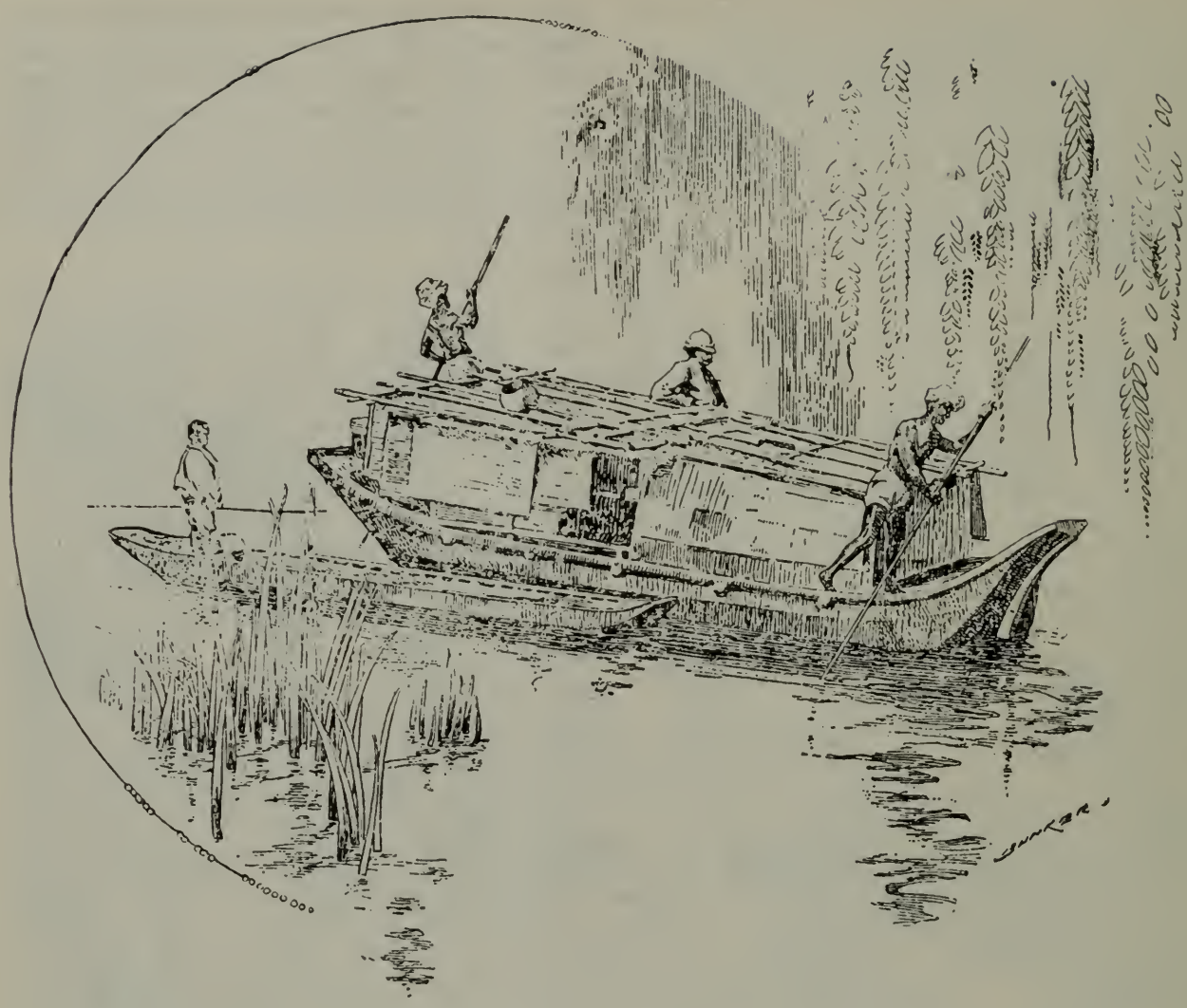
In that light, cranky shell you can explore the shallow creeks that join the main river. The hot damp air and earthy smell of the leafy tunnels through which they flow reminds you of a palm house. You float, as it were, through a natural conservatory. Wild vines trail their flowery ribbons in the water; heavy scents exhale from hidden blossoms; great butterflies, all azure and powder of gold, hover over black pools; the curious monkeys, those topmen of the forest, clamber down the woody rigging to spy upon the intruder.

Bush travel, however, is not all easy pulling. There are sure to be rapids on the river, steep grades on the water road. But the inevitable portage comes as a relief to cramped sitters. All hands tumble out, straighten their backs, pack the cargo in baskets on the shoulders of grunting Indians to be carried to the head of the falls. Then comes the fun of hauling the boats. One man steps into the bow, paddle in hand; his duty is to fend off the rocks. Others pull on the painter, lifting the boat by her nose over the low steps of cascades, as they splash through the tepid shallows. Hard work, you may think, under a tropic sun. It cannot be done without sweat, but the breeze that accompanies the rapids blows through open shirts and cools off heated skins. When the last boat has been dragged up, everyone lies down under the trees and smokes for a while.

Be the water rough or smooth, as the day wears on to sunset you knock at the forest gate for harborage. The boats are run on to some sandy spit; the razor grass and wild cane hacked through with cutlasses; you step on to a thick carpet of leaves. The walls of your inn are the trunks of giant trees, its roof a vault of leaves and branches so closely woven that not a star peeps through; your hammock, knitted by Indians from bush-grown cotton and clove-hitched between the two stems, is easy chair and bed. Fuel of all sorts, ready broken and dry with age, is yours for the picking up. You can overpower the smell of cooking with the fragrance of burning incense-wood. When the blaze dies down, the fireflies light their winged lamps in the roof, and wheel and sparkle like a shower of rockets.

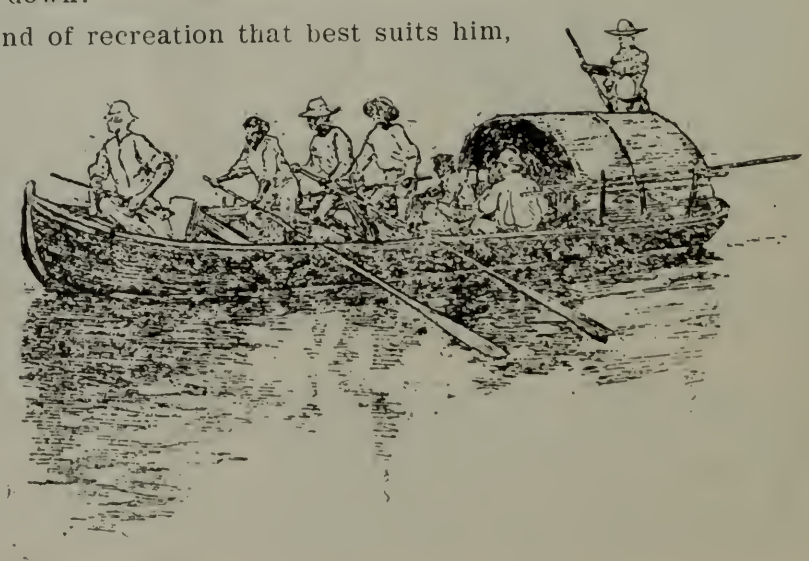
After weeks of such travel, with hands hardened by the paddle-crotch and long tousled hair, you shed the crust of old habit. Your mind becomes attuned to an amphibious life in the kingdom of the trees.

To tug an oar for sport, to paddle a canoe



for exercise, to live laborious days afloat on lake or river, not for gain but for recreation—these are purely modern desires. None of the older writers seem to have imagined that a boat could minister to the joy of living. Our ancestors must have missed a good deal of fun. Orientals, too, cannot understand what impels white men to unnecessary muscular exercise. "Look at that Frank," cried an Arab, watching Richard Burton striding to and fro before his tent; "he must be mad, walking about when he might be sitting down!"

Let every man choose the kind of recreation that best suits him, sitting or standing; and let us pet one another's hobby-horses and not despise them. There is no fear of boating losing its popularity in our time.



Here's luck to all brothers of the craft, "wherever they may be, by river or sea," and a safe return home from their travels, to conclude the quotation in the orthodox but quaint original, "should they so desire."

VERSES

BY

MAURICE SMILEY

MOUNTAIN WATERS.

ETERNAL fountains of the hills, thy song
Is sweeter to me far than any choir.
Of human singers; nobler than the lyre
Apollo struck with tuneful hand. And long,
Aye, long before the time when every strong
Pure note that thrills the fine desire
Of mortal gamuts—music of the mire—
Hath died upon the air, thy strains shall throng
Upon my life and rest it with the peace
Not all the minstrels of the world could bring.
My soul is like some fragrant pool of thine
That garners all the songs thy waters sing.
I cannot spare the softest harmonies
That fall like spray upon this heart of mine.

TO A CACTUS.

I LOVE thee for the lessons thou dost teach,
Oh! cactus, clinging to the mountain lone
In places fairer growths disdain to own.
I love thee for the sermons thou dost preach.
Could I the height of thy calm meekness reach
I, too, would clasp unmurmuring the stone;
My soul should never weakly yearn or moan
It knew no fairer soil. Oh, I beseech
Thee, cactus, holding like a heart to hope,
Teach me the lesson of a great content,
That gives to souls unsatisfied surcease
Of aching. I would grow upon what slope
My life was planted; bear thy blossom, sent
To flower an unrepining with its peace.

MY HEART A HARP BECOMES.

MY heart a harp becomes these happy hours
Among the hills. I let their fingers sweep
What strings they will, content if I may keep
One chord of all, one small blue-hearted flower's
Soft unforgotten strain. The sunshine pours
A flood of melody. The waters sleep
Between their quiet brims. The blossoms heap
About me all their stores. The mountain towers
Above them like a loyal sentinel.
The tiny life of insect whirrs and hums
Around me and the larger day of bird
And animal doth weave its wider spell;
And all the world's discordant air becomes
A sound I have forgot I ever heard.

SOUTH COAST FISHING

By "Stillhunter."

VII—The Story of the Bone Jig.

THE September sun lay like an aureole of gold on the level bed of the Pacific; far in the distance a steamer, passing to her berth in San Diego, laid a thin ripple of gray haze across the azure sky; nearer in a five-master, laden almost to the water line with spicy pine from Oregonian hills, beat before the wind to her waiting anchorage at some Redondo wharf. Even the gulls were idlers and where they hovered on snowy wings there was no fishing; indeed, the most of them seemed buoyed up with the very laughter of life.

And amid it all we passed, too dream-enchanted even to fish for the hordes we knew peopled the depths below. So slowly ran the little engine that the launch seemed to creep. A sailboat could have made better time though the wind counted for naught. George had promised me a day with the best fish he knew—and that meant the barracuda: for of all the creatures he catches, George is most fond of this long, slender salt-water pickerel, so like and yet so unlike the fish we used to pull from the tumbling Wisconsin or the sluggish Mississippi.

Before us lay the whole length and breadth of the Santa Barbara Channel, for we were pointed north by west and we had time illimitable at our disposal, and what, I pray you anglers, is fishing without time? Time is the stuff of which ordinary mortals mold their lives; to the disciple of old Izaak it is more—it is the warp and woof of Paradise. Think you not so? Then you have never entered into the great guild of the fishermen.

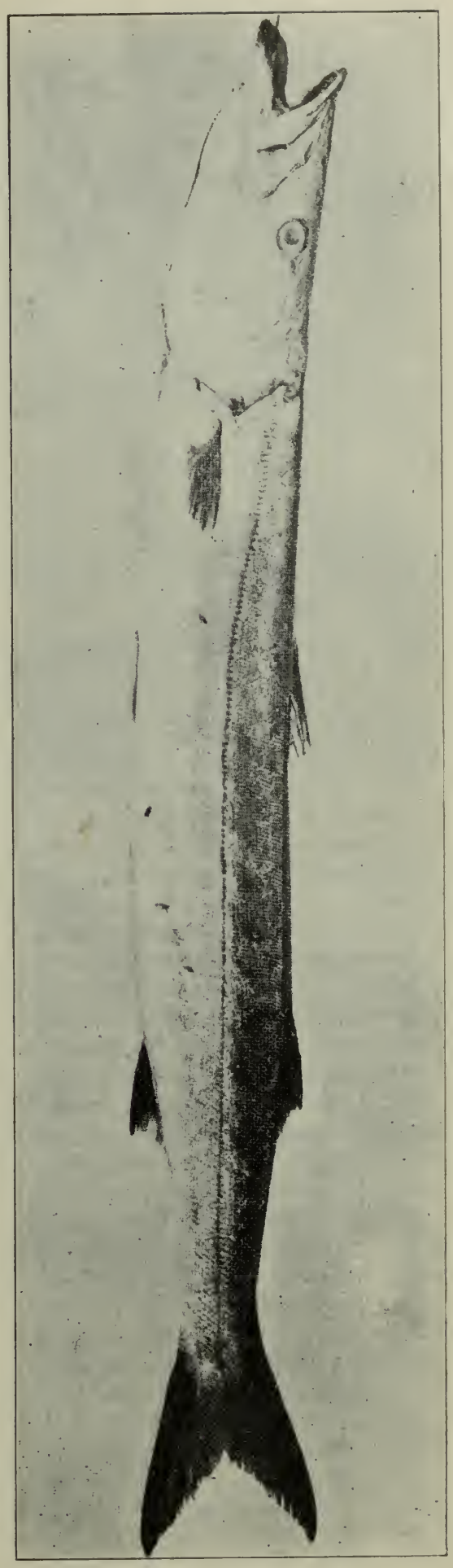
George has one shining characteristic; when he takes you fishing he attends to the boat and you do the fishing. Those who have been subjected to the illimitable windy advice of most hired boatmen who strive to be fishermen as well, will realize mayhap in small degree from this what a priceless treasure George is, and how we who know hold onto him. No, his real name isn't George, but he does live in San Pedro, and he is the best market fisherman (when he so desires) that ever happened. Beyond this, his shaggy head is a treasure house of knowledge of things piscatorial, though he isn't very long on Latin names and he hasn't any book learning worth mentioning.

Well, we drifted and drifted and drifted, until the green waters of the inshore gave way to the brick red of the channel, that strange streak of sea I have so often mentioned in these chronicles, and still the rod rested across the gunwale, still the line lay in a disorderly pile on the thwart, and still its end was unconnected with the bone jig.

Finally George laid a heavy hand on my shoulder. "Ain't you goin' to fish any?" he said, and on went the jig, long and slender and shaped so that an imaginative mind might construe out of it some sort of semblance to a fish. Evidently the barracuda and some other fishes have imaginative minds—but this is no school for psychology. Over went the jig, the line whined out after it and the tip of the pole lay straight over the stern of the little boat. My friend—he is only a market fisherman, but he is every inch one of nature's gentlemen—went back to his engine, the launch moved forward ever so little faster, the white foam curled away from her pigmy bows, off to one side a shark's blue gray dorsal cut the water, and we were off for the fish.

When perhaps one hundred feet had run out, I threw my thumb lightly down on the reel and held the jig at about that; as some slight wave struck it, the white bone flashed for an instant on the surface and then plunged beneath. Of course, it carried no sinker; its place was at the surface, and there it stayed for the greater part of the time. Once a wise old gull saw its white signal for an instant and, mistaking it for something he could eat, stooped to it through the clear air, clutching it in his beak before he discovered that it was only a sham, a delusive lure intended for the fishes and not for him. Then he dropped it and with a scream was off to join his mates, whose circling squadron was growing ever less and less in our rear. Indeed, Catalina was dipping perceptibly, and we were drawing well away up toward the northern bunch of islands. And so far there had been nothing doing; the barracuda either were not there, or they had had so much to eat in the past twenty-four hours that they could not be deceived by any such flimsy pretext as the jig.

About this time we decided that we would better beat back down the channel if we expected to stir up anything in the line of fish before darkness set in. George did not like the looks of a cloud looming a trifle dark on the western rim of the sea, and I had no desire to dispute with so old a sea dog, and so we put the launch's nose around—or rather George did, while I watched him—and in a trice were slipping back over the unseen trail by which we had come.



THE BARRACUDA.

Hitherto I have always been a firm believer in the adage that "a watched pot never boils," but now I know they do, for while I was intently watching the jig, hoping for a strike and yet never dreaming that I should see one—and especially at that moment—I saw a long cylindrical body slip beneath the water like an eel, glide up to my jig, keep pace with it for an instant and then lay hold upon it in no uncertain manner.

It was not exactly the strike of a yellowtail, nor was it the sudden rush of the albacore, yet it was faster than the bite of either the white or the black bass, and considerably more lively than I had expected from so tame a fish. I raised the pole and struck my visitor gently, an entirely unnecessary proceeding as I afterward found out, for he was well hooked and had evidently gone at matters with every intention of making a hearty meal off the bone jig.

And with that strike the battle was on. He did not seek the depths, and he broke water but once, yet he had a determined, bulldog grip with his tail on his home that seemed in a fair way to wear my arms out or at least part my leader from my line. His method of fighting was a bit different from that of any of the fish George had so far introduced me to, and it was a full minute before I fully made up my mind what to do with him. Of course, the boatman had slowed the launch down until she was now almost at a standstill, and I gave the fish a bit of slack line. Instantly he started for the other side of the world, not down, but straight out across the Pacific, in fair view of all who might care to look. He made no attempt to shake the barb out of his mouth other than a little slow head movement, but he very suddenly awoke me to the fact that he was a swimmer of no mean powers; he carried out line faster than I could feed it to him, and I was forced to stop his steady journey ahead and turn him my way for a bit.

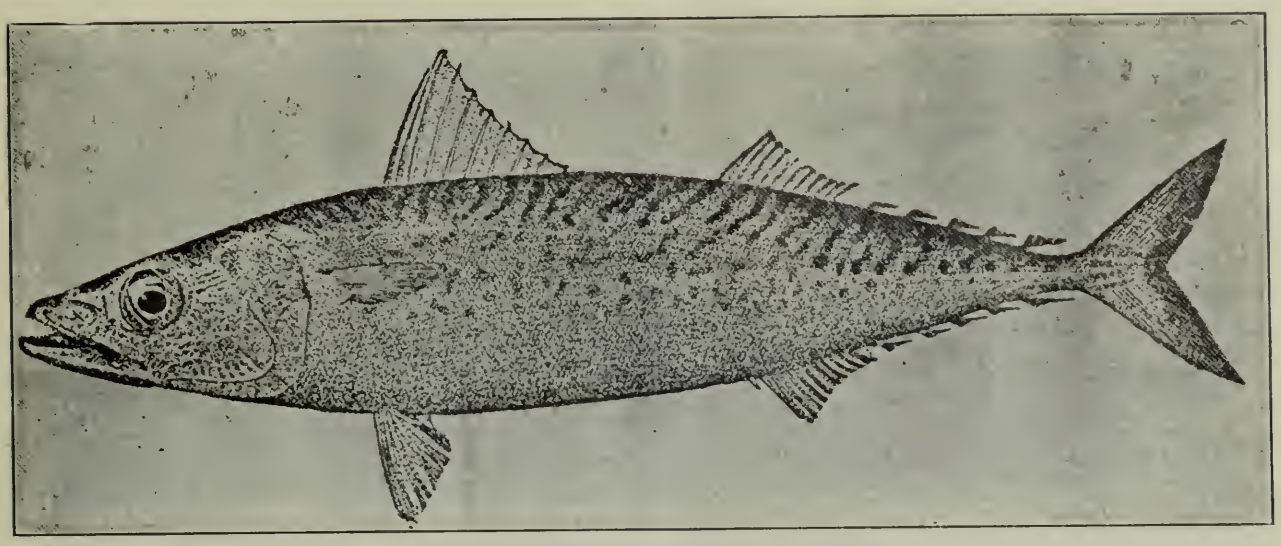
So backward and forward we fought, his long body bending almost into a circle as he strove to hold fast to the waters he was so loth to leave. Strength and skill and the wearing hook soon told, however, and very slowly he came alongside. "Big one, by Golly!" was George's only comment, but knowing him as I did I was amply satisfied. The fish weighed a trifle over eight pounds, a large sized barracuda truly, yet by no means a large fish. The fight he had put up was a revelation to me and never more will I call him "only a market fish, good for nothing but the table," as I have for lo! these many moons.

That night the chef in a little restaurant in Los Angeles planked my finny friend, and he was the best I ever ate of his kind —which is saying something for a fish of this size. Usually the best barracuda are the smaller ones; fish of two, three or four pounds weight, such as are sold so plentifully in all southern markets. As fish for the tabe these have no equal when properly cooked—which means planked or baked in their own juices, just as they come fresh from the salt sea.

* * *

But down a bit further south, just off the entrance to little Newport Bay, is the prime place to catch barracuda, or at least it used to be in my palmy handline days. There the waters seem to be a trifle more to the liking of these fish than are the swifter tides of the channel proper. On the far side of Catalina, too,I am told there are many stretches of sea that the slender, gar-like fellows love to feed in, and one of these days, when I get my yacht, I am going over there to see what is to be seen—that is, providing no summer resorts have been established there when that happy day dawns.

Of itself the barracuda is a peculiar fish, indefinite as to season, though rarely finicky as to feeding grounds like some of the others of the sea swimmers. Live bait is not as a rule a success with them when trolling, though I have caught many on handlines with a fat mackerel for bait. Possibly they would take kindly to a spoon, but I have not tried that and do not intend to while the jig holds good as a lure. Occasionally they may be taken off some of the longer wharves such as those at Rendondo, but not often, and I am told that they have quite deserted the inshore waters at Newport. They are, as a rule, very careful of how they approach the coast and never come playing around wharves as do the yellowtail and even an occasional bass. From the rocks, both at Santa Monica, at the breakwater and further south, I do not think they are ever taken,



CHUB MACKEREL (Scomber japonicus)

while most of the fishermen get them well out to sea.

In Florida there is a similar fish, called by the same name, that is considered justly worthy of a niche in the temple of game fishes. I cannot say the same of the barracuda of the South Coast, though I have no doubt that he does the best he knows in the way of fighting, and if he fought with the skill of a yellowtail or an albacore—well, he would not be a barracuda, and that is all there is to it. Given a light rod, however, something of about the size I have described as useful in fly fishing for mackerel, one should have very much better sport with the barracuda than I did, for I was armed with an outfit more suitable for yellowtail or fish of that class.

And right here I want to say a word regarding light tackle. It is all right to advocate giving the fish all the chance there is in the game, and I believe in it and practice it when I am out, but there are some men who can never be taught to land a fish of any size on a light split bamboo rod and a thin silk line. They are no less sportsmen than the disciples of the light tackle theory, they simply are not onto the art of fishing—which, after all, simply consists in knowing intimately the fish after which you are going and in forestalling his every move with a better move of your own. The man who can do this can take a yellowtail on a trout outfit or a black sea bass on salmon tackle. Those who fish for the fish they catch can do as well with a handline as they can with the most expensive tackle, and of a certainty I have no quarrel with the man who fishes in this manner, except that he is an unmitigated nuisance on a crowded wharf or in a boat where a man is endeavoring to land a heavy fish with a light rod and line. The prime purpose of all fishing is to fill our bellies; we must admit that whether we believe in Adam and Lilith or the ape that walked like a man. For my part I will take the rod and reel, do you as your fancy dictates.

There is also something which I want to say here about another fish which frequents the same waters as the barracuda though at a rather different time of year. This is the mackerel. Where the barracuda migrate to when cold weather comes on, no one seems to know, and neither is any one informed as to where all the hordes of mackerel come from. I do not wish to make a separate story out of the mackerel, for I am striving to hold this series down to twelve articles, and I have yet to deal with the greatest game fish that swims—the tuna, as well as the largest, the black sea bass or Jewfish. Both of these will come to you second hand, stories of men who have caught the fish in question, but of the mackerel I can speak as an old friend, for mackerel were, I believe, the first fish I ever pulled out of the sea, down at what used to be old Anaheim Landing in Orange County.

Mackerel are found the world over, in all warm and semi-tropic seas. They travel in hordes, and when engaged in any great movement from one part of the sea to another they will not take any bait that was

SEA BASS FROM THE CHANNEL, INCLUDING WORLD'S RECORD FISH.

ever invented, no matter how fresh or how much to their liking. At other times they will bite voraciously at a bit of old red rag, at a piece of half rancid salt pork, or any other spoiled meat—the rottener the better. They are the prime "game" fish of all Southern California beaches, because every novice who can drop his line over the side of the wharf can catch them until his arms ache, when they are running strong.

If taken fresh from the water and prepared for the table they are fairly good, but their flavor is in no way comparable to that of the smaller surf fish or even the smelt, whose prime feature is his many bones. From an open boat, the fisherman who is armed with a large red fly—which he can make himself if he has access to a hen coop—and sufficiently resilient rod, can have fair sport. Mackerel can be taken on as many hooks as you care to put on your line. I have seen a man fishing from the Redondo wharf with a heavy pole and six hooks, catch four of them at one haul. But the real sport is in taking them one at a time with a brilliant fly or a small bit of red cloth, trailed alluringly through the sea from the seat of a small boat.

Mackerel are great fish for smooth water, and their presence or absence during the season in which they are known to be running is a pretty good sign of the kind of weather to be expected. I have seen a countless horde of these fish, feeding on still more numberless anchovies, dip suddenly down into the depths when there was not a cloud in the sky nor a large fish near. Within half an hour it was raining as if the very bottom had fallen out of heaven, and the launch was flying like a stricken duck before a west wind that was raising whitecaps over our heads every moment. "How did the fish know?" I have no idea. Possibly the water bore to them muffled tidings of some disturbances at sea, an upturning of the elements of which we mortals had no means of knowing. But I do know this: that when I am far out in a small boat and the mackerel disappear, it is me for the land.

Advertised as the greatest game fish of the west coast in the way of general utility, the mackerel falls far short of his name; but considered as a sort of filler and as an accommodation to those who have not the time or disposition to go after his betters, he is a lifesaver. And as bait for big fish he has no equal. Dearly does a big yellowtail love a small mackerel, and so does a bass of either species, though to lure the white sea bass livelier fish are sometimes necessary.

And Avalon—prettiest beach that ever laid out beneath the blue sky on the rim of a still bluer ocean!—there is the place to get your mackerel. There is where they run by

millions until even the seals tire of them and swim out farther and farther each day to get other food. To the abalone gatherers, they are an unmixed blessing; for they are easily caught, and the abalone hunters are not looking for sport, but to save every minute for work in their short harvest season.

Time was when barley sacks could be and were filled by every one who cared to fish from any of the smaller wharves, but that day would seem to be past, though I can see no reason, as I think I have said before, for the disappearance of any sea fish from the haunts it once frequented. The inroads of all the fishermen in the world can never make any serious impression on the hordes of the sea, though they may make a temporary local scarcity felt in restricted localities, as has been done at Ocean Park and at Redondo, where the seines were formerly drawn altogether too near to the wharf set apart for fishermen. Gulls and other apparent enemies do not seem to thin out their numbers much, but I suspect that submarine seismic disturbances account for millions, and storms possibly millions more.

FREEDOM.

I WOULD be free as the air that fills
  Mountain and gorge aglow.
Free as the odor of the hills
  Scenting the vales below.

I would be free as the breath of the woods,
  Venting its fragrance there.
Free as the virgin solitudes
  Are free from the City's care.

I would be free as the wind that blows,
  Free in its pranks and play.
Free as the bird in the woodland knows
  The joy of its song-spent way.

I would be free—ah! the Spirit calls—
  As the bud and the bird and the bee
Shatter, my soul, strife's sordid walls!
  I would be free—be free!

—Harry T. Fee.

THE LAST FLURRY.

From Painting by Nellie B. Scott.

The Break o' the Bar

BY GUY H. RICE

I HAD heard of the fishing in Lake Koronis, in my home in the South, three years before the time of this story, and the abundance and size of its black bass had justified all my expectations. It was here, too, that I had met on my first trip the men whom I have since learned to know as the most conscientious sportsmen I had ever companied with on a fishing trip. There was old man Sherman: profane, kind-hearted, ready to take tough luck with the rest of us, and good-natured except when the bass refused to take the bait; Uncle John Carson, who always had a string of children in tow the moment he was ashore, and who was loved by every youngster in the summer colony; jolly Dad Richards, whose humor was as natural as the breath of the southern wind and whose songs won his way into every heart; and, best of all, Con Cormack, the Isaak Walton of the lake, with a fund of information on fish and fishing always at his tongue's end. Cormack came up from St. Louis with Carson each year as a boatman, and he fished and studied fish with a vigor and persistence that made him a complete information bureau to the party.

The earlier days of the present season had given promise of great things for us. Old Man Sherman had arrived as soon as the law would allow the fish to be taken, and the stories he told us of sport he had found and big fish he had caught made our fingers itch for the familiar tug at the line we had come so far to feel. Carson and Cormack, who knew every haunt of the bass in the Minnesota lakes, told equally thrilling stories of splendid struggles and large catches, and when we arrived later in the season we had great expectations of sport.

But for some reason the big beauties had ceased to bite. Almost in a day they disappeared as completely as if they had deserted the lake. As day after day passed, in which we cast faithfully in every familiar rush bed and tried many new spots, with nothing but failure to report, we grew more disgruntled until the very atmosphere about us was pregnant with disappointment and disgust. All the delights of wooded islands and stony points reaching their arms far out into the lake, of clear water and sandy beach, of shady nooks where springs poured their cool water into the lake and the air was heavy with the odor of the woods, counted for nothing with us. Koronis had lost its charm. When a man has traveled seven hundred miles to try his chances with the gamiest fish in the northern waters, there is nothing that charms but the click of the reel and the sharp tug that tells that the struggle is on, and that all the skill and prowess of the fisherman is pitted against the wariest denizen of the inland lake. The most charming spot to him is the rush bed that shows the feeding ground of the bass, and the cheeriest sound to his ear is the occasional splash, followed by the quick flash of one of these beauties as it leaps from the water in pursuit of its prey. Pike had been biting nicely and there were plenty of other fish ready to take the bait, but the

string caught by still fishing offered small temptation to the enthusiast of the casting rod.

I had come in early after a day of failure and waited on the veranda of Farview Inn to compare notes with the fishing parties as they straggled up and disgustedly dropped their tackle on the porch. I had been as successful as any of them. Old Man Sherman was first to arrive, and as he climbed the stairs from the dock he commented on his ill-luck in eruptions of profanity that were of a highly volcanic character. He had been gone since sunrise and had nothing to show for his day's effort.

"Hang the fishing!" he sputtered as he dropped into a veranda chair. "I've cast in every rush bed from Sanborn Bay to Eagle Point and I've hardly got a rise. It beats me where the fish have gone to."

I had nothing to offer in solution of the problem and was too disgusted to do more than grunt a reply. I had covered the same course and had failed. The old man lighted his cigar and we waited the other arrivals in silence. In a little while Dad Richards appeared at the top of the stairway lugging a string of pike and crappies. He had given up casting early in the day and had taken to deep water. At the sight of the fish Old Man Sherman went up into the air.

"Got a lady's string, huh!" He fairly snorted the words as Dad deposited the fish on the grass in front of the hotel. "Any old woman could catch them."

"Maybe she could, but when a fellow has to sell pills for a living for his family he can't spend a whole summer hunting stray bass. Short vacations keep a fellow from getting too particular as to the quality of his fishing. If I can't get bass I'll take bullheads." Dad was a salesman for a Minneapolis drug house and had to catch his sport between trips that took him out to Fargo over two lines of road.

"Well, I don't fish from anchor if I don't get another strike this season. Darn me if I will!" and the old man stamped up stairs to his room to get ready for supper. In a few minutes Carson's boat came in sight around Cedar Point and I went down to the dock to learn his luck. He showed me one lone four-pounder as the result of his day's fishing.

As we gathered outside after supper the disappearance of the bass was our one theme. We were all sore on our luck and nothing appealed to us as a substitute for the sport we loved. When one has formed the bass fishing habit he begins to feel the longing as soon as the first warm wind comes up from the South; and as the open season draws near this feeling grows into a passion that nothing will satisfy but the music of the reel. It had seized upon us with a force that kept us at high pressure every moment that we were on the fishing grounds. Was it any wonder, then, that we were sore? We knew that the bass would bite if we could find them, but where were they?

As Cormack came out from the dining room we turned toward him. He had fished in the northern lakes for ten years and his knowledge of the habits of the fish would enable him to solve the problem if it could be solved. He lighted his pipe and walked out into the evening glow.

"Well, Con, where's the fish?" I voiced the question of the crowd.

He smoked on in silence for some minutes. Out on the lake the moon was rising over Eagle Point, making a shimmering pathway of silver on the long stretch of water. The dark foreground of Koronis Island took on varied tints of green and brown and silver, which brought into darker relief the water in the shadow of its bluffy banks and gave a bold variety to the effect of lake and shore in the picture. It was one of those scenes that only the moonlight can produce and such beauty is indelibly imprinted on the memory. Out to the west Rush Island lay a dark stretch in the silvery water, and still beyond, in the evening haze, Island Number Three mutely told its story of the rare sport we had found along its shores. Cormack seemed absorbed in contemplation of its beauty, and as I asked the question he answered without losing one of the changes in the scene which the rising moon was producing.

"Four years ago we went up against this kind of a proposition on Pelican Lake. Mr. Carson will remember it, and I'll bet my summer's wages that the bass have done the same thing here. See that streak o' light from Cedar Point to the island? That's shallow water, and there's a bar running

clear through beyond the third island and well out into the west end of the lake. Somewhere beyond that bar there must be a place where the bottom makes a quick drop into deep water, and if we can find the break o' the bar we will find the bass, and big 'uns, too."

"Bah! You can't expect to find bass in fifty feet of water," Old Man Sherman butted in. "They ain't deep water fish."

"Maybe not, but we caught all of our bass that August in water that deep, and they were better fish than you can get in the rushes in June."

"How do you explain it?" I showed all of my incredulity in my voice.

"It's simple when you figure it out. The high water has given them plenty o' feed and when the weather gets hot they follow the fashion and hunt cooler locations. This is why they are in the deep water. You fellows can fish the rushes if you want to, but I'm going to start into find the break o' that bar to-morrow morning."

The theory was so reasonable that we decided to act upon it, and before bedtime we made our plans for the next day. Two men in each boat, provided with long anchor ropes and plenty of sounding line, were to search for the ledge where the bar dropped into deep water, and there test Cormack's plan of deep water fishing. Dad Richards and I were to work together.

We routed everyone out at daybreak next morning and bolted an early breakfast, packed our lunch baskets, and started. Dad rowed while I rigged up a sounding line on the way over which would cover bottom to a depth of seventy-five feet. We had fifty feet of anchor rope to hold us to the point where the ledge terminated in deep water. As soon as we reached the bar beyond Koronis Island we began sounding. Carson and Cormack were already beginning operations beyond Rush Island, while Old Man Sherman and his boatmen were pulling down to the flat beyond Island Number Three. As Dad rowed slowly out into the lake I passed out the line, feeling the drag as it pulled over the raises in the bottom or snagged in the moss. It required considerable care to feel the drag as the line sank deeper. Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five feet slipped through my hands, and still the bottom sloped gently out into the lake. The forty-foot knot passed through my fingers without any change in the feeling.

"How far down now?" Dad stopped rowing for a moment.

"Forty-one-two-three—Stop her!" I yelled. Dad backed water so quickly that I lost my balance and sat down on the seat behind me hard enough to jar my teeth. The line sank quickly through my fingers to the seventy-foot mark and slacked.

"We've struck it, by thunder! Now for an anchor. Back up until we can catch the edge of the ledge." I was as much excited as if I had struck a mine. Dad swung the boat back about twenty feet and I dropped the anchor. It held at forty-five feet.

We reached for our rods and baited nervously The casting passion was upon us and our ears ached to hear the click of the reel. In a moment Dad's bait whirled away a good hundred feet to the west along the invisible line of the bar and mine quickly sped an equal distance to the east. I felt it sink, down, down, deeper than I had ever dropped it before in my bass fishing experience. Slowly we began to reel in. Foot after foot was wound and nothing happened. This was not what we were used to in the rushes, where the fight was on as soon as the bait struck the water. I was beginning to reel in rapidly for another cast when Dad snapped his drag and the reel began to spin with a click that made every drop of blood in us tingle. Dad gave a quick pull and fairly danced as he yelled:

"Strike, by glory!"

"And he's a whopper!" I yelled back as I dropped my rod and reached for the landing net. Seventy-five feet out in the lake a magnificent bass sprang into the air, shaking its head in a mighty effort to dislodge the hook as it turned and the line surged straight down into deep water. Not a word was said as the struggle proceeded. Back and forth, fighting every inch of the line, the fish darted, and Dad burned his fingers as a more desperate rush caused it to spin out for twenty feet more.

"Keep a tight line or you'll lose him!" I screamed.

"Aw, shut up! Don't you think I know that?" The chronic bass fisherman resents any advice on how to handle a fish. Another splendid leap into the air, and as the fish struck the water it started with light-

ning speed toward the boat. Dad nearly had a fit trying to reel in fast enough to keep the line tight. The tension was getting almost unbearable and we fairly held our breath as the reel spun. Quick as a flash the line tightened and sank and the bass began to sulk. Backward it pulled, a dead weight on the line. Dad dropped the rod and began to pull in hand over hand. Slowly he dragged the now tired fish to the side of the boat while I passed the net under and landed it, where it lay gasping.

"We've struck it this time! Gimme the scales; he'll weigh seven pounds if an ounce." He hooked the scales into the mouth of the bass and held it up for inspection. "Seven pounds, full weight!" The war dance that Dad executed in his end of the boat came near resulting in a ducking for both of us. As I turned to cast again I heard a whoop from up the lake and we saw Cormack engaged in a fight with something big that he had struck. We watched the distant struggle for a moment, but were too much excited to wait for results. We cast again over the same course, my line tangling slightly in the throw. Dad reeled in without result. I straightened out my line and began working my bait home. Ten—twenty—thirty feet were wound on the reel when I felt a tug as if my bait had been swallowed by a bulldog. I struck, and trouble began. Up and down, back and forth my line sped, never slacking for a moment nor giving a chance to reel in. I watched for the leap into the air that would tell me I had hooked a bass, but it did not come. It was a deep water fight from the first tug. My rod doubled ominously every time I allowed weight to come against it.

"Pickerel!" Dad spoke the single word as he reached for the anchor rope in case the fish should start to run out into the lake.

"Pulls like a whale!" I was beginning to feel the strain of the struggle. Like a flash the line slackened and I knew the fish had started toward us. I tried desperately to reel fast enough to keep the line tight, but I might as well have tried to distance an express train. I worked with all my speed to keep pace with the rush of the fish, and then —there are times when words only make feelings more intense—my line backlashed and tied in a hopeless tangle. Like a flash it swept under the boat and I braced for the end of the struggle. It came in an instant, and I dropped on to a seat with the consciousness of defeat and possessed with a madness too great for words. As a result of that backlash I was minus bait, hook, and twenty feet of silk line, and my fish was gone. Dad gave me some relief by supplying the language for the occasion. I lost fifteen minutes of precious time before my line was entangled and I had it ready for work, and by this time Dad had added another six-opunder and an eight-pound pike to his string. I was finally rewarded for my run of bad luck by landing a seven-pounder and two five-pounders during the next thirty minutes.

During the next hour we struck bass with a regularity that proved Cormack's theory beyond a doubt, and in the intervals we could see that Carson's boat was doing its share of business up the lake. This was even more sport than our wildest anticipations had pictured, and by the time the sun had begun to make its heat felt we had enough of a string to satisfy the most persistent sportsman. All we lacked was a report on Old Man Sherman's luck. But he could always be relied on to furnish something spectacular, and although this exhibition was a departure from his usual method, we were treated to a bit of fishing that kept the old man's reputation fresh in our minds. Dad had just landed a fair-sized fish when we heard Cormack shouting up the lake.

"Stop him, Sherman! Drive him ashore! Clear the track down there! Here comes Sherman and his motor boat!"

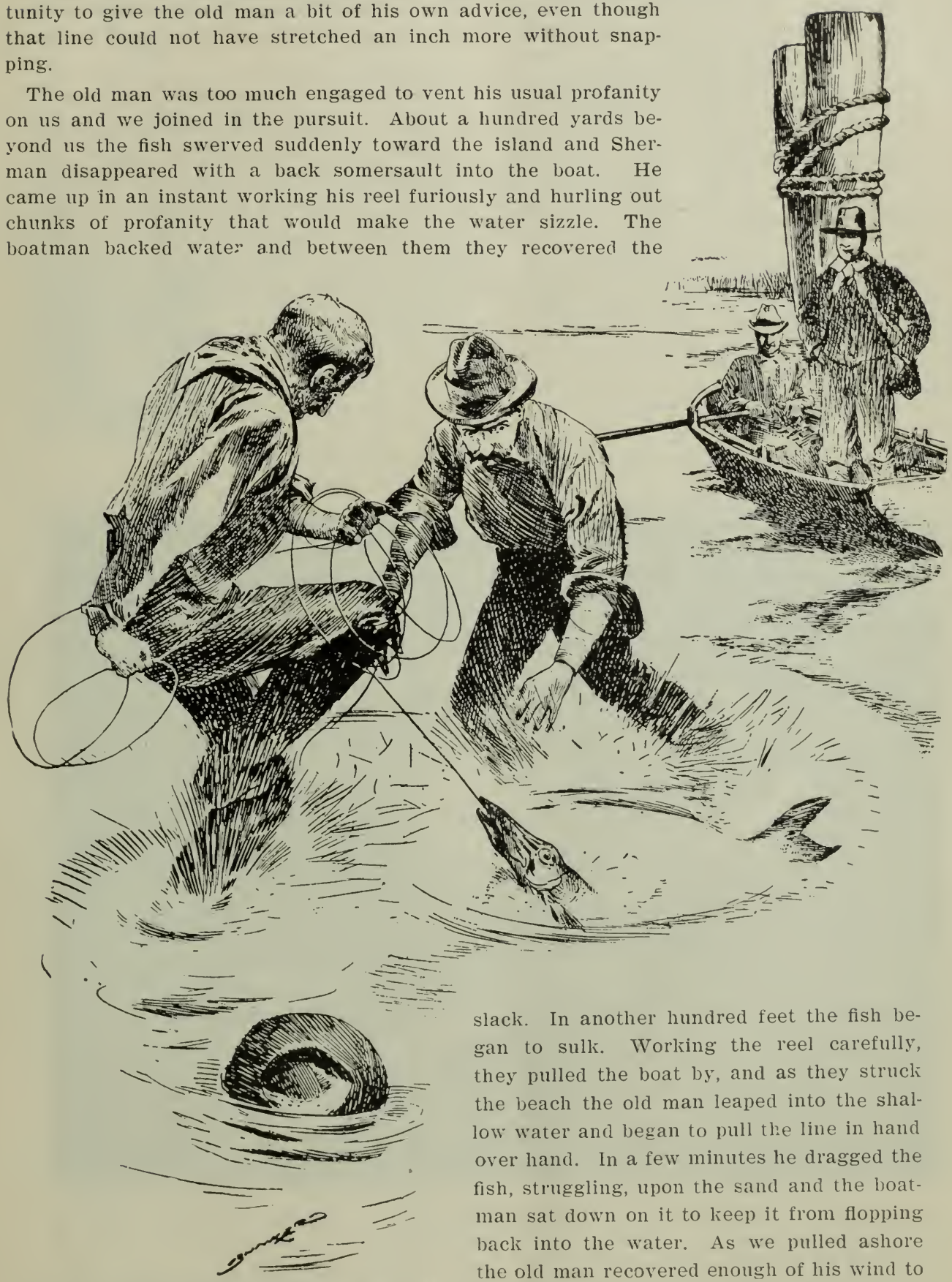
We watched the boat, moved by an invisible force, closing in the distance between them, and even as we looked it passed and began to cover the intervening space in our direction. As the boat drew nearer we could see the old man sitting in the bow with feet braced and hanging on to his rod for dear life. He had hooked something big. Up the lake Cormack was pulling for dear life to be in at the finish. As the boat passed up in steady motion Dad and I both stood up to see the struggle. Old Man Sherman didn't even look at us.

"Give him a whip, old man' Time him! Get a record!" yelled Dad. "What you got, whale or mule?"

"Keep your line tight!" I bellowed, delighted at the opportunity to give the old man a bit of his own advice, even though that line could not have stretched an inch more without snapping.

The old man was too much engaged to vent his usual profanity on us and we joined in the pursuit. About a hundred yards beyond us the fish swerved suddenly toward the island and Sherman disappeared with a back somersault into the boat. He came up in an instant working his reel furiously and hurling out chunks of profanity that would make the water sizzle. The boatman backed water and between them they recovered the slack. In another hundred feet the fish began to sulk. Working the reel carefully, they pulled the boat by, and as they struck the beach the old man leaped into the shallow water and began to pull the line in hand over hand. In a few minutes he dragged the fish, struggling, upon the sand and the boatman sat down on it to keep it from flopping back into the water. As we pulled ashore the old man recovered enough of his wind to sputter out:

"If I'd been blame fool enough to fish from anchor I'd have lost that pickerel."



"HE DRAGGED THE FISH, STRUGGLING, UPON THE SAND."

We stood and stared at the fish. It was away ahead of anything we had seen in Koronis during the season; a magnificent specimen of the great northern pike weighing twenty pounds if an ounce. As I walked around it I saw a piece of line sticking out of its mouth and I began to pull on it. It strung out for twenty feet and the butt of my weldless hook showed where it was fastened in the roof of the fish's mouth. I would have known that tackle if the fish should have been caught next summer.

"Hi, Dad, look at this!" I called.

"He's the fellow we had hold of this morning." Dad's eyes stuck out with envy at what we had missed.

The old man cut the hook out and returned it to me as a trophy of my loss, and the fish, mounted, now occupies a conspicuous place in his home in Omaha. It weighed twenty-two pounds.

"Well, that beats my record. Let's go in to dinner." Uncle John climbed into his boat and we all pulled for the dock. We had a string of thirty-eight bass between us that put to shame anything that had been taken from Koronis for many a year, beside having a number of other large sized fish. This run of luck continued until even our chronic passion for bass fishing had been satisfied. We had found the break o' the bar.

MEDITATION.

The Story of a Home-Maker

By ALBERTA FIELD

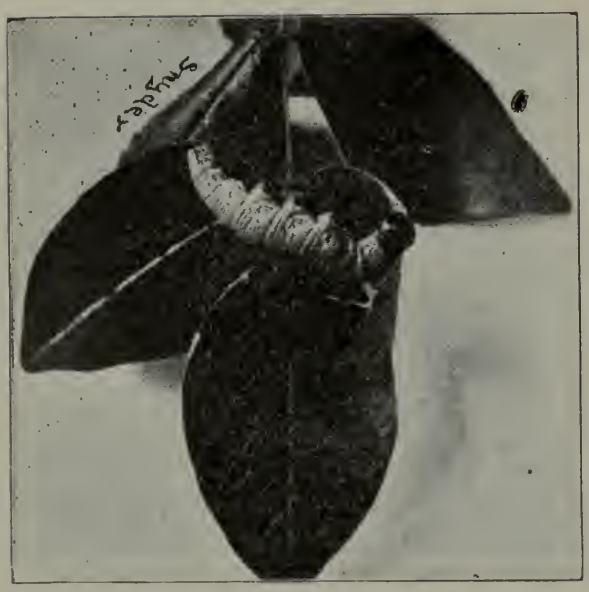
Photos by F. D. Snyder

"And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
to be some happy creature's palace.—Lowell.

UNDER present conditions existence is largely a survival of the most unscrupulous, and as long as things continue in this state, so long must the weak exert every ingenious and cunning action to combat the physical strength of the more sturdy members of creation. It is truly marvelous how many clever contrivances have been developed among the lower orders, that in a manner screen them from the attacks of their various predaceous foes whose appetites can be appeased only by some palatable morsel in the shape of a creature of their own or another species. Certainly, all insects who are able to provide themselves with artificial protection are pertinent illustrations of the power of intelligence over brute force, though in face of all the wonderful and crafty inventions, one-half the world still lives off the other half.

We do not look upon the ordinary "worm" who has long been considered a synonym for all that is helpless and lowly, as a creature possessed of a large intelligence, but permit me to assure you that whoever has carefully observed the habits and contrivances of one of these "creeping kind" has learned that he is a chap of quite another color and strictly up-to-date in the matter of weapons and the art of self-defense. Did we possess natural armature like that of many insects, and in ratio to our size and strength, we should be physically, as we are mentally head and shoulders above all creation, and well able to resist the attacks of every living thing from an ant to an elephant. Nature, however, has been somewhat discriminative with her favors, though probably she ranks conscious intelligence as a possession of greater value than brute strength or ingenious artifice.

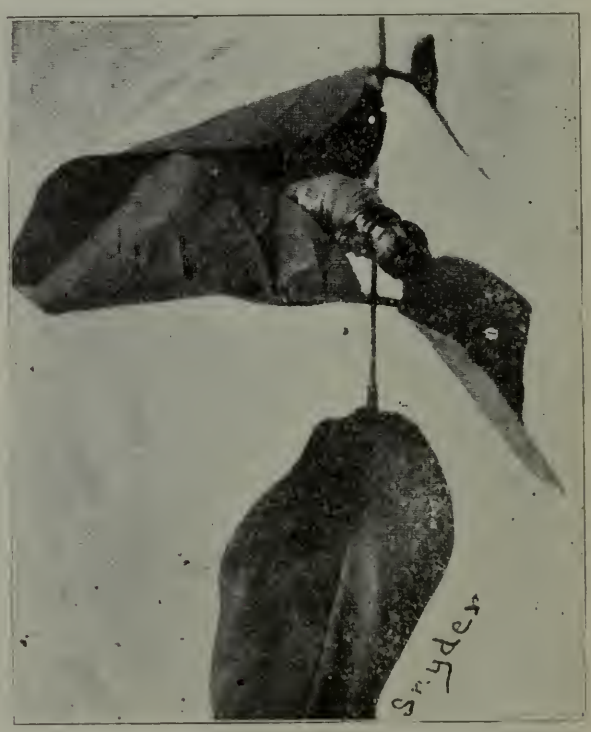
Be this as it may, there is a no more clever little architect in insectdom than the caterpillar of the silver-spotted skipper Eudamus tityrus, a small butterfly fairly plentiful in all sections of the United States, and which is double and treble brooded in the west and south and single brooded in the east. Its food is largely papilionaceous plants, chiefly locust, wistaria, acaia, etc. The crawling days of this interesting chap are a period of fear and unrest; for some reason known only to themselves the birds consider him an unusually choice tid-bit and have sharp eyes on the elert for one of his kind, and so he has been obliged to build for himself an individual home where he can abide in safety. As the modern evolutionist insists that all protective devices, natural or acquired, are a departure from original lines directed by a long course of natural selection, it would be interesting to know just how many cycles it has taken the clever caterpillar referred to to develop the ability or qualifications necessary for house building. Whatever speculation may suggest, the fact still remains that this fellow has been perfectly educated to his needs in the matter of a convenient "palace" in which to live out his larval days. His nights are devoted to meals and moon light, for he comes forth to feed only when his larva-loving foes are at rest in the tree tops. "Lest we forget," it may be well to state that in the vernacular of the naturalist and scientist all the so-called "worms" are named caterpillars. The true worms are confined to a class of which the angle or earthworm is the most familiar representative. The larvae of all moths and butterflies, be they smooth or hairy, correctly speaking are caterpillars.



BINDING THE LEAF.

Through a bit of unusual luck one of the caterpillars of the silver-spotted skipper was snap-shotted in the very midst of his labors, and several photos were taken that present consecutive views of the different stages of house building. As a preliminary move this insect first binds the edges of a leaf with silken threads, which form a strong basis into which is fastened various strands that serve to draw together the sides of the leaf which forms a sort of basin. When the structure is shaped to its fancy, the builder lines it throughout with silk webbing which forms a soft cushion and firm foothold for "his worm-ship." It next fits on a roof, using a convenient leaflet for the purpose, drawing it into position and sewing firmly to the original structure. Sometimes the leaflet is left attached to its stem, but more often it is clipped off and turned around to suit "his honor's" idea of clever workmanship.

Realizing how considerable is the weight of the clustered leaves, to which is added his own steadily increasing bulk, the prudent fellow securely fastens to the parent stem the petiole of the foundation leaf which, left to its own slender devices, might snap asunder and down would come cradle, caterpillar and all. In the third photo of a completed home, the anticipated failure of the stem has actually occurred, but without disaster to the construction on account of the precautionary measures adopted by the far-seeing builder. Who taught him that a leaf stem was liable to break? How many decades of disaster did his progenitors live out before the process of "tying on" was adopted? Carefully considering the various conditions of the situation he has come to the conclusion that even more precaution is required, so he throws out numerous "guy wires" and attaches them to convenient twigs and leaves and so avoids various catastrophes. Watching one of these caterpillars as he systematically labors at his self-appointed task, one cannot help wondering if he is not possessed of a certain amount of reasoning intelligence. His personal appearance also favors the conclusion, for he has a wise looking brownish head set on a distinct neck, which he turns from side to side as in a very human manner he seems to be considering the situation. His greenish-yellow body is so plump that it is small wonder the birds consider it such a desirable morsel. When ready to pupate the caterpillar falls or crawls to the ground and forms a flimsy cocoon of dead leaves and its remaining supply

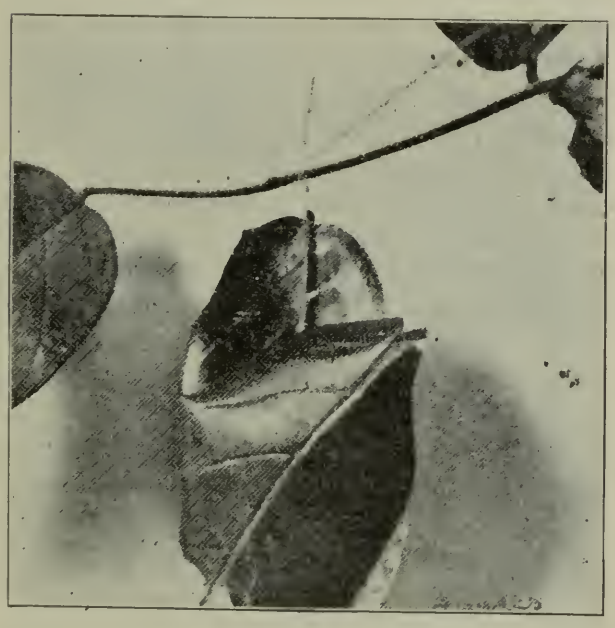


A MEAL AT HIS OWN DOOR.

of silk. When this is fashioned to its mind it sheds its last skin and becomes a long, brown pupa. In this form it is powerless to put up any active defense, so it has been provided with a mock face to scare off intruders. On the under side of the upper end of the pupa case are two long, narrow slits, which open over false eyes of some shining black formation which gleam like a pair of

living, fierce eyes. The point of the pupa is snout-shaped, giving the whole the appearance of the head of a snake or lizard peering out from among the dead leaves, and frightening the senses out of any small hunter who is unfortunate enough to run up against such an alarming make-up.

When the great transformation act has been accomplished and the creeping "worm" "flies butterfly," it still retains much of its cleverness, but always is an insect of timid movements caused, perhaps, by a glimpse of its own frightful pupa-face. All of its motions are rapid, varied and interrupted, terminating suddenly and as suddenly resumed. The butterfly's coloring is a rich brown, and around the edge of the wings is a border of brown and tan fringe-like scales. Both upper and lower wing surfaces are decorated with silver and gold markings, and in the sunlight these burnished scales glisten like the real metals. No wonder their owner is such a nervous fellow, for doubtless he lives in fear of being "held up" for his valuable decorations.



A CRISIS AVOIDED.

Striking coloration seems to be an important item in insect economics, which is more understandingly appreciated since those who have made the subject a serious study have determined that sexual coloration, in particular, is such a vital factor in the matter of continuing the species as well as in developing new forms. The wooing butterfly (always the male in butterfly circles where the fair sex are coy, shy and sought according to conventional rules) in this particular family does not depend alone upon his good looks to gratify the sensuous or artistic sense of the butterfly to be won. On the costal or upper border of the fore wing there is a narrow fold which contains numerous scales that are the outlet of scent glands which the perfumed dandy can open at will, and when she shows up, all he has to do is to unlock his fragrant treasure box and tickle her nose with sweet odors; flourish his gold and silver decorations to dazzle her eyes, and there he is. After a short but ardent courtship the bride retires to the sanctuary of a convenient food plant—lays some minute eggs—and the cycle is completed. As the silver-spotted skippers are passionately fond of the hottest sunshine, one should look for them at the noon hour, when they may be found dining off warm honey at some crimson clover lunch counter. Almost any locust or wistaria vine will furnish a large and thrifty family of the caterpillars, and if you bring home a branch of them their house building methods can be conveniently followed. Place them in a covered box in which be sure to keep a supply of fresh leaves thoroughly sprinkled, for caterpillars are thirsty fellows, and they will show you all of their architectural secrets. But be sure you keep the lid on or you will, as I once did, find wandering "worms" and snaked-faced pupae among your choicest belongings.

Other species of caterpillars form temporary shelter of debris and dead leaves or

THE SILVER-SPOTTED SKIPPER.

PUPAE CASE DECORATED WITH FALSE EYES.

sticks, held together with spun silk. This is the way of the familiar "bag-worm" Oiketicus abbotii, shown in the photograph. In this instance the cover is more in form of a cloak that can be removed at will, though it is usually carried about on the erect hind parts of its owner. It is large enough, however, so that the inmate can retire quite out of sight at any time it may feel so disposed. To see one of these crafty bag worms traveling from place to place with all his worldly goods upon his back is one of the most interesting sights of insect life. When ready to pupate the caterpillar fastens his "bag" to a twig or stem and retires into it to perform the mysterious transition to the winged state. But only the male is privileged to know the joys of aerial existence, for the

THE "TRAVELING CLOAK" OF A "BAG WORM."

poor female is unwinged and never leaves her curious mantle which eventually becomes her shroud, though not until she has been visited by some dusky-winged admirer and has laid a quantity of small eggs to continue her kind.

A mammoth species of bag worm which inhabits the tropics has given rise to the tales that the caterpillars of its kind were once men who stole faggots and kindling wood, and now as an atonement are forced to gather small sticks and debris and forever carry them about on their backs.

One of the most complete compilations of data concerning Utah is offered in a pamphlet on the state issued by the Union Pacific R. R. Co. It consists of over a hundred pages and every page is crammed with valuable information. A wide range of subjects is covered, including area, agriculture, climate and health, cost of living, dairying, fish culture, horticulture, irrigation, manufacture, minerals, poultry, population, schools, stock raising, timber, railroads, and historical data. A number of valuable tables are also furnished. The little book is of great value not only to people in other states who may desire information concerning Utah and her resources, but also to the residents of the state.

THE GAME WARDEN'S DEER HUNT

By Max Renz.

SAY, Tom, that deer you thought you saw this afternoon which turned out to be a dead stump, reminds me of the time Game Warden Bartley and I went out deer hunting in Idaho. Ha! ha!—that was certainly a good one on the warden! Did I ever tell you about it?"

"No, Bob, don't believe you did," I replied, slicing off some venison for our supper, and mentally estimating the number of pounds that I could store away in my abdominal refrigerator. Big Bob Burrows, Ed. Saunders and I were all over in Arizona, that trip, and camped in what is known as the Cataract Creek country, between the Colorado and the Coconino forests. As our trip had thus far been a disapointing one from the game standpoint, it was something of a relief to hear one of the veteran's narratives. If I remember rightly, the old hunter told us a number of clever anecdotes on this hunt, but for some reason none of them struck me so interesting as that of the Idaho game warden. Perhaps it was because I was acquainted with Bartley, and knew him to be a rather "good fellow," or perhaps it was just Bob's way of telling it; I am not certain. But the story impressed me.

"Well, Bartley, you know, was a good warden," Bob said, eyeing me critically as I cut off one of his favorite callops from the hind leg of the only deer we had assassinated in s'teen days—in fact, Bob declared, the only deer that the Suppai Indians had ever permitted to live until weaned—"But, you see—" and Bob took another good chew of tobacco before beginning the narrative—"when he was elected to the office he didn't know a teal duck from a California condor, and couldn't distinguish between a Rocky Mountain elk and a Jersey calf. He could manipulate political wires and cut and dry primaries to beat the band, and he knew just about what kind of a spiel the sportsmen and game prtectionists were looking for, though the rest of the business was as much of a mystery as the Book of Revelation is to the average preacher. But—Frank was a thorough gentleman.

"The way the game warden came to take his first deer hunt was largely due to me. You see, I voted for Frank, and so helped to elect him, and after he got in office I went to him and said: 'Here, Frank, there ought to be a change in the Idaho game laws. Up in Montana the deer season opens on the first of September, and in Idaho it opens on the fifteenth.' Then I explained to him that as the Salmon River country was the only good deer-grounds, the Montana sportsmen could just step over the line and, with a lot of hounds, run our Idaho deer up into Montana. The Idaho people could do the same thing, so when the legitimate sportsman came along on the fifteenth of September there wouldn't be deer enough left to shake an ordinary stick at. Well, the warden rather agreed with me that there ought to be something done; in fact, I think he suggested building a Chinese wall between the two states, but when I pointed out the impracticability of such a plan, he wanted to know if the legislature couldn't hire a small boy to stand guard over the deer—or something to that effect; I don't just remember now. After a while, though, I got it into Frank's head that all we needed was a change in the law, having the open season the same date in both states. When I got the idea fairly drilled and blasted into his petrified cranium, the game warden, who had just stepped into the office, wanted to make me his private secretary, but I declined the nomination and told him that whatever

suggestions I could make until he got on to the run of things, so he could discriminate between a coyote and a wild sheep, would be gladly given. Well, I was practically game warden of Idaho for three months, for when Frank discovered that I had tickled the trigger a little, and knew something about Idaho game, he sent for me every morning before breakfast to get him out of some new complication, or to recommend some 'original' measure that he wanted to have drafted for the benefit of the gallery. Maybe, now, Big Bob didn't smoke a few imported cigars, eh?

"By the time Frank Bartley had been in office five or six months he began to cut a few of his intellectual molars, and became a fairly respectable game warden. In truth, he made a much better protector for the state's game than many so-called professional sportsmen, for, from the jump-off, he was on the side of the birds and animals every time, letting the market hunters and dynamite fishermen howl till they got constipulation of the larynx. Yes, Frank made a first-class warden. I remember one of the laws he tried to have enacted: 'Resolved: That any one caught hunting quail with a rifle (except a .22 caliber) shall be arrested, unless during the open season," etc. In other words, Frank got it in his head that a lot of so-called quail and grouse hunters were out for prohibited game. Maybe they were.

"As I was saying, it was largely due to my efforts that Frank was induced to sharpen his wits with a little actual experience, so one day it was settled that he and a friend named Pete McDougal, and your humble servant, should take a trip up through Garden Valley and into the famous deer-country in northern Boise County. If our hunt was not satisfactory in this region, we would cross over, past Estes Mountain, into Custer and Lemhi Counties, and probably follow up the Bitter Root Mountains, which itinerary would take him through the best deer, elk, sheep, trout and bird sections of the state, thus affording him experience in nearly all branches of game hunting that [illegible] be in season. Frank was delighted [illegible] plan, and as Pete McDougal, the [illegible] said he hadn't shot a deer [illegible] was simply up in the [illegible].

"At that time, although it was a number of years ago, the deer season was about as brief as the average bulldog's tail, so we left Boise in ample time to put us in northern Lemhi County about September 15th. We had a variety of guns and fishing tackle, and a good supply of grub and ammunition, so our journey through Boise Basin and the wild interior of central Idaho was a revelation to both Pete and the warden. As for myself, I had made the trip before. But I want to say here, boys, that if you want to visit the finest hunting grounds that a northwestern sun ever shone upon, just roll up your blankets and hit for central, northeastern or southeastern Idaho. Custer County, the Bear Lake and Coeur d'Alene country can't be surpassed by any state in the union; and you'll have to travel a long ways to beat them for hunting or fishing. There's game, there, and fish for further notice. The reason I always liked to hunt in Colorado and Idaho is that a big part of the two states is almost inaccessible to tenderfeet, so an old-timer has everything his own way and gets the pick of the game. You can't go hunting in central or northern Idaho with kidneys in your feet, and you've got to be a trapeze performer, and skin a South American goat when it comes to climbing or you'll find yourself gravitating down a hillside, or studying astronomy—feet up—with a crevice in your cocoatnut. Yes, sir! It's a great country.

"The new game warden was not slow to appreciate the scenery and angling opportunities, either. The first week out we showed him the difference in a willow pole and a bamboo rod, and gradually he learned to discard angle worms and manipulate the fly like a true fisherman. The first thing we knew, Frank could catch a bull trout without breaking over a half dozen lines and twenty leaders; so, when he had progressed this far, we let him learn by experience. McDougal, while fishing in the Payette, caught sixty pounds of mountain trout in seven hours. Maybe that wasn't fishing some! The same day the game warden caught two squaw-fish. That night, at supper, Frank declared he was going to have a law passed to protect the fish. He didn't think one man ought to be allowed to catch over ten pounds in a day. It was no wonder he hadn't been able to get a trout.

"INACCESSIBLE TO TENDERFEET."

"'Were you fishing for trout?' I asked, smiling.

"Frank nodded in the affirmative.

"'And didn't get a single strike?' inquired McDougal.

"'Strike? What's a strike?' rejoined Frank, curiously.

"'Why,' said McDougal, 'didn't you know fish strike? That's what we call a bite, up here, when you're trolling the fly and the trout grabs it.'

"'Oh! I thought you meant the trout had a union, and went on a strike.'

"Honest, boys, that was about the size of Frank's angling knowledge. But it was when we got into the deer country that I was most amused. I think we crossed Salmon River, north of Fort Lemhi, about the twelfth of September. Anyway, when we reached the north boundary between Montana and Idaho, where the Rocky Mountains branch out into the Bitter Root Range, we figured that it was the fourteenth. For some reason or other we hadn't come across a deer during the whole trip, though there were many signs of them. Of course, we couldn't have shot one, anyway, as the season was not yet open, so we didn't bother looking for them. But just east of Junction, on the Idaho side, and about a half mile from the line, what should we see but a drove of six deer—the all-firedest, prettiest deer you ever slapped eyes on. Yes, sir!

"We were camped among some tamaracks, about a mile away, and had gone from camp in quest of bear, never expecting such a temptation in the way of deer. And there we were—all three of us with our rifles, and McDougal playing nervously with his belt and looking sideways at the warden.

"'Frank,' said McDougal, pleadingly, 'it's the fourteenth, and to-morrow the season's open.'

"'Now, Mac,' I said to him, smiling, 'don't tempt us. It's more than a fellow can tolerate. The law allows us two deer each season, and those six deer would just afford us the limit!'

"'Get behind me, Satan,' murmured the warden, raising his rifle and taking aim just for the fun of it. 'Say,' he added, 'if I wasn't state game warden, hang me if I wouldn't take a long chance at that big deer to the left there!'

"'Ain't he a beauty?' I exclaimed, banteringly.

"'Wouldn't venison taste nice for supper?' interjected McDogal.

"Well, Frank just lowered his rifle, and made no answer. Together the three of us walked silently back to camp, and dismissed the subject. I love hunting, boys, as well, as the next one, but I do love to see a man observe the law. That time, however, I was mad. The next morning, when we arose, we went after our deer with a vengeance. When we got back to their grazing ground we found that two Montana hunters, with a pack of hounds, had chased them across the line and killed the whole drove, less than twenty minutes after we left them! Maybe Frank didn't use a few words not mentioned in Scripture, eh? But the worst part of it was that the Montana men seemed to have the best of it. We couldn't prove that they had driven the deer out of Idaho, and they had proof that the deer had been seen the day before in Montana. So there we were. But none of us had lost hope. Of course, there were more just as good on our own side, and for these we set out on the following day in dead earnest. I guess we traveled about eighty miles up and down the country, but if there had ever been a deer any place in the vicinity, except the six we had first seen, they had evidently met the same fate.

"At that time the deer season lasted but one month, closing on the fifteenth of October. During those four weeks there wasn't a sign of a deer, and on the fourteenth of October, as we thought, we started for home via Challis and Blackfoot. Maybe luck wasn't against us. Just before reaching Challis, and while still in a fine section of deer country, McDougal and I sighted an elk and two deer within a hundred yards of us, and though they ran like sixty, we had the finest chance in the world to get them. But the game warden looked sick at the stomach and said it was past season; it wouldn't do to violate the law. The enactments of our honorable legislature must be obeyed to the last letter.

"We had three fine bear hides to our credit, and several other good trophies, but it was deer that we were after. You never saw a more crestfallen trio of Nimrods than were Frank, McDougal and I as we sneaked dejectedly into Challis, arriving there on the afternoon of what we believed was the fifteenth. Boys, it was enough to drive a Presbyterian preacher to hard drink. The first thing we learned, upon telling of the elk and deer we had sighted that afternoon, was that we had slipped a cog, and that we were traveling a day ahead of time. Instead of it being the fifteenth of October it was the fourteenth, and this being true, we had miscalculated from the time of our departure from Boise. The game warden,however, had saved his reputation, for if we had got the first drove of deer, when we went after them, we would still have been violating the law, for it was then the fourteenth instead of the fifteenth of September. The Montana hunters, however, had the best of it because of the difference in the open seasons. On the other hand, we had lost a fine elk and two deer simply because we were a day ahead of together. It isn't such a snap now, for the time.

"Maybe Frank didn't rustle for a change in the game laws when he got back to the capital. Before the next legislature adjourned the open deer seasons in Idaho and Montana were arranged to begin and end together. It isn't such a snap, now, for the Montana hunters. Frank, too, learned a good deal on that particular hunting trip. I don't think he ever hunted for deer again, but he gained a good idea of what certain legitimate hunters have to contend with. Four motherless fawns, and a half dozen crippled does, which we ran across north of Blackfoot, after leaving Challis, gave him an insight to what some so-called hunters consider 'sport.' If I'm not mistaken, Frank managed to get a law run through prohibiting the use of hounds, also.

"Eventually, Frank made one of the finest game wardens that the State had ever had. He often told me that this 'official hunting trip' (which was his first) was the making of him.' I think it was."

THE comparatively short history of this hemisphere contains many a thrilling page unsurpassed by the glorious achievements of the Old World.

One reason for this is the position of the United states on this globe. Her territory measures the width of the continent. Her eastern borders behold the sun in all its splendor rising from the Atlantic, while the "sunset" of the western shores is embraced in darkness by the billows of the Pacific.

With this as its physical basis, one may go from ocean to ocean within the same country, enjoying the same laws, privileges, remaining within the same jurisdiction, and under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. However, a few pioneers are known to have left the shores of the Atlantic to push onward to the Pacific, journeying the entire distance across the continent in a covered wagon, especially at a time when the mountain became a barrier, the flood disputed his progress and the red man of the forest watched his movements with a jealous eye.

One of those pioneers, who left the teeming shores of the Atlantic, was Luzerne Bartholomew, who emigrated first to the Illinois plains, then later in '49 to the sands of the Pacific.

Luzerne Bartholomew's name has gone throughout the United States and England, because of his early capture in California of a great grizzly bear—the first specimen and probably the finest ever captured alive.

Bartholomew was nicely located in the Prairies State when hither came the news of the discovery of gold in California. The intelligence swept like wildfire across the continent and many of the Illinois frontiersmen left their homes to push westward in the pursuit of wealth. Bartholomew at first gave little credence to the rumors of the gold find. However, as the news of California and its wealth of shining dust continued to roll in with each succeeding week, and now and then a wagon train would pass by, always going toward the West, the importance of the movement began to dawn upon him. One day as he watched a long line of wagons slowly vanish, headed in the same direction—toward the land of the setting sun—he was led to think a rich reward for risk and labor awaited the traveler at the end of his wearisome journey, and a determination to organize a company was soon forming itself in his mind. California was the only topic that could get a hearing in those days, and finally Luzerne became enthusiastic as the rest and decided that a path to fortune lay open before him.

During February and March he traveled throughout Knox and Peoria Counties, spreading the news of "wonderful California," and asking for volunteers to join his train, which would start westward without fail on the first of the coming April, 1849. It was "Captain" Bartholomew now, and he made his start on the appointed day with fifteen wagons and twenty men. Near the present site of Prairie City, Illinois, the party was joined by a Captain White with ten wagons and fifteen men, and the two com-

panies consolidated, Bartholomew being given the command. About this time a company starting from Illinois, known as the "Jay Hawkers," fell into line and the continuous stretch of wagons crossing the plains looked like a mighty centipede with multitudinous sections as the caravan moved westward over the prairie toward the gold fields.

Following the old established trail, they reached Salt Lake City without unusual incident by the way. The only trouble had arisen from the scarcity of the grass along the trail. The amount of travel had been so great that there was little grazing for stock remaining within five miles of the route on either hand. Two weeks were spent in Salt Lake City, allowing the cattle to rest, and when the train was about ready to move on, Captain Bartholomew suggested that they should go the remainder of the distance by the new "Lossen Route" provided a guide could be secured. White and his men were opposed to this. They wished to stick to the old trail, as it was considered safer, but Bartholomew had been so annoyed by the scarcity of grass and game that he now preferred risking the danger of a less traveled route. In Salt Lake City they first heard the dreadful report of the ill-fated Donner party. This story was used by the Mormons to encourage the arriving emigrants to turn to the southward and seek another entrance to California. Finally the "Jay Hawkers" alone pulled out from the procession and diverged to the southward.

At Salt Lake Bartholomew and White debated the matter of the short cut through the Lossen pass. At last White started with his original party over the old trail. Bartholomew waited a few days longer, found a Mexican who had just returned from California over the "Lossen Route," and engaged him to act in the capacity of pathfinder. On the third of November, 1849, the wagon train reached Sacramento, with every member of the company well and in good spirits. White had arrived the day before, but had lost four men on the way. One died, one was drowned, and two had been killed by Indians.

White, being a blacksmith, immediately started a little shop and began plying his trade. Nearly all the others preferred gold digging. Bartholomew and one of his companions secured a claim together and washed out 90 cents worth of gold each as the result of their first day's work. This was discouraging to a man like Bartholomew, and he speedily came to the conclusion that digging gold was a slow way of accumulating wealth. That evening he encountered a gentleman who owned and managed a stock ranch a few miles north of Sacramento. During the conversation which followed it transpired that a good many cattle had been lost during the past year, presumably being stolen by the Indians. The ranchman was discouraged and in a mood for selling cheaply, and Bartholomew made him a proposition, which was accepted. But the change in ownership brought about no change in the conduct of the red marauders. The cattle continued to disappear and Bartholomew's ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to devise some plan to prevent such heavy loss.

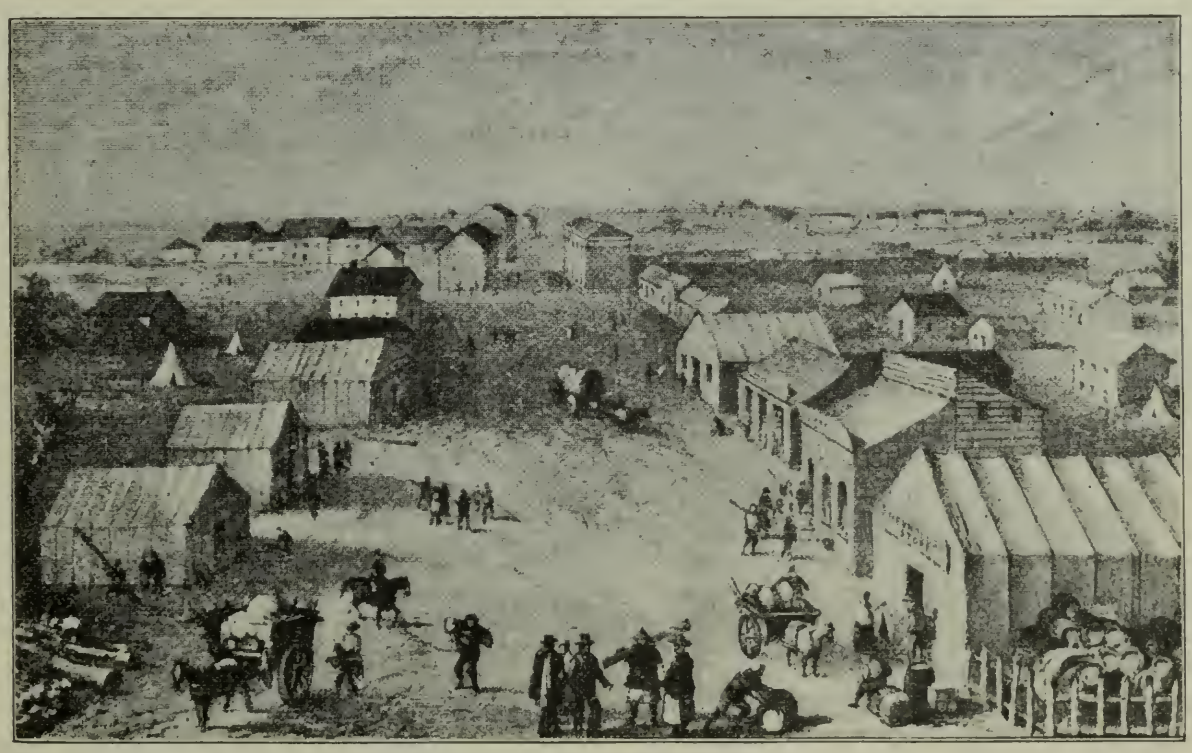
Some few weeks after the purchase, he and his Mexican guide were riding over the northwest portions of the range, where the Sacramento River makes an abrupt turn (now known as Poker's Bend), then wings around again and follows the usual direction southward. This freak of the stream makes a sort of peninsula. Across the river, as one rides up the levee, a great marsh can be seen; as they advanced up this point, a great grizzly bear ran across their path, swam to the opposite bank and quickly disappeared in the thicket beyond.

The men were amazed at the bear's immensity, and as they rode toward home they planned how he might be captured alive. Bartholomew suggested that he would ask White to make a great iron cage, arranged with a dead-fall door in the rear; that the cage be brought to the peninsula, and set and baited for the monster bear, which he was convinced had been the cause of the disappearance of so many of his cattle. White immediately set to work on the combination cage and trap, and in the course of two weeks it was finished. His compensation for this work was to be a half interest in the bear if captured. If the bear was not caught he was to receive $100.00 in payment for the cage.

One afternoon in March the cage was hauled to the peninsula, the wagon wheels were lowered in holes dug for their reception, that the trap might be slid to the ground; the entrance made easy to Mr. Bear

MAIN STREET IN SACRAMENTO AT THE TIME OF THE BEAR'S CAPTURE.
(From an Old Print.)

if he felt inclined to enter, and a quarter of venison was placed in the cage. A rawhide string led from the bait to the trap on the door, and a fresh deer skin was dragged across the peninsula so that the bear could not fail to strike the scent. After everything was in readiness the teamster and other assistants returned to Sacramento while Bartholomew and White climbed a tree standing about one hundred yards from the rear of the cage. Here they waited developments. An hour passed by, but nothing was seen of the bear. From the tree a great "squac" (heron), that most awkward of all birds, left



MAIN STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO AT SAME PERIOD. (From an Old Print.)

its nest in alarm and fled to the abode of her surrounding friends, and only the night hawk was heard through the stillness of the night.

White grew impatient and declared that he thought it all boy's play and wished he was clear of the whole thing. The more he thought the less faith he had in the scheme. Finally he said: "Bart, what will you give me for my interest in that bear and trap?"

"Well, what do you want? questioned Bartholomew, who was still sanguine that the enterprise would prove a success.

"I'll take a hundred and fifty."

"I ll give it," replied Bartholomew, "if you will stay with me here in the tree till daylight," and the money was quickly counted out. As the purchaser handed over the cash he remarked: "It does look a good deal like buying May oats, don't it?" White smiled in pleased approval.

"Hush! Wha s that? " Something was crashing its way through the bushes beyond the water. Then splash, splash it came noisily across the stream, but the darkness prevented the watchers frm seeing beyond the cage.

"That's him sure enough, Bart."

"Hush—here he is on the shore. Keep still—he's struck the scent."

"What will you take for my interest back again?"

"Keep still, I tell you. Won't sell. In ten minutes that bear will be above par.

The monstrous bear was lumbering along in the direction of the cage, following the scent as fast as he could travel. He stopped at the rear of the trap and sniffed suspiciously, then circled the structure two or three times and halted before the entrance. The men in the tree were breathless with excitement and could just make out his great shaggy bulk in the gloom. But finally they could see he was moving away and White was rejoicing in his heart that he had sold his interest. Things looked blue for Bartholomew, when again Bruin encircled the wagon and hesitated once more at the entrance. A moment of suspense and then—bang—the door was down.

The captive was wild with rage; he cared not to eat the meat and as he saw the men approach he bent the strong bars that surrounded him as though they were toys. The back of the cage was made of inch and a half yellow pine, tongued and grooved, then covered with Russia iron. With his long claws the bear caught and tore at it, until it gave way, and commenced tearing at and splintering the pine. Fearing he would make his escape and devour them, Bartholomew built a fire and heated a monkey wrench and with this he burned the monster whenever he made an attempt to gain his liberty. Meanwhile, White walked around the cage with a fire brand, jabbing the bear's feet and nose whenever opportunity presented itself. Finally White seized a broken bar thrown down by the bear, and having heated it red hot he returned to the cage, where the bear instantly grabbed it from him and began bending it, thus burning his paws so severely he fairly howled, and presently Bruin grew so sore from the treatment that he lay down and growled and roared until the woods rang. It was cruel treatment, but no other method would have answered so well.

Next day they encountered another difficulty in getting the team to come near the wagon, but after repeated efforts succeeded and the bear was conveyed to Sacramento, where four months were spent in healing his burns and getting him accustomed to vegetable diet. His principal food was corn meal and sugar. His great size made him a troublesome as well as a dangerous animal to handle.

Of the species exhibited nowadays the bear is sometimes a joker, but this bear was not. The grizzly has ever been considered the most powerful and ferocious beast of this continent and, as is thought by those competent to judge, equally formidable with the tiger and lion of the African deserts. The grizzly is peculiar to America and his range was about the base of the western mountains, where his favorite food, the buffalo, could be found.

The chase of this animal has ever been attended by great danger, for besides his enormous strength and ferocity, which generally prompted him to attack rather than avoid mankind, he was so incased in thick skin and muscles like cordage that a shot, except through the heart or brain, seldom made any impression. Then the skull is so thick and so formed that a bullet, unless entering through the eye, was apt to be flattened or glanced off. The killing of one of these animals was the greatest possible

cided upon taking a shorter route and so disembarked at Towala, Central America, and crossed the Isthmus. The bear was the first live animal ever taken across the Isthmus of Panama on a flat boat. When the case was conveyed on wheels, in crossing the marshes the water would frequently be over its floor. This was a long and tedious trip.

"It was cruel treatment"

exploit for an Indian, and stamped him at once as a great brave.

At the time of the capture of this bear he measured four feet and nine and one-half inches in height, eight feet and nine inches from point of nose to rump, and fourteen and one-half inches between the eyes, and weighed nineteen hundred and eighty-eight pounds. Without a doubt this was the largest grizzly ever captured alive.

During the following June, Bruin was taken to the Coast and there placed on board a ship bound around "The Horn" for New York. But after starting, Bartholomew de-

Another sea voyage followed across the Gulf to New Orleans. From this point Bartholomew ascended the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers to Peoria, Ill., and thence overland to Newburg, Ill., where the family resided.

In these days railways were only beginning to thrust themselves among the quiet hills and the bulk of inland commerce was still being drawn by horses along the country road. As the great bear cage with its lumbering occupant was seen crossing the prairie from Peoria it attracted a good deal of attention on the road and caused much excitement and curiosity at Elmwood, Ill., the new town through which it passed to Newburg. The bear was kept in Newburg that winter and the following season was exhibited throughout the East. While in Lowell, Mass., he nearly succeeded in killing his keeper, Austin Davis. Austin was showing him to a gentleman and two ladies, and convinced that the bear was growing tamer under his care, he put his hand into the cage where the beast had placed his ears up to the bars as if to be petted, and began patting him on the head. The moment Austin took his eyes from the bear to explain how fierce was his species and to call attention to the "gentleness" he was beginning to entertain for his keeper, the bear grabbed him above the wrist, a tooth going clear through his arm. The bear then tried to pull his keeper into the cage, when Bartholomew's son ran forward with an iron bar and struck Bruin so fiercely on the nose that he opened his mouth, when, apparently lifeless, Davis was extricated from the jaws of death. After that the bear was guarded more carefully and was placed in a Boston museum for the winter.

The next season Bruin accompanied P. T. Barnum, and was shown in a side tent as his greatest natural curiosity. Part of the time he was exhibited in the main tent as his greatest wild animal. From St. Johns, New Brunswick, this grizzly was taken across the Atlantic to Liverpool, and in 1855 was shown in the principal cities of Europe. On his return to America he was sold to a Mr. Johnson at Brandon, Vermont, for ten thousand dollars. But Mr. Johnson was unable to meet his payments, so the animal came again into the hands of his captor. After this the bear's career became more varied and he was rented out for exhibition purposes, and was finally stolen. In the meantime Bartholomew died and his son, a lad of nineteen, was unable to trace the thieves.

Later he was sold to P. T. Barnum. When Barnum's Museum burned, the bear was the first live animal removed from the doomed building, and shortly after the fire he was sold to the City of New York and placed in Central Park, where he lived until 1890. Here in Central Park the writer and two brothers went to view the shaggy beast which their grandfather's ingenuity had succeeded in capturing. Had he been allowed to remain in freedom his life would probably have been of shorter duration. He was probably the first full grown grizzly ever placed in confinement, and he lived to see his species practically exterminated. His capture, however, has not only given a clue to the natural life of this monarch of our wilds, but also has accomplished much toward acquainting the public with the great size and fierce appearance of this native beast of our American continent.

DAWN

I stand beneath the pale and silent moon,
  Upon a lonely crag above the sea,
  While faintly through the darkness floats to me
The dismal mocking laughter of the loon.
Far through the vibrant air of the still night,
  (That dim and silent world of brooding gloom)
  I hear the distant breakers' surging boom
Come stealing up the lonely mountain height.

Far, far above my lofty rock-bound nook,
  A thousand stars, mere points of silver light,
Burn in the sky; and even as I look,
  Up lifts the darkening curtain of the night;
The leaden dawn succeeds, then sweet and fair
A bird's glad song bursts on the morning air.

—P. M. Cushing.

Western Field

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

A SERIOUS PROBLEM.

THE steady diminution of our once unequaled stock of game mammals, birds and fish by various causes is fast evolving a condition which, while common and long established in other countries, is very obnoxiously new to the citizens of this commonwealth. We refer to the segregation into private preserves of the choicest lands and waters that yield sport to gun and rod.

From a strictly legal standpoint no one can take exceptions to any man's or association of men's action in securing by purchase, lease or other legitimate means, the sole and exclusive right to special privileges inherent to and conferred by the possession of such premises, provided that the enjoyment thereof does not deprive anyone else of established rights. The popular objections thereto are founded mostly in the common and widespread misinterpretation by the masses as to the specific character and nature of the common individual and public right. The popular idea is that the law confers a vested right in every citizen to take game and fish in prescribed season anywhere and everywhere in the state. It is a deeply inrooted fallacy which even a cursory examination of our statutes will dispel—but unfortunately our statutes are a veritable Greek letter to all but an infinitesimal fraction of our citizens, who as a mass neither know or care about the letter of the law—the involved, intricate and contradictory provisions of which, by the way, would require the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer's disentanglement, even if they were sufficiently interested to that end.

The fact is that California's game law does not confer upon the people, except by ambiguous implication, any right to take game or fish at all. It provides merely for what the public must not do under appended penalties. But the public has so long enjoyed the undisturbed privilege of hunting and fishing at will on the lands and in the waters of the state that it has come to look upon that enjoyment as an inherent and God-given right which no man nor law can annul. They do not take into consideration that the common law against trespass upon private property abrogates that privilege insofar as said property is concerned; that section 627 of the statute of their own making makes hunting and shooting (without owner's permission) on private grounds a misdemeanor; and that section 628c also prohibits fishing (without owner's permission) in ponds or reservoirs (note that streams are not included) belonging to or controlled by any person or corporation. These laws absolutely settle the question of the inviolability of private preserves—and for these laws the people themselves are responsible.

Coming to the moral side of the question, there is surely nothing immoral in a rich man's legitimately buying and enjoying a pleasure which his wealth and the law justifies, any more than there is an immorality in a man's being so poor that he cannot buy the luxuries he craves for. Idealistically the matter resolves itself rather into a question of broad public policy, a thing of communistic coincidence to which all must unselfishly contribute—a condition which unfortunately is practically impossible in these ante-millenium days.

Take for illustrative example the county of Santa Cruz. In this county there are no less than thirty-two fishable streams containing trout. For years Santa Cruz has been the Mecca of trout fishermen from all over the state, who annually brought many thousands of dollars into that county which would not have been put into circulation there were it not for the one attraction which these streams afforded. The trout streams are therefore an indubitable asset to the county and its citizens, a fact which was forcibly recognized by their willingness to be subjected to a special taxation for the establishment and maintenance of a fish hatchery for the special purpose of restocking these county waters—a project which, we are glad to say, has been an unqualified success. This hatchery to-day under its clever and energetic management is one of the most successful on the Pacific Coast, and from all indications its output of fry will conserve the fishing in Santa Cruz streams for many years to come.

But into this sportsman's Eden a serpent threatens to creep, and the fishermen of the whole state are up in arms against this intrusion. We refer to the "preserve evil," as our friends call it, the acquirement by private parties of the sole privilege to fish certain streams by process of leasing the rights from the ranchmen through whose lands these waters flow. Nor does the opposition end with the protests of the fishermen. It is an assured certainty that influential corporations who have been lavish contributors toward the maintenance of this hatchery will withdraw their support if this private preserve project is encouraged by the farmers and other land holders. They will argue that their investment is one for the good of the public at large, and not for a few individuals or clubs who will, under the preserve conditions, enjoy the whole fruits of their labor and expenditure. And if this hatchery be abandoned in such a contingency it means the end of trout fishing with all its conceded benefits in Santa Cruz County.

The solution of this problem, while concededly very difficult, is a matter of grave moment to Santa Cruz County. Unless action be taken immediately it will be too late —and yet it is hard to suggest what form that action should take. There is a great deal of persuasiveness in the almighty dollar, and only three courses appear to be left open. One is that the Game Protective Association of the county co-operate with other influential citizens in raising a fund to be used in buying from the land-owners the perpetual right for the public to fish in these waters, and so head off private acquirement of that right.

Or the county authorities can rebate taxes on a small strip of the lands bordering on said streams, to the same end.

Or a personal educational canvas may be made of all the land holders, by competent committees who can effectively present the argument of the greater permanent public good as opposed to merely temporary private gain, appealing to the local patriotism and broad-minded generosity and foresight of the land-owners. Show these men that the paltry little mess of pottage that they will receive for their birthrights from the preserve founders will ultimately turn to gall and vinegar in their mouths, and that their pockets likewise will suffer in the end by their present short-sightedness. We have great faith in the good sense of our Santa Cruz ranchmen and believe that they need to be only shown the situation in its true light in order to be converted into as rabid anti-preserve enthusiasts as the public's heart could wish.

And the same argument applies to every county in this state. We admit, and in fact insist, that game preserves are really a benefit in most cases where only a small portion of the land is preserved, for the natural overflow will restock the public domain. But with streams and fish it is different.

Another reason why the streams should not be privately preserved is that even if they did not have a single fish in them they are yet the chiefest attraction in every county and the greatest source of its wealth. Tens of thousands of outers who never wet a line go to our mountains because of the brooks, rills and rivers that so bountifully minister to the visual and other delights of humanity. It is an old and true saying that "air and water are free to all," being nature's two prime necessities. It would be extremely poor policy to deny these to the people who come to pay lavishly for the pleasure of their enjoyment.

Let the streams be open to all.

CALIFORNIA GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

Organized May 26, 1900

President.

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; T. J. Edgecomb, Shasta; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville; H. A. Greene, Monterey, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

Executive Committee—Dr. C. W. Hibbard, San Francisco; William S. Tevis, Bakersfield; Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; W. W. Richards, San Francisco, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

Membership Committee—E. A. Mocker, San Francisco; Dr. T. J. Edgecomb, Redding, and C. L. Powell, Pleasanton.

Legislative Committee—H. W. Kelly, Los Angeles; C. W. Hibbard and Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alameda County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n—A. L. Henry, Sec.-Treas., Livermmore, Cal.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Chico, ———————— Sec., Chico, Cal.

Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

Healdsburg F. and G. P. Ass'n—J. H. Kruse, Secretary, Healdsburg.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanley, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Mohawk Valley F. and G. P. Association—Fred King, Sec.-Treas., Cleo, Plumas County.

Monterey County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n—B. Ramsey, Sec., Monterey.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael, Cal.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Marie, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.

Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River—F. & G. Ass'n—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.

WHITE—Open Season. **BLACK—Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, Rail — 25 in one day. Ducks, 50 in one day. Geese (male) 2 in one season. Trout, 50 fish (not exceeding 25 lbs. total weight) in one day.												
DEER.										Oct 15		
DOVES.		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN.		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL.		Feb 15								Oct 15		
SNIPE.										Oct 15	Oct 15	
TROUT.												
STEELHEAD TROUT {Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st.									Sep 10	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th).									Sep 10	Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 9½ in. long).									Sep 15			
BLACK BASS.												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back).												

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE

FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game?" As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commissioner's office — records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between January 1 and April 1, 1906.

E. H. Hulbert, killing swans, Fresno, Dan Dismukes; $25.

Jas. Beckert, dead swan in possession, San Lius Obispo, H. J. Abels; pending.

C. Schiefferly, dead swan in possession, San Luis Obispo, H. J. Abels; pending.

S. S. Stephenson, dead swan in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Frank Wilkinson, dead swan in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Arthur Holmes, killing swans, San Jose, I. L. Koppel; pending.

A. Krueger, excess bag limit, steelhead trout, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

Crow, excess bag limit, steelhead trout, Loleta, W. P. Huestis; pending.

J. B. Inguglia, underweight striped bass, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; $20.

Jos. Garibaldi, shipping robins, blackbirds and larks, Martinez, Ernest Schaeffle; $10.

Wm. Winzler, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls; $50.

Bert Bryant, having in possession one dead eagle, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $5.

Geo. C. Douglass, night shooting, Oakland, Thos. Woods; pending.

Frank Gonsalves, shooting robins, Oakland, H. W. Gooch; pending.

B. Blocksburger, deer meat in possession, Blocksburg, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; $50.

Thos. Haney, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

G. W. Jackson, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; pending.

Chas. Jacobson, pheasants in possession, San Francisco, Chas. A. Vogelsang; dismissed.

Joe De Rosa, underweight striped bass in possession, Black Diamond, J. H. Dans and Ernest Schaeffle; $20.

John Gabriel, offering quail for sale, San Francisco, Chas. A. Vogelsang; $25.

B. Carinini, killing an eagle, Guadalupe, H. J. Abels; $5.

Ed Howard, deer meat in possession, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

D. Cashssa, shipping robins, Santa Rosa, Ernest Schaeffle; $10.

J. R. Harrison, deer hides in possession, evidence of sex removed, Eureka, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Huestis; $100.

W. C. Ross, deer hides in possession, evidence of sex removed, J. C. Ingalls and W. P. Hueestis; pending.

Wm. Hughes, underweight striped bass in possession, Pinole, Geo. Neale; $20.

Frank Ghiorsso, deer meat in possession, St. Helena, A. F. Lea and W. J. Moore; $25.

Henry Ghiorsso, deer meat in possession, St. Helena, A. F. Lea and W. J. Moore; $25.

Levin Tannery Co., polluting the waters of Santa Rosa Creek with substances deleterious to fish, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

T. J. Condare, underweight striped bass in possession, Benicia, Ernest Schaeffle and E. E. Pedlar; $20.

Andrew Frost, sturgeon in possession, Rio Vista, Ernest Schaeffle and E. E. Pedlar; $20.

A. Trapani (Western Fish Co.), sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle and E. E. Pedlar; $20.

G. Mosearelli, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; $5.

A. Besich, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; $5.

T. Magatoicke, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; $10.

B. Antoinall, shooting robins, Mt. View, G. C. Wyman; pending.

SEIZURES MADE DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1906.

2,800 lbs. steelhead, bearing net marks.
3,302 lbs. underweight striped bass.
300 lbs. black bass (close season).
144 lbs. sturgeon.
4 set nets.
1 small mesh net.
24 ducks.
8 quail.
5 plover.
26 blackbirds.
92 robins.
2 English snipe.
1 sandhill crane.
5 larks.
3 yellow-hammers.

PENDING CASES SETTLED.

A. Ancestasia, San Francisco, netted ducks, $25.

G. Carone, San Francisco, netted ducks, $25.

French-American Wine Co., Santa Rosa, pollution of Russian River, $250.

Total, $300.

Fines imposed during month of January, $545.

Fines imposed, cases pending, $300.

Total, $845.

CASES MADE FOR VIOLATIONS OF THE FISH AND GAME LAWS, FEBRUARY 1, 1906, TO MARCH 1, 1906.

J. C. Maretti, dead eagle in possession, Guadalupe, H. J. Abels; pending.

Joe Joaquin Silva, steelhead trout in possession, close season, Sausalito, W. R. Welch and M. L. Sross; pending, held to answer before Superior Court.

Tony Marshall, steelhead trout in possession, close season, Sausalito, W. R. Welch and M. L. Cross; pending, held to answer before Superior Court.

Antonio Simond, killing robins, Sisson, T. W. Birmingham; $25.

C. Hara, killing meadow-larks, Clayton, Thos. K. Duncan; $10.

W. M. Sproston, spotted fawn hide in possession, St. Helena, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $50.

David Hairfield, running deer with dogs, San Rafael, G. E. Ortman; pending.

F. Mandoli, spearing trout, Westport, William Ray; $20.

Charles Plews, steelhead trout in possession, close season, Willits, William Ray; $20.

Arthur Olson, night shooting (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; $10, error of judge.

Charles Green, night shooting (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; $10, error of judge.

John Hanush, night shooting (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; $10, error of judge.

Fred Erickson, taking steelhead, close season, Monterey, W. R. Welch and E. E. Pedlar; $25.

William Miller, night shooting (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; dismissed.

J. F. Silva, night shootinfi (Sixteenth Street), Oakland, Thomas Woods; $10, error of judge.

John R. Hagan, shooting quail, close season, San Diego, Webb Toms; $20.

H. M. Thompson, excess bag limit on ducks, Madera, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

G. Busalaccki, sturgeon in possession, Collinsville, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $20.

L. Mazzoni, killing robins, Washington, George Neale; $25.

A. Johnson (Indian), trout in possession, close season, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

John Rowley, deer meat in possession, close season, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

S. Morales, tree squirrels in possession, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

John Rowley, deer meat in possession, close season, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

S. Morales, tree squirrels in possession, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

John Rowley, tree squirrels in possession, Monterey, W. R. Welch and Martin Birks; pending.

D. P. Rolins, steelhead in possession, close season, Monterey, W. R. Welch; $25.

SEIZURES MADE DURING FEBRUARY, 1906.

213 ducks.
113 non-game birds.
50 pounds sturgeon.
10 pounds caviare.
25 pounds underweight striped bass.
3 small mesh nets, 1,800 feet.

Three hundred and forty dollars imposed in fines during the month of February, 1906.

ARRESTS MADE MARCH 1, 1906, TO APRIL 1, 1906.

Lyman Chapman, steelhead trout in possession, close season, Napa, W. J. Moore; $20.

Otto Otto and Nels Wolfgang, catching striped bass with net less than 7½-inch mesh, Antioch, J. J. O'Connell; pending.

S. A. Richie, steelhead trout in possession, close season, Ukiah, Wm. Ray; $20.

A. V. Paul, deer meat in possession, close season, Greenville, Geo. A. Hall; $25.

Joseph Cohn, sturgeon in possession, Antioch, E. E. Pedlar and Ernest Schaeffle; $20.

F. J. Whitmore (proprietor of the Alexandria Hotel), quail, ducks and trout in possession, close season, Los Angeles, H. I. Pritchard; $100.

C. Meredith (manager of the American Fish Co.), black bass in possession, close season, Sacramento, Geo. Neale; $30.

C. Meredith (manager of the American Fish Co.), steelhead triut in possession, close season, Sacramento, Geo. Neale; $30.

H. McDonald. sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, W. R. Welch; $20.

Martin Anderson, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $60.

Sam Kahn, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, C. O. Bishop; pending.

Fred Pellonini, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, C. O. Bishop; $20.

Wm. C. Bennington, killing a doe, Trinity Center, M. S. Hotchkiss; $50.

Clarence Rawson, killing tree squirrels, Trinity Center, M. S. Hotchkiss; $25.

F. Doeblin, deer hides in possession, evidence of sex removed, Trinity Center, M. S. Hotchkiss; $25.

Wm. Wagner, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, C. O. Bishop; $20.

A. Newman, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, C. O. Bishop; $20.

P. A. Ellis, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, C. O. Bishop; $20.

David Squires, deer meat in possession, close season, Covelo, Wm. Ray; $50.

Fred McCauley, killing deer, close season, Wawona, Chas. T. Leidig and A. C. Leonard; pending.

John Wilson (Indian), killing deer, close season, Wawona, Chas. T. Leidig and A. C. Leonard; pending.

L. S. Hadley, sandhill cranes in possession, Colony Center, E. E. Pedlar; acquitted.

PENDING CASES SETTLED.

Joe Joaquin Silva, Sausalito, steelhead, close season, $20.

Tony Marshall, Sausalito, steelhead, close season, $20.

Frank Legg, Eureka, salmon, close season, $300.

Total, $340.

$340 fines collected in cases pending.

$555 fines collected in cases made during March, 1906.

$895 total fines collected during March, 1906.

SEIZURES OF FISH AND GAME—MARCH, 1906.

240 lbs. underweight striped bass.
150 lbs. sturgeon.
15 lbs. sturgeon eggs.
50 lbs. trout.
67 sandhill cranes.
15 quail.
13 ducks.

Northwest Department

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia

Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

(To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.)

FOR a number of years we have been hearing of the presence of caribou on Graham Island, the most northerly of the Queen Charlotte group. That there should be caribou on this island is at all strange, but if, as is claimed, the Queen Charlotte caribou is different from the woodland and the barren ground caribou of the mainland, some enterprising sportsman may have the honor of going down in history as its discoverer. Up till the present time no specimen has been brought away as the island is well out of thhe beaten track. Several prospectors, however, who have visited the Queen Charlottes, have assured me that there are caribou there, but whether the same as the mainland varieties or not they could not tell. A little light has recently been shed on the matter by the visit of the British gunboat Shearwater to these islands. The commander of the Shearwater, A. I. Hunt, was very anxious to get the very fullest information, and the visit of the Shearwater was practically for the purpose of settling the question. In his report Commander Hunt states in part:

"For some years past the question of the existence of caribou on Queen Charlotte Islands has been frequently discussed by naturalists and sportsmen. A pair of antlers, supposed to have been taken from a caribou shot on these islands, was sent from Graham Island to Victoria some five or six years ago, but this, we believe, is the only specimen which is known to have come from the island, and skeptics have suggested that the head probably came from the mainland and was traded

with the Indians of the islands. From time to time, various persons who have visited the islands have reported tracks of animals of the deer family, but in view of the fact that wild cattle are known to wander about inland, it has been thought that these were responsible for the tracks. As far as we can ascertain, no pair of antlers have been taken from the islands for some years, and apart from the horns mentioned above, over whose authenticity doubts have been cast, naturalists were in doubt as to the nature of the animal which, reports stated, lived on the islands. We believe that the latest rumor on the subject was to the effect that the animal was a wapiti.

"A favorable opportunity having occurred to investigate the question, we set out on February 22d and struck inland in a westerly direction. The country was timbered but fairly open, and the going good, thick patches of sal-lal being frequent. After forty minutes' packing we emerged on the crest of an open hill and here saw tracks of some large animal of the deer family. The open space was about half a mile long and three hundred yards broad, covered with a thick carpet of moss in which were dotted numerous small pools of water. A few stunted trees grew about—for the most part in a withered condition. This open space was the first of many which we found in the area of our wanderings and nearly all showed tracks in a greater or lesser degree. These open spaces crown nearly all the hills (none of which can be more than 400 or 500 feet in height(, and between them are patches of bush more or less dense and all containing a good deal of sal-lal. In a few places we came across the tracks in the bush, but the nature of the country doubtless prevented us from noticing any others. According to the island Indians, snow to a depth of two or three feet had covered the hills up to a few weeks before our arrival, but this had disappeared save a few isolated patches, which were fast melting. In three different patches of snow we saw tracks of a deer-like animal, but they were probably two or three days old and the melting of the snow had caused them to lost their sharpness. It was our intention to take photographs of any clear tracks, but those in the moss did not lend themselves to such procedure, and those in the snow were too indistinct. We saw a good deal of droppings in the bush and considerably more in the open spaces; it was always in small heaps of rounded black substance and appeared to be that of caribou. Some appeared to be fairly fresh, but none was seen that we could consider less than forty-eight hours old. At the edge of one of the open spaces we found a shed antler lying on the moss, undoubtedly the left antler of a caribou.

As a result of our investigations we are perfectly convinced that a species of caribou does inhabit the northern part of Graham Island, and would give the following reasons for our opinion:

"1. The tracks are plentiful of all sizes, some quite fresh, and are undoubtedly tracks of a large animal of the deer family.

"2. The droppings seen were certainly not that of a wapiti; the tracks point to a very large animal of the deer family.

"3. That the shed antler was deliberately taken into the country and left to be discovered is a point that may be dismissed as very improbable. We were, unfortunately, unable to actually see a caribou, although we searched for three days in both the bush and open country. The Indians living at Virago Sound are quite positive about the existence of caribou, but state that they are never seen on the west coast of Graham Island, and a search over the open plain extending to the west, failed to reveal any tracks. We could get no information of tracks having been seen south of Naden Harbor, and so have come to the conclusion that the caribou are for some reason, only found within a small area of the northwest portion of Graham Island. Whether this caribou is of the barren ground or woodland variety must be left to naturalists to decide, the shed antler appearing to us to favor either variety. From the fact that our continuous search failed to discover an animal in the open, this caribou would appear to prefer the bush to the open."

* * *

To the game and fish protectionist, by far the most important happening in many a day was the first convention of Washington game wardens, held near the end of March, at Seattle. If all the reforms suggested become law, Washington game wardens will have done splendid work for the cause. That they will do their best to have these reforms embodied in the game laws goes without saying, even though, as is feared, there may be strenuous opposition, especially with regard to prohibiting the running of deer with dogs. The principal reforms suggested are as follows:

Prohibiting hounding deer; all hunting licenses to expire on same date; abolition of state hunting license; establishing bounty on cougar; prohibiting boys under sixteen from hunting without a guardian; continued open season for bass and perch in Eastern Washington; cumulative sentence for persistent game violators; screens to prevent trout running up irrigation ditches.

Considerable discussion was indulged in over the question of separating the game-fish and game from the office of the state fish commissioner, making a separate department, but no action was taken.

Soon after the convention was called to order, H. Rief, Seattle, one of the most prominent of Washington's game protectionists, was made chairman; and Munro Wyckoff, Quilcone, became secretary-treasurer. There were present at the convention: R. P. Webb, Chelan; Munro Wyckoff, Jefferson; H. Rief, King; H. S. Hill, Lewis; W. W. Thompson, Pierce; C. Bennit, Skagit; E. W. Davis, Snohomish; J. A. Uhlig, Spokane; F. Mossman, Thurston; A. P. Loomis, Whatcom; F. J. Barnes, Yakima; P. H. Seay, Kitsap; W. F. Bears, Kittitas; C. E.

Beebe, deputy state game warden; Joseph Sants, Island County; State Fish Commissioner Riseland.

Mr. Riseland, who has been but recently appointed state fish commissioner to succeed Mr. Kershaw, made a brief speech during the afternoon, stating in part that he had no objections to the separation of the fish comm'ssioner's office from the game and game-fish. If the people wanted it that way, thought it was advisable, then it should be so. He also stated that he was heartily in sympathy with the game wardens, and that they would always have his support in the enforcement of the laws. He believed that all hunting licenses should expire on a given date, that hounding deer should be prohibited, and was not in favor of the law making it a misdemeanor to kill deer on any island, which he thought was ridiculous and should be corrected.

Joseph Sants, Island County, thought it was an injustice to prohibit the killing of deer on islands. He did not favor the $5.00 license issued by the state, which permitted the holder to hunt in every county,, as the counties derived little benefit. As to hounding deer, he thought the most trouble was caused by dogs that hunted alone. He thought that game and game-fish should be handled by themselves.

President Rief held that the laws should be changed, in order that a violator of same for each bird or fish taken illegally. He deemed it necessary to have closed season for perch and bass between March and May, the present law not covering the period when the fish are full of spawn. The quail and grouse season should be the same. All hunting licenses should close on the same date.

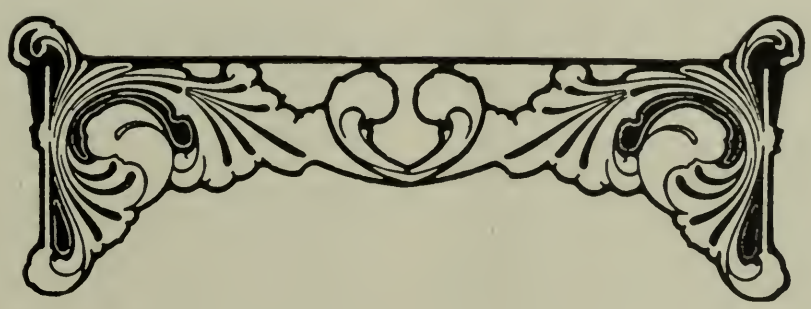
A. P. Loomis would like to have the hounding of deer abolished, but admitted that the proposal would meet with opposition. In his opinion, the season for grouse, Chinese pheasants and quail should open at the same time, September 1st was a little early, and he suggested September 15th as the opening day for all upland birds.

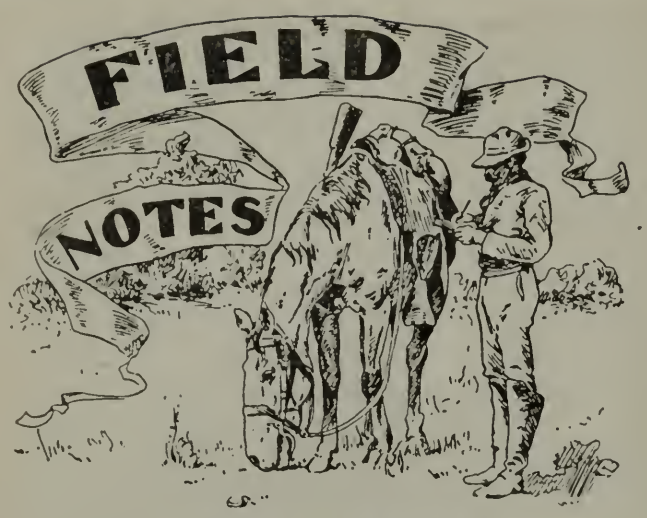
Secretary Wyckoff thought the present system of game wardens was wrong. He spoke in favor of a state organization, with a state warden, who would appoint his deputies and make use of them at will. Hounding deer should be made unlawful. A bounty should be offered for cougars and wolves.

P. H. Seay wanted to see the hounding of deer stopped and the state game license abolished. W. F. Beers held that much damage was done by youngsters under sixteen with .22 caliber rifles. He considered that it would be a good thing if they were compelled to hunt in the company of a guardian.

H. S. Hill said that in his county men stood in runways and slaughtered deer as they were run by dogs. E. J. Barnes would be satisfied if screens were placed in irrigating ditches to keep out the trout, as they run up the ditches in great numbers, dying when the water is used up. E. W. Davies wants the trout season for the lakes to open a month earlier than at present, as the lake trout will hardly take the fly after the opening of the season, while for a month prior the fly fishing is excellent. W. S. Phillips, editor of "Pacific Sportsman," who is an authority on matters pertaining to the great outdoors, spoke against the practice of wardens accepting a license from parties found hunting. Deputy Game Warden Beebe thought that all hunters should have licenses with them. He was strongly in favor of a heavy bounty on cougars, as they did great damage. J. A. Uhlig wanted a continual open season on perch and bass for Eastern Washington. He thought that the bass could take care of themselves and that the perch were too plentiful to require protection.

It was decided before adjournment to make the organization permanent, and it will in future be known as the County Game Wardens' Association. Annual meetings will be held, North Yakima being chosen as the next meeting place. A banquet was tendered the wardens by the State Game and Fish Protective Association, Fish Commissioner Riesland being at the head of the table. A most enjoyable time was spent.





MORE BEAR LORE.

IN your issue of February I notice that Mr. Payne has again come forward in defense of his grizzly bear. But as he now claims it is an extinct species, and this before it was ever examined "in the flesh by any naturalists," it seems like a waste of time to argue about an animal that has never been examined, by anyone except Mr. Conway and Mr. Payne. Your correspondent states that Mr. Ord and Mr. Baird got their specimens from the outer edges of the field, and these were nothing except intergrades, which I suppose that Mr. Payne and Mr. Conway had thrashed out of the inside of the pasture. That these naturalists went around naming animals just to suit themselves. But whether Mr. Ord's name was right or wrong (and even if it does not suit your correspondent), the name still stands just the same.

Mr. Payne also states that just calling an animal a name such as the grizzly does not make it a grizzly. This I grant him, and neither does it make the animal known as the California grizzly, the true grizzly, just because Mr. Payne has so stated. I am also aware of the mistakes made by naturalists, and that they may have disagreed on some animals for a while, and that they have, upon a more thorough examination, changed the name. And that they may have done so in regard to Mr. Payne's quail I will not dispute. But in your correspondent's former article, he stated most emphatically that the true grizzly was never found outside the state of California. And I made the statement that the grizzly bear known to science as the true grizzly was not found in California, but was the bear described by Lewis and Clark, which they called the white bear. And I now again make this statement. I did not state that Lewis and Clark called it the grizzly; but I did state that the name was given by Mr. Ord in 1815. He may have given it this name to suit himself. but it also seems to suit the other naturalists, except Mr. Payne, and although he has given out valuable information regarding the true grizzly, he has not, nor can he, as I before stated, prove his statements from any scientific works of today.

It is very plain to see that Mr. Payne has had very little experience with the grizzly bear, and this only with the one he is trying to dish up to us as the true grizzly. I make this statement for the reason that he claims that no one ever saw a black grizzly, whereas if he had ever hunted the grizzly of the Rockies and the Selkirks of British Columbia he would have seen not one but many of them. Your correspondent does not have to take anyone's word for it, but only take his friend's, as I before said, who is so anxious to blow in that $500 on the true grizzly, and go to the Selkirks and up any of the streams where the snowslides come down, he will get his shot at the true grizzly, and will also see grizzlies that are black; and if he would know a grizzly when he saw it, he can see the hides without going that far.

The statements that I have made are easily proved, while none of his are to be proved in any one particular. His reference as to what Mr. Hornaday says about the California grizzly does not prove his statement in any way. In fact, it disproves it plainly, for according to his own statement that the bear had never been examined by naturalists, and that it never had either a generic or a specific name, would disprove his statement that it was the true grizzly.

But now that Mr. Payne has looked up and armed himself with the generic and specific names of bears in two hemispheres, I suppose we should believe what he says. He now states that he would have given us these names before, but he was acting as a bureau of general information for the juvenile class, and he was afraid that if he did not put it in primer form we "little tots" would not catch on to his meaning, so to speak. But hereafter he need have no fears that he will not be understood, for while I was spending a part of my "boyhood days" reading such bear stories as Mr. Payne has been giving us, I also found time to look up the names of these animals, or at least such ones as had been examined before they became extinct.

From Mr. Payne's last article, it seems as if he had somewhat abandoned this bear argument, which I "knew nothing about." I am very sorry for this, as I was in hopes that we would get a lot more of information before the books were closed. I am sorry for other reasons, as I take it he has another calling that he would be more successful at—this is, writing humorous articles. We would like to see some more of them before he also abandons this line of entertainment. When I first saw the article in the February number I was almost moved to tears, I was so afraid that Mr. Payne's feelings had been touched, and we would not get any more bear stories, but after reading it over several times, and sorting out

all the remarks "in parenthesis," I came to the conclusion that the humorous side of his nature had been touched instead of his feelings. Now I must admit that at first I was inclined to have my feelings a little stirred up, but on second thought I took into consideration the position that Mr. Payne was in and joined heartily in the laugh.

In looking over my collection of bear stories, which I have been collecting since "boyhood," I find under the grizzly bear type Ursus Horribilis and its allies, subgenus Danis Gray, only four that are named, viz., Ursus Horribilis Ord., the true grizzly; Ursus Horribilis Horriaeus Baird, Sonora grizzly, the Norton Sound, Alaska, grizzly, which naturalists think will merrit sub-specific separation; Ursus Horribilis Alascensis, the barren ground bear Ursus Richardsoni. Now as some of the naturalists who name animals to suit themselves have conceded that the big grizzly of Southern California may be entitled to stand as a sub-species Californicus, I would like to make a suggestion (with Mr. Payne's approval, of course) that hereafter we call this bear Ursus Horribilis Paynei. This would in no way affect the bear, as he is now extinct. We could give the type locality around any of the old mines of California, so it was where no naturalists would ever see it in the "flesh." Geographic distribution, the same place. Habitat, large canons, where it lies in wait and devours prospectors. One of its characteristics is its unprovoked attacks on man. Another is its long, slim hind feet. And, by the way, I have noticed that all of the grizzlies have a much longer hind foot than does the black bear. So this characteristic would not do, as it would fit all the grizzly bear and some one would be claiming they had the true thing. Well, we will cut out this characteristic and get along without it for a while. "Dog-gone" a bear with characteristics, anyway! Size and weight we must have, though. Those that were actually weighed "tipped the scales at a little over twenty-two hundred pounds" estimated weights even more than those weighed.

This paper could be beautifully illustrated, as there are several pictures that Mr. Payne's information on the grizzly has suggested to me. On the flyleaf could be a picture of Mr. Payne, the author of the scientific work. This portrait could be labeled: H. T. Payne, at the age of 18 years, from a painting by so and so, 1779, or far enough back so he would be old enough at the present time to be able to have a voice in the discussion on the grizzly, as he claimed in his former article that anyone under a certain age should not have anything to say about this bear of his.

As a frontispiece we might have the picture of an enormous grizzly, around which are the mangled remains of innocent and inoffensive prospectors and other people who "hadn't lost any bear." This picture must have a large prospective, as it will be a volume in itself. Around the bear could be drawn several circles that would extend on and on until the outermost limit of the background has been reached. Along the outermost limit of this background there could be several naturalists. These would have their notebooks in hand and chasing one of the Lewis and Clark bears, of the white variety. These naturalists must be scurrying through the scrub trees and tall grass in hot pursuit of this hybrid. This might be a female with cubs, and it would be a good idea to have one of them of a dark color, as this would help me out in my statement. For if I have got to help Mr. Payne prove his statements, I don't wish to be left out altogether, and this worked in this way would prove that I had not been joking about this bear. This part of the picture might be labeled "Naturalists Who Name Animals to Suit Themselves."

We will now step into the little inner circle in which stands the bear. Here we find Mr. Payne and Mr. Conway close up to the bear. This would prove beyond question that, as Mr. Payne has stated, none of the naturalists ever got any nearer than the outer edge of the field, as we can see them headed in the opposite direction, and hurrying away after the little hybrid, which they had no better sense than to name the true grizzly, and naturalists since have had no better sense than to let it still claim this name to the everlasting shame of Mr. Payne's grizzly. It would also prove that Mr. Payne and Mr. Conway are the only ones that are in a position to say anything about this extinct monster.

This bear could be standing side on, with his head turned at right angles with the body. In this way we would be able to prove two of Mr. Payne's statements. And would also be able to work in one of those characteristics that we cut out farther back in the paper. The bear standing as mentioned would show the tremendous width of head, and would also show the immense length of the hind feet. Mr. Payne and Mr. Conway could be armed with the weapons of that day, say the bow and arrow, or maybe it was up to the time of the flint-lock. This picture could be called "In the Flesh," or "In My Dreams."

On the opening pages could be a few common names in a very simple and primitive way. These A B C's, so to speak, could run, say, for two or three pages, when we could work in a couple of photos. On the left hand page we might have a scene near one of the old mines of California. Approaching this mine could be a six-horse team hitched to a sled, go-devil or whatever they used in those days to haul things on. On this vehicle could be a large bear which the team was struggling to land at the ore scales.

On the right hand page would be a picture where they had succeeded in landing the catch at the scales. There should be a crowd of miners standing around, dressed in red shirts, blue overalls, top boots, out of which the handles of Bowies are protruding, while their belts would contain a brace of six-shooters. A slouch hat would complete the dress and would be all that was required in a scene of this kind. The bear would beb placed on the scales, in such a position that both the yard of the scales, and

the long hind feet of the bear could be seen. Figures on the yardarm should be large enough to be seen, so that "all who run may read." The weight should be run out on the yardarm so that it would show a few notches over twenty-two hundred pounds.

We will now suppose the pupil to understand a few scientific names, such as Ursus Ferox, Ursus Horribilis, Thalarctos Maritimus, (Please notice this last name. I have not yet looked up the meaning, nor whether it has any meaning, whether it belongs to an animal in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere, but I think it must be in the one or the other.) After a few pages of generic and specific names we can insert another picture. This will be something like the first one or the frontispiece, only instead of the live bear we must have a dead one. Around his carcass must be strewn several dead and mangled hunters. In the foreground and near the bear Mr. Payne must be standing. He must not be leaning on his rife, as we are not yet sure if we have reached the era where the rifle is use, and if we have, it would most likely be of the old Kentucky type, and would be too long to lean on. But he could just be standing around. The title to this masterpiece might be called "Estimated Weight, Even Larger Than the One I Saw Weighed." These illustration would prove conclusively that Mr. Payne had at some time seen a bear, although the time might be so remote that none of us could remember back to that age.

The reader could now be rushed on, as he has by this time mastered all the names that would be necessary to start out with, and all that he would need until he got to be, say, eighty or ninety years of age.

We could now work in the last illustration, and for this I would suggest the fossil remains of some large animal—one with long hind feet, no matter what animal it is, so it has this characteristic. Underneath this could be placed a footnote, reading, "What should have been the true grizzly, but unfortunately this name was given to another bear by naturalists, who named animals to suit themselves, and this monster became extinct before he was examined in the flesh."

This paper could be gotten out in very attractive style, with a wide margin, around which could be placed alternately the track of the hind foot of this bear and the bed of a deer. Of course, the photos would have to be reduced to a large extent, but I think this could be done all right. If Mr. Payne has not got the tracks I could let him have some, as once when I first noticed that the grizzly had this long foot I was foolish enough to go out and not only photograph the track, but the side view of the foot. But now that Mr. Payne has made the same discovery, of course, my photographs are worthless, as I would not think of infringing on his rights. And so, as I say, he can have the photos, if he concludes to bring this work out.

I don't see why this could not be worked up into a real interesting little paper by anyone

HIND FOOT OF BLACK BEAR.

HIND FOOT OF GRIZZLY.

who knows so much about the grizzly as does Mr. Payne, and I hope he will act on the suggestion and put it out. I would love dearly to have it among my "boyhood stories," as it would fit in nicely with most of the bear stories that I now have. It would rank right up with Earnest Hyphin-Syphin's best works, and for a title it might be called "True Grizzlies I Have Dreamed About."

A HEALTHY ORGANIZATION.

Editor "Western Field": At Cleo, Plumas County, on March 26, I organized the "Mohawk Valley Fish and Game Protective Association," and the following officers were elected: President, L. A. Colby; vice-president, G. A. Elkins; secretary-treasurer, Fred King; trustees, J. W. Denton, John McKinsey and George Hanlon, all of Cleo, Plumas County. The fall of snow in the Sierras this year has been heavier than for many years, and in consequence there will not be any good fishing in the mountain streams or lakes this year until June, although a few fish may be taken by bait fishing. I found the sentiment in Sierra, Plumas and Nevada Counties very strong and favorable in regard to a strict enforcement of the game and fish laws, and I think that all these counties will be represented by delegates at the meeting to be held in Monterey in November next.

Plumas is a great game country, and I understand that a great many bear are there, as well as grouse, mountain quail and deer. There are over seventy-five lakes in the county, be-

sides many very fine trout streams; and the people up there hope to keep them as well supplied with fish in the future as they are now.

WALTER R. WELCH.

FOR A NEW .22.

Editor "Western Field": I will not attempt to enumerate the various styles, makes and models of .22 caliber rifles that I have owned and used, but will just say that they include all the American and many of the foreign productions. I have burnt up hundreds of thousands of .22 caliber cartridges, both black and smokeless, as well as the semi-smokeless now so popular. I began in 1883 with a Stevens gallery rifle with a tip-up barrel and am now using the Winchester Model 1890. Of the old Stevens I will say that as to "hang," I have seen but one gun to equal it and that is the Savage .22 now in the market. It was also a most elegant shooter. I have used various repeaters—Colt, Marlin, Savage and Winchester, but for trick and fancy shooting the latter gun suits my purpose best. I use the Model '90 with short smokeless cartridges. I had one of these guns last season that was fired nearly 50,000 times and still seemed a good gun. I used Winchester and U. M. C. smokeless cartridges. The .22 automatic is the acme of the gunmaker's art, but the cartridge is rather expensive for the kind of practice mentioned above. Also when shooting at objects thrown into the air the bullets go a long ways and "whine" almost like a .30 caliber. There are several faults with the Winchester Model '90 that when overcome will make the gun a much more desirable weapon. For one thing, the barrel is too long and too heavy. Let it be not over 22 inches (20 would be long enough) and made round instead of octagon, as now, then it could be much smaller at both breech and muzzle, allowing a lighter, thinner frame to be used. This would give the gun much better proportions. The sight should be the same as those of the .22 automatic, which are the best open sights yet produced for quick aim. Another serious fault to overcome is this: The small screws used in the top of the breech block have an aggravating way of working loose and losing out. The gun can be used without them, but the lock might get out of adjustment. Next, the hammer is big and awkward and out of all proprition to the gun. Make it the size and shape of a Smith & Wesson revolver hammer. Then make the gun with a shotgun butt and checkered slide (for looks) and you have almost the perfect .22 caliber repeater. "REELFOOT."

REPRESITO SHOOTING ASSOCIATION OF ARIZONA.

Through the efforts of Mr. Alfred C. Sieboth, superintendent of the Lake Superior and Arizona Mining and Smelting Company at Superior, Arizona, the Represito Shooting Association was organized last November, with a membership of twenty-five, the club leasing the shooting privileges on the Florence reservoir, an artificial body of water covering about 2,000 acres, used for irrigation purposes, situated about fifteen miles south of the town of Florence, half way between that point and the Southern Pacific Railroad, in Pinal County, Ariona. The following is a partial list of the members: Alfred C. Sieboth, Superior; D. C. Stevens, C. G. Powell, R. F. Sharpe, Jno. W. Sharpe, J. R. O'Connor, H. G. Murphy, W. Y. Price, W. C. Truman, J E. McGee, Florence; W. J. Kingsbury, Tempe; W. A. Holt, Globe; W. L. Finney, Garrett Hulst, H. L. Latham, H. P. DeMund, Chas. P. DeMund, Dr. H. H. Stone, Gordon Tweed, Frank Ainsworth, J. Ernest Walker, E. W. Thayer, E. B. Beecher, Phoenix.

A clubhouse was immediately erected at the reservoir, two Mullins' steel 'Get There" duck boats and a couple of wooden boats put into comission, and a liberal number of decoys secured, although so far the supply of ducks has been so great that decoys were not needed. A keeper and cook are always on the ground, and no one but members and their invited guests are allowed to shoot on the preserve. All kinds of ducks common to this section have been killed this winter, including mallards, redheads, canvasbacks, widgeons, bluebills, whistlers, etc.

Fish and Game Commissioner Pinney has lately seeded the reservation to wild rice.

February 10 Game Commissioner Pinney, Dr. H. H. Stone, Dr. H. J. Jessop, D. E. Morrell and Captain J. W. Crenshaw killed 160 ducks. March 4 and 5 Messrs. Pinney, Morrell, Cassiday, Snoke, Stull and Howe from Phoenix bagged 109, and would have secured twice as many had it not been for the ducking of two of the best shooters received each day they were out. In the latter part of February Messrs. DeMund, Galpin, Beecher and Miner killed about a hundred in a day's shooting.

The officers of the association are: A. C. Sieboth, president; J. W. Sharpe, vice-president; R. P. Sharpe, secretary; D. C. Stevens, treasurer.

ITS SUCCESS IS ASSURED.

We are pleased to learn that San Francisco has been fortunate enough to secure another interstate blue rock tournament, remembering the very successful one held at Ingleside last year under the auspices of the interstate association, and where from between 100 and 150 shooters participated in the various events. Among the number were a couple of squads of Eastern representatives, including (the cracks) Gilbert, Heikes, Crosby, Marshall and Hirshey.

The event this year will undoubtedly be a much greater success even than last year's. The tournament will take place on the 7th, 8th and 9th of September, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trap Shooting Association on the Ingleside Grounds.

FOR HIGH-CLASS

PRINTING

WRITE OR CALL ON

EAMES BROS.

1748 Stout Street, Denver, Colorado

Our regular line comprises a score of the best Denver Publications, and we add to it this month the San Francisco magazine, "Western Field." This is a sample of our work. What do you think of it? Our capacity *is large.* If needing anything in the Book, Magazine or Prospectus lines, ours is the Denver firm that can do your work right, do it quickly and at a satisfactory price. We solicit your patronage.

NOTE:—This edition of "Western Field," together with making all the cuts used, was gotten out by us in ten days.

By Way of Apology—and Promise

In the unparalleled calamity which recently befell our beloved city, WESTERN FIELD shared heavily in the universal loss. Our plant and offices were completely destroyed by fire, nothing being saved but our books, contracts and other records, together with proofs of the mailing list—we being especially fortunate in the last item, as it enables us to discharge our obligations to subscribers.

The delay in the issue of the present number will, we confidently believe, be generously overlooked by our indulgent friends, who will fully understand the situation when we say that all mechanical facilities, together with the large paper stocks, etc., necessary to the production of such a magazine as ours, were completely wiped out in the disaster, and we are glad to announce that we have now overcome all these difficulties and our publication will enjoy regular and uninterrupted issue hereafter. All subscriptions will be extended for a month beyond their original expirations, in order that our friends may receive the full number of copies to which they are entitled. In this connection, we desire to thank, collectively, the thousands of friends who have flooded us with letters of sympathy, encouragement and support. Once it was our boast: "Western Field owes nothing to any one on Earth." Now we are indebted to thousands for that which we can never repay—for the cordial shoulder-tap in the hour of trial, for the warm hand grip that held us on our feet when we were staggering under the blow of sore adversity. But if we can not repay, neither can we forget. That obligation is the most cherished of all our present possessions.

To-day San Francisco looks out wistfully over the ashes of her happy homes and her dearest hopes; but if there are tears in her eyes, there is also a magnificent determination glinting through their mist. Her heart is full of the Americanism that was poured into it by our brethren from every city and hamlet between the seas of sunrise and sunset; and, sustained and strengthened by the ever-abiding recollection of it, she turns, with features beautified and radiant eyes, to the millions watching her tenderly, and says: "I WILL!"

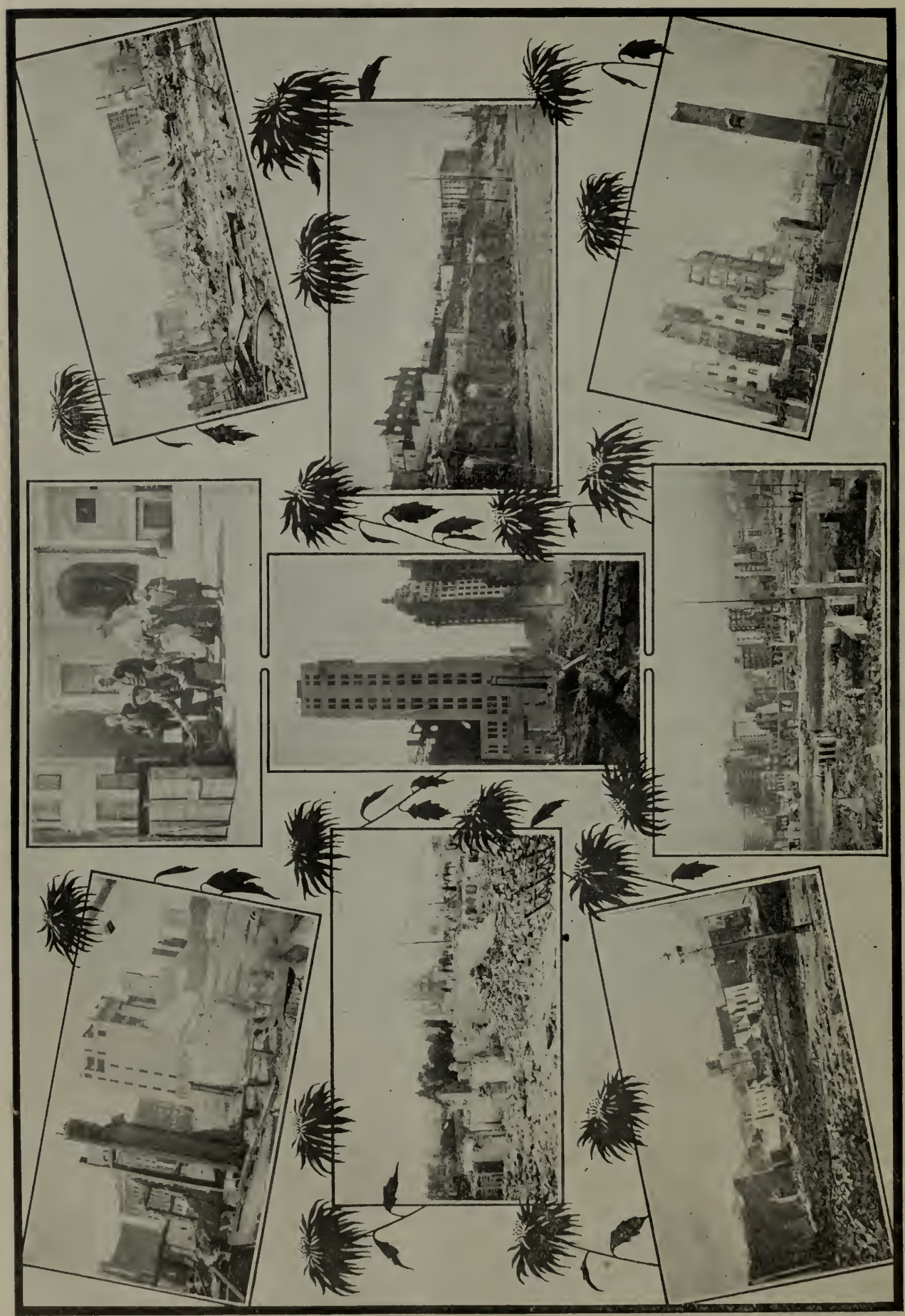
And that is enough for the multitudes who turn contentedly away with a sigh of relief. There is no question now in their minds. For in that vow they read the rehabilitation of the palace of the stricken queen; the rejuvenation of the Argonauts; the finding and development of a new El Dorado where the Pacific smiles invitingly and promisingly upon her native and adopted sons alike.

There will be a Greater San Francisco now—and a more beautiful. For Americans have no such word as failure in the vocabulary of their accomplishments, and nowhere has the Creator laid His hand so benignly in natural endowments as on this city by the Western Sea. We are staggered only for to-day. To-morrow the hum of industry will fill the land and the glow of prosperity irradiate the landscape. Cleansed and purified by fire, the warder of the Golden Gate will again sit in state, and the world will look upon her and marvel.

But her back will be to the West, now, and her eyes evermore towards the millions in the East who rose as one man to her aid in the time of her need. Mute she may be, for her gratitude is beyond words. But up from the depths of her soul will ever rise, like the scent of her myriad flowers, the invocation: "God bless these, mine own people!"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The photographs from which the illustrations in this number were made are the work of eminent San Francisco artists. Copies of same (photographic prints) may be had at very reasonable rates direct from this office or from J. H. Street, San Rafael, Cal.; J. B. Moller, 4696 Eigthteenth street, San Francisco; A. L. Murat, San Francisco, and "Stoddard," 835 Octavia street, San Francisco.



AFTERWARDS.

(The central top picture shows the WESTERN FIELD staff cooking breakfast.)

Photos by Harry T. Payne.

WHAT WE MANUFACTURE

GUN CASES
Leather, Canvas and Fabrikoid.

LEGGINGS
72 styles made of all materials.

HOLSTERS
Every description and pattern.

BELTS
Shell, Cartridge, Money and all Latest Style Body Belts.

GAME STRAPS
Duck and Quail.

BASKET STRAPS
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Canvas, Leather and Fabrikoid.

BASEBALL GOODS
Belts, Bat Bags, Bases, Uniform Rolls.

FOOTBALL GOODS
Pads, Head Gears, Belts, Ankle and Wrist Supports.

BAGS
Punching Bags, Bike Bags, Game Bags, Tyrolian Bags and Knapsacks.

SAMPLE CASES
We make specialty on Cutlery and all kinds of Sample Rolls.

ALSO SOLE PACIFIC AGENTS FOR

"FABRIKOID"
The best Artificial Leather made, used for Upholstering, Carriage Trimming, Book Binding, etc.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO.
Manufacturers of all kinds Steel Boats.

FEDERAL WATERPROOFING CO.
Manufacturers of Waterproof Canvas.

WESTERN AGENCIES CO.

A. J. BURTON, Manager

San Francisco = = = = California

Temporary Address: 1070 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE.
(Taken at 7 O'clock April 18th, 1906.)

Photo (copyrighted) by J. B. Moller.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 40 cents per line for first issue, and 30 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants, etc., beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, Lewis, Iowa.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred English and Llewellyn Setter Pups and Dogs—retrievers and spaniels—trained dogs. Prices reasonable. Write "The Thoroughbred Kennels." Atlantic, Iowa.

* * *

SPORTSMEN—I guarantee bear; first-class hunting and fishing. Now is the time to arrange for a trip. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

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FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422 Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

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NORWEGIAN BEARHOUNDS—Irish wolfhounds, deer and cat hounds, English bloodhounds, American foxhounds. On receipt of 4c stamp a catalogue will be sent. Rockwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky.

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IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels. W. H. Coutts, Propr., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Mountain Lion skins, $10.00 each. Glass eyes, tanning liquid and supplies. H. E. Colburn, 1204 So. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

WE have a number of well developed puppies at very reasonable prices. Pointers and setters as good as can be had. California Kennels, Ridgewood, Mendocino Co., Cal.

* * *

PREHISTORIC INDIAN RELICS, flint-lock pistols, buffalo horns polished in pairs, also made into hat racks. Navajo blankets, elk tusks and curios. Illustrated lists, three cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis.

* * *

FOR SALE—Bass and trout flies, mounted on hair loop snells. John Norman, Westmount, Quebec, Canada.

* * *

FOR RENT—Ark and two small cabins at Greenbrae, completely furnished with boats. Address, Greenbrae, Western Field Office.

Shreve & Co.

Post St. and Grant Ave., San Francisco

Will resume business in their location, Shreve Building, Post Street and Grant Avenue, as soon as the premises can be restored :: :: :: :: ::

Temporary Office and Salesrooms, 2429 Jackson St., San Francisco

Branch Office, Broadway and 12th St., Oakland

THE FASTENER WITH A BULL-DOG GRIP

Washburne Pat. Imp. **Fasteners**

Men swear **by** them, not **at** them

Key Chain and Ring 25c | Scarf Holders - 10c
Cuff Holders - 20c | Bachelor Buttons 10c

Sent Postpaid. Little but never let go. Catalogue Free. Sold Everywhere

American Ring Co., Dept. 66, Waterbury, Conn.

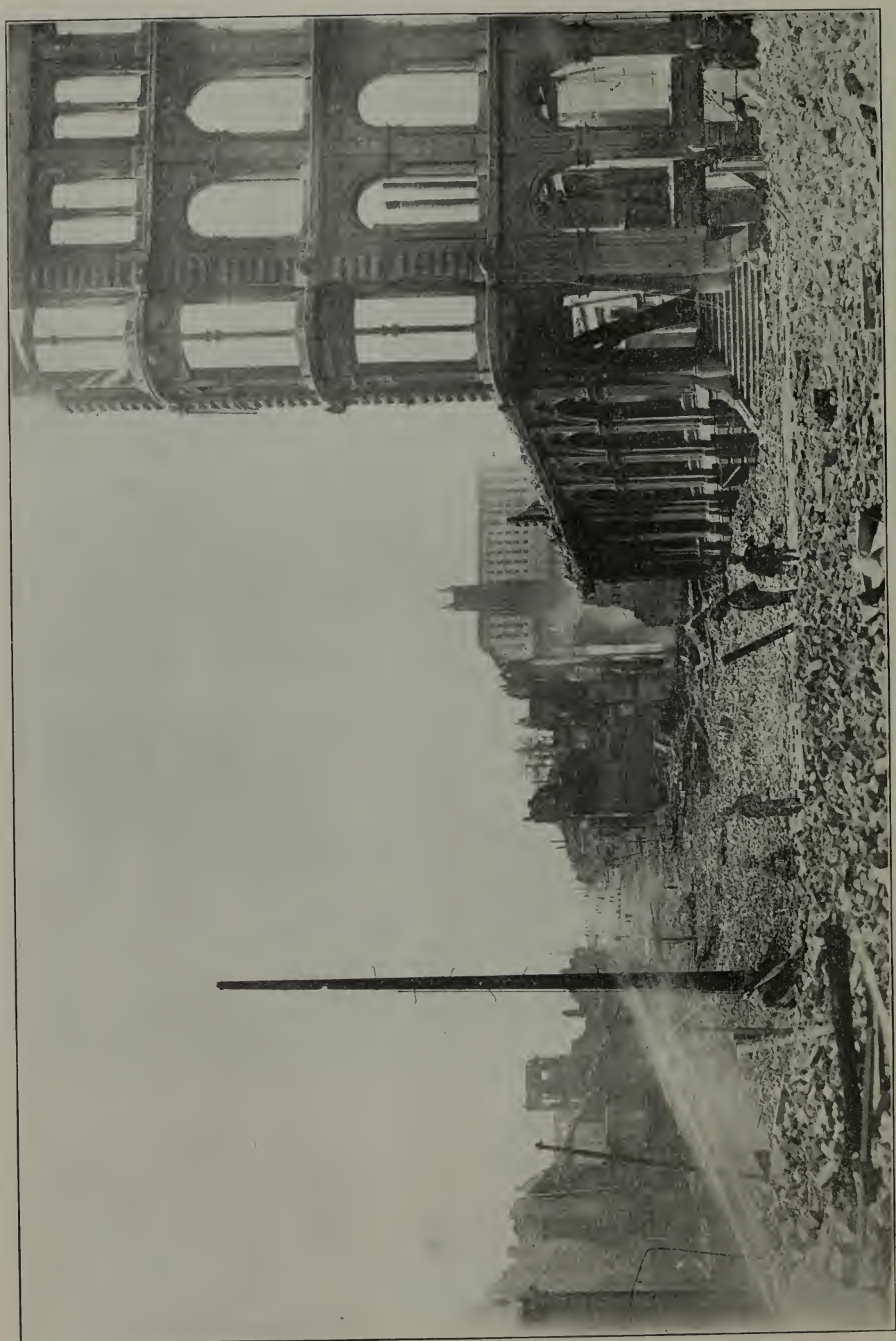
Castle Dome Cut Plug

The Best Smoke For the Pipe

In America. Made from Old Va. Sun-Cured Tobacco. Money refunded if it bites or burns the Tongue. Sent prepaid postage 70c. Pound. Large Sample 10c.

JASPER L. ROWE,
RICHMOND, VA.

Estab. 1880. Ref. Broad Street Bank



PINE STREET, FROM MONTGOMERY, LOOKING WEST.

Photo (copyrighted) by Stoddard.

The *Marlin* Baby Featherweight Repeater. A new high-grade .22 caliber repeating rifle which weighs only 3 pounds 10 ounces!

But this gun is no toy. It is a new and business-like rifle. It combines all the good old *Marlin* features—solid top, side ejection and simple mechanism — with the newer sliding forearm action which is so easy to work without spoiling the aim.

The reduction of cost and weight is positively not at the expense of *Marlin* quality. The high standard *Marlin* drop forgings are used in the breech block, frame and inside working parts. The rifle has the pleasant *Marlin* balance. Both .22 short and .22 long-rifle cartridges can, by means of an extra carrier, be used in the same gun—a *Marlin* feature which all rifle shooters greatly enjoy.

The *Marlin* standard of accuracy is maintained in the highest degree by the most careful boring and the deepest grooving, which last care gives the barrel about double the life of the product of other rifle makers.

Take a *Marlin* Featherweight on your fishing trip or to the summer camp. Take one home to the farm or wherever your vacation finds you, and see what pleasure a good, light .22 caliber repeater can add to your outing.

It is an ideal squirrel rifle and can be relied upon to get all the killing power there is out of any .22 cartridge in hunting any sort of small game.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct. A complete description of this wonderful little rifle is given in our 1906 Catalogue. Sent FREE for six cents postage.

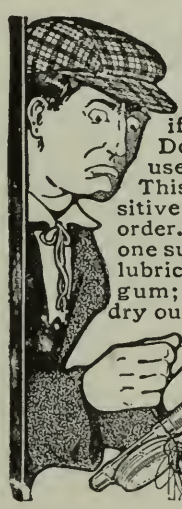
The Marlin Firearms Co., 51 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Mascot Call

"Brings in the Ducks"

Has that rattling, raspy, natural duck sound that "Brings 'Em In." Hard rubber throughout, won't check, crack or corrode—We guarantee the MASCOT DUCK CALL to be the only one made that water and climate positively does not affect, or money refunded. Easily tuned by any amateur and after a few trials you can imitate instantly the cry of any duck. THE MASCOT CALL is so natural ducks are easily decoyed—that means a good day's shoot and a good bag. The Mascot is simply perfection. If your dealer or wholesaler cannot supply you, write us. Price, only $1 prepaid. Manufactured by the

MULTI NOVELTY COMPANY, 18 California Terrace, Chicago



DON'T BLAME THE REEL

if it fails you at a critical moment. Don't give it a chance to fail you—use "3-in-One" and it *never* will! This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out. Contains no acid. It absolutely *prevents* rust. Apply it to rod joints, they will come apart easily. Use on rod, —it's good for wood—promotes pliability. Rub on line, prevents rotting. Trial bottle sent FREE by G. W. COLE CO., 143 Washington Life Building, New York City.

Light Weight, 6½-7½ lbs. Perfect Balance.

For Fur or Feathers

Combined Shotgun and Rifle—The One Gun for Deer, Bear or Quail.

Write for Catalog.

12-16-20, Gauges. 25/20, 25/25, 30/30, 32/40 Cals.

THE THREE BARREL GUN CO.

Box 1010. - - - - - Moundsville, W. Va., U. S. A.

THE FIRE AT 4:00 P. M. ON FIRST DAY, APRIL 18TH.

Photo (copyrighted) by J. B. Moller.

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BALTIMORE
RYE

FINEST PRODUCT OF THE STILL—THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

SAVAGE

Savage 22 Repeater
Model 1903

Is the lightest practical repeater made for accurate work. This gun is made to "Take Down" in a practical way and can be taken apart quickly and easily.

An exclusive feature of this gun is the magazine system. The magazine is a small clip holding seven shots. The idea is to carry a number of these loaded in the pocket. As soon as one clip is empty press a spring and the clip drops out. Instantly a loaded one may be inserted in the gun. This insures rapidity of fire and gives accuracy unattainable with other 22 caliber repeating rifles.

At your dealers for $12, or from us direct if he is behind the times and does not carry the Savage 22 Repeater.

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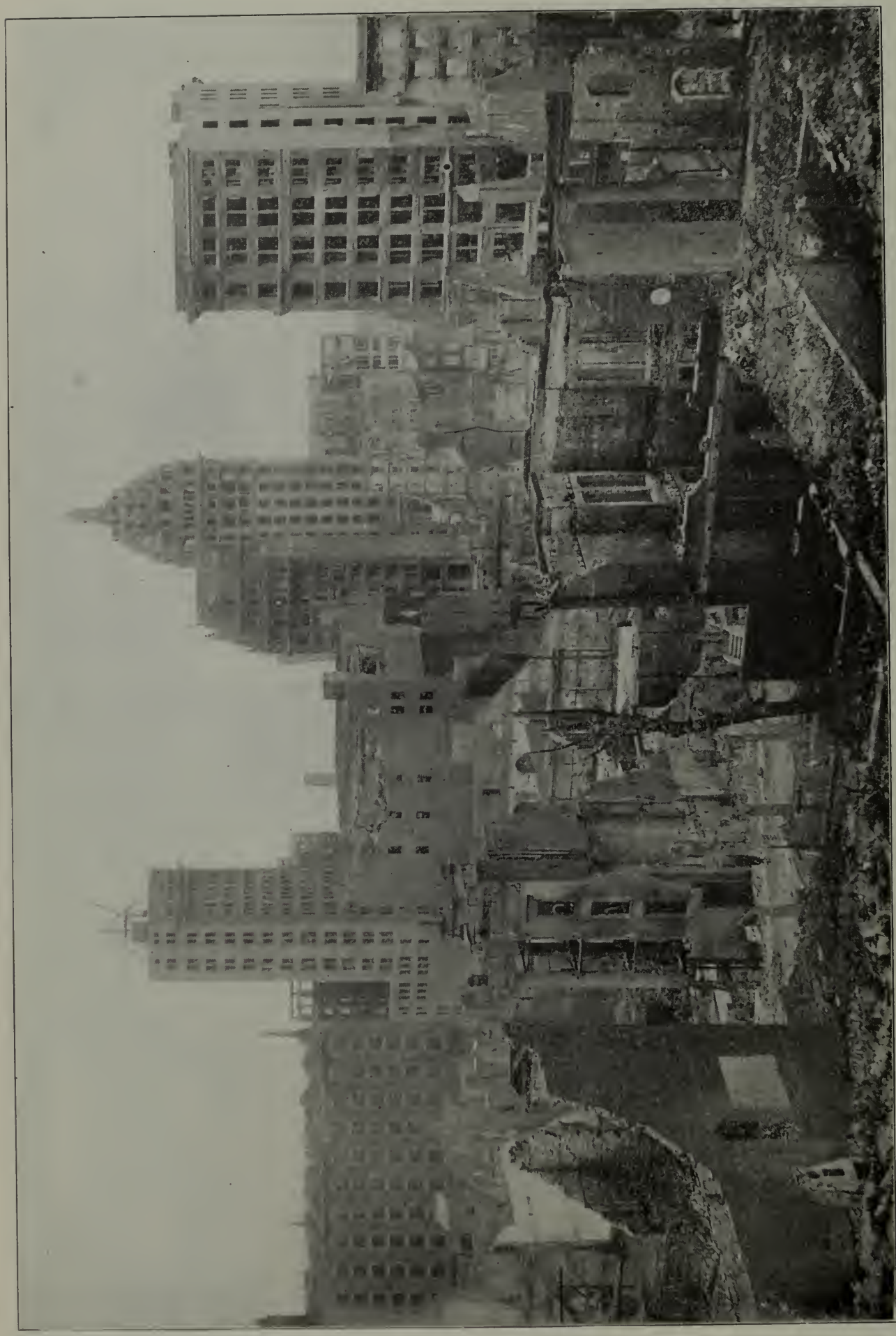
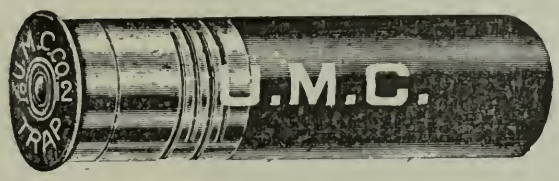
All Shipments Prepaid 315 Turner St., Utica, New York U. S. A.



SOUTHEAST FROM PINE AND STOCKTON STREETS.
(No earthquake damage. All the skyscrapers intact.)

Photo (copyrighted) by Stoddard.



We manufacture and sell the

RAPID REPAIR MILL

FOR CARTRIDGES

With this Mill any Gun Club, dealer or individual can repair exploded paper shot gun cartridges so that he can reload them in a perfectly satisfactory manner. We are doing this ourselves every day, and will tell you for the asking how it is done, cost of outfit, cost of materials, etc. If you will send us a Post Office Money Order for $2.00, we will send you by express 100 reloaded shells, best target load 12 ga. 3 1-4, 1 1-4, 7 1-2 chilled so that you can see a sample of the kind of work our mill turns out. Then you can make up your mind about buying the outfit, with which you can reduce your cost of loaded shells from 25 to 30 per cent.

Even if express charges are high on the samples, they will not amount to much if they lead to such a saving in your shell bills.

We sell reloaded shells any load not over 3 1-4 drs. powder at $20.00 per thousand Write for booklet.

W. P. MARKLE & CO.,

Mfgrs. Trap Shooters Supplies
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Dupont Smokeless

at Nashville, Tenn., May 15-17

The Southern Handicap Was Won

by C. G. Spencer, who broke 98 ex 100 from the 20 Yards Mark

First Amateur Average Was Won

by H. D. Freeman, of Atlanta, Ga., who broke 387 out of 400

They Used Dupont Smokeless

California Powder Works, Agents, San Francisco

SIXTEEN SQUARE MILES OF FIRE—AND NO WATER TO FIGHT IT WITH.

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Shaving Without Stropping

Actual size of the Gillette Safety Razor ready for use.

Stop and Think

what this means to you. The Gillette Safety Razor is the only razor made that does away entirely with the difficult and annoying task of stropping and honing. **THE GILLETTE IS ALWAYS READY TO USE.** It is the simplest and most effective shaving device in the world. The beginner can use it as easily as the old-timer. In three minutes you can give yourself a clean, smooth, comfortable shave without cutting, scratching or irritating the skin. By a slight twist of the handle the Gillette blade can be raised or lowered on the guard to give a close or medium shave. A new blade can be inserted in a second.

The Gillett Safety Razor will last you for years. The handle is of solid and durable construction, triple silver, sterling or gold-plated, and as finely made as a watch. The twelve double-edged wafer blades—24 cutting edges—will give an average of twenty shaves from each blade and require **NO HONING, NO STROPPING.** They are of the finest flexible steel, finely tempered by secret process and ground by automatic machinery, making every blade uniform. No matter how tough or wiry the beard or how tender the skin, the Gillette gives a perfectly satisfying shave. Each blade costing only five cents gives an average of twenty shaves.

Mr. Frank B. Mathews, of Jacksonville, Florida, writes:

"I was in a Pullman a few days since and saw a man use one of your safeties and as he finished he made fifteen cents change and dropped it into his fob pocket. He remarked that he had used a Gillette for three years and every time he shaved he put fifteen cents aside, and now he was going on a wedding trip to Europe on the money thus saved; that it would pay the passage for himself and wife across and back."

CAN YOU AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT A GILLETTE?

Standard triple silver-plated set with 12 blades	$ 5.00
Standard set in combination with shaving brush and soap in triple silver-plated holders	7.50
Standard sterling set with 12 blades	15.00
Other combination sets in silver and gold up to	50.00
Packages of ten new double-edged blades	.50

For sale by all leading druggists, cutlery and hardware dealers

Our beautifully illustrated descriptive booklet sent free, postpaid on request.

Write for our special trial offer today.

Gillette Sales Co.

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Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING. NO HONING.

THE WEST SIDE OF THE CITY HALL.

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A NIFTY RUNABOUT

MADE BY ATTACHING FORE CARRIAGE TO REGULAR INDIAN MOTOCYCLE

Send for Catalog showing Five more Combinations of the Famous

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Agents wanted among legitimate dealers

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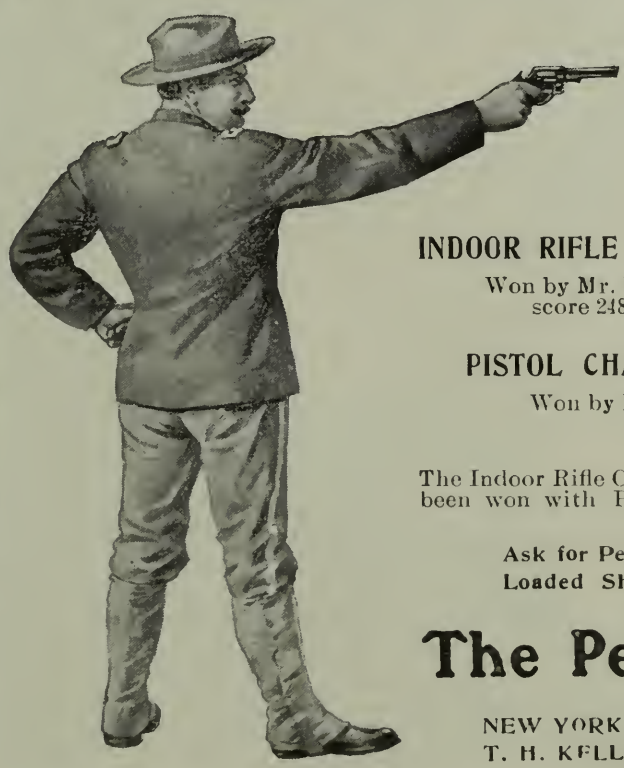
INDIAN TRI-CAR

PETERS CARTRIDGES



CHOSEN BY CHAMPIONS

INDOOR RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE U. S. FOR 1906

Won by Mr. W. A. Tewes with Peters .22 short cartridges; score 2481 out of 2500, breaking the world's record

PISTOL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE U. S. FOR 1906

Won by Mr. J. Dietz with Peters .22 Stevens-Pope Armory Cartridges: score 447

The Indoor Rifle Championship has been won with Peters Cartridges **NINE CONSECUTIVE YEARS**

Ask for Peters Semi-Smokeless Cartridges and Peters Loaded Shells — repeatedly proven to be the best

The Peters Cartridge Co.

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St.
T. H. KELLER, Manager

Cincinnati

LOOKING DOWN MARKET STREET TOWARDS THE FERRY.
(WESTERN FIELD offices burning in the left distance.)

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STEVENS

THE difference between Hitting and Missing is the difference between an Accurate and an Inaccurate Arm. Choose wisely—discriminate! Get a Stevens! Forty years of experience is behind our *tried* and *proved* line of RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS

Ask your dealer. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, *express prepaid*, on receipt of catalogue price

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
31 MAIN STREET, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

Send 4c in stamps for 140-page catalogue describing the entire Stevens line.

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Formerly with James W. Bell Son & Co.
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MILLS & HAGBOM

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TEMPORARY LOCATION
BROWN BLOCK, TENTH AND WASHINGTON STREETS,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Are now ready to Fill Orders for FINE CLOTHES. The Very Choicest English and Scotch Woolens can be found at this place.

LOOKING UP O'FARRELL (WEST) FROM MARKET STREET.

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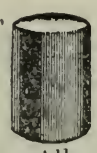
Every Smoker Wants One

Pat. June 27, 1905



All infringments will be vigorously prosecuted. ½ Size.

The most useful pocket lighter ever invented. Throw away your matches. The **"Instanto"** produces a steady flame without matches, by simply removing the cover, as shown in illustration. Lights gas jet, kindles a fire, or shows the way in the dark. Useful every day and night of the year.

The "Instanto" Pocket Cigar Lighter

("Instanto" Trade Mark.) **IGNITED BY AIR.** ("Instanto" Trade Mark.) Will not ignite unless exposed to the air. Absolutely safe. Always dependable. Conveniently carried in vest pocket. With ordinary care, is practically indestructible. Handsome Nickel Plated Lighter, 50c.; Gun Metal, $1.50; Sterling Silver, $3.50. Special quotations on Solid Gold and Gold Plated Cases. Sent postpaid on receipt of stamps or money order. *The public and trade are cautioned against purchasing other Cigar Lighters of a similar nature. Law suits are now pending.*

Our Self-Acting Gas Lighter is brand new. *Not a gas mantle.* Cannot get out of order as it does not rest in the flame. A simple and lasting device. *Ignites the gas immediately.* Absolutely safe. Guaranteed as substantial and of real merit. It supersedes anything of its kind. Any reputable dealer or write us for particulars. Write for price list of our other novelties. Agents wanted.

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LAFLIN & RAND

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Nashville, Tenn., May 15-17—(Interstate Association's Southern Handicap Tournament—FIRST GENERAL AVERAGE

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Infallible, New E. C. (Improved) and New Schultze Make Good

California Powder Works
Agents
SAN FRANCISCO

The Fellow who Landed this Rainbow Trout

Is one of the oldest campers in the West; he, a chap that has sold 18, and many others, tell you what they think of our

Comfort Sleeping Pocket

The most luxurious, most compact, most complete and lightest outdoor sleeping receptacle ever invented. Our Circular D tells all about it. It's free.

Metropolitan Air Goods Co.,
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Agents wanted in every town

WHEN THINGS SEEMED HOPELESS.

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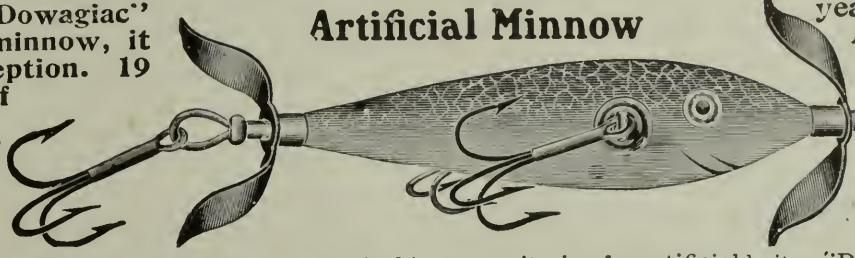
"DOWAGIAC"

Artificial Minnow

IF LIVE BAIT will ever catch more fish than a "Dowagiac" artificial minnow, it is the exception. 19 times out of 20, game fish 'strike' only to attack the lure.



MORE "DOWAGIAC BAITS are sold every year than all other Artificial Casting Baits combined.

The "Dowagiac" Bait Products for 1906 are just a little handsomer and more perfect in construction than ever before.

A piece of painted wood with a fish-hook attached is not a criterion for artificial bait. "Dowagiac" baits are the result of many years' experience of practical bait casters. Every detail has been carefully worked out and *that is why* the "Dowagiac" minnow will land your fish at a time when he would slip off the other fellow's bait.

"Drop a line" to us and catch one of our booklets showing our minnows printed up in their natural colors.

JAS. HEDDON & SON, Dept. 5 E, Dowagiac, Mich.

Pacific Coast Trade Supplied by Jenson-King-Byrd Co., Spokane, Wash.; Ware Bros., Spokane, Wash.; Pacific Hardware and Steel Co., San Francisco, Cal.

STOCKDALE KENNELS

AT STUD

Cuba of Kenwood

Glenbeigh Jr.--Stella

Cuba Jr.

Cuba of Kenwood--Florida

One of the highest class Field Trial Winners in America. Seven wins in nine trials before he was two years

Pointer Puppies and Well-Broken Dogs For Sale

R. M. DODGE, Manager

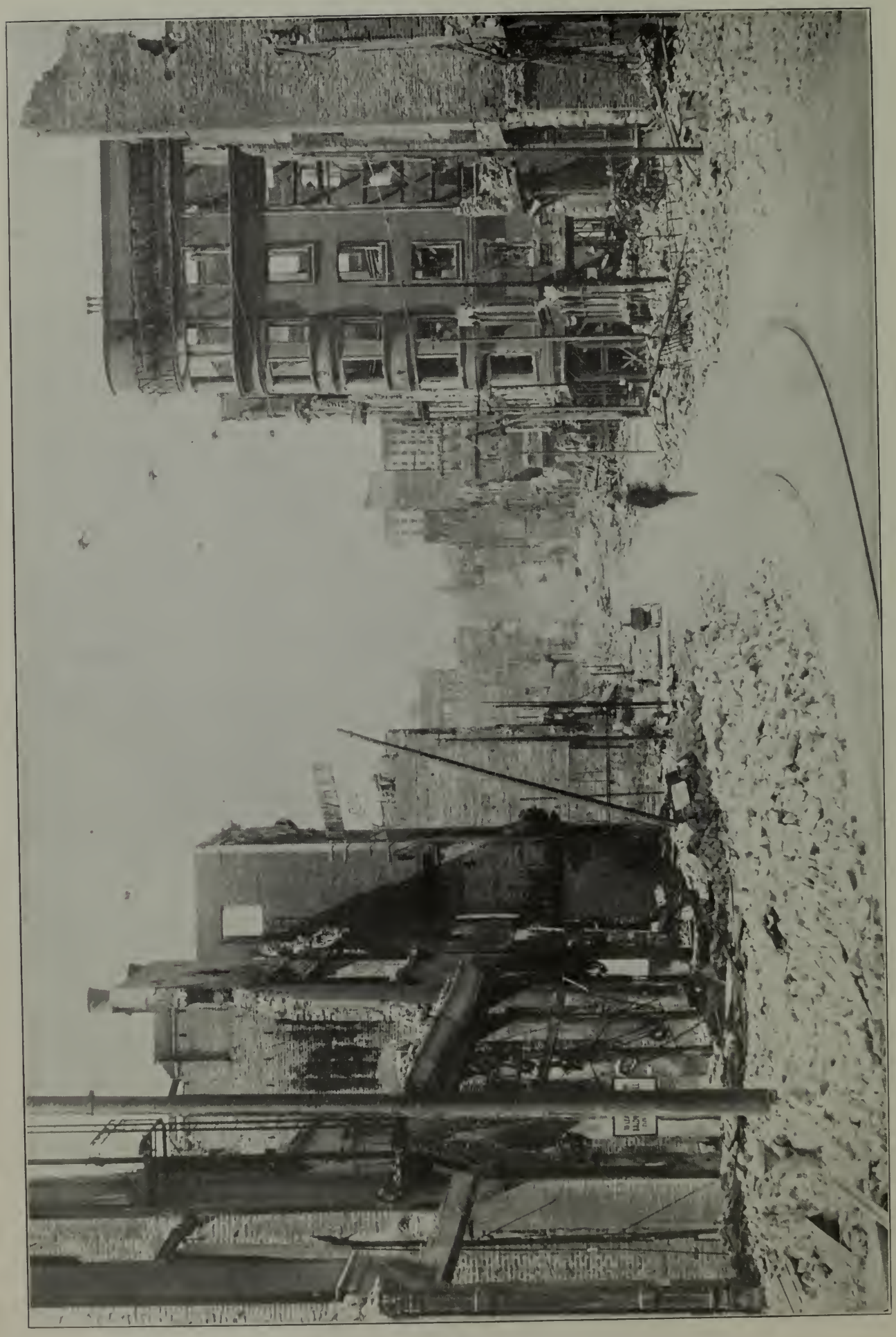
BAKERSFIELD KERN COUNTY CALIFORNIA

SMITH HAMMERLESS and EJECTOR GUNS also HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER

Won the GOLD MEDAL at the LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION

HUNTER ARMS CO. Fulton, N. Y.

Ask for art catalogue



LOOKING WEST UP MASON STREET FROM MARKET STREET.

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WHY NOT

Clicquot

And forget your troubles?

"It is better than any other" Champagne, but—be sure, when ordering it, to insist on it's bearing this label

A. VIGNIER CO.

SAN FRANCISCO

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

"THIS" kind is not tied with a STRING
Beware of an inferior substitute

Temporary Office, 2516 Fulton St., BERKELEY

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

The Freshness of Roses

and balmy June days are not more delightful and refreshing than the soothing touch of Mennen's. Gives immediate and positive relief from **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn** and all skin troubles. Everywhere used and recommended by physicians and nurses for its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. Mennen's face on every box. See that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere, or by mail, 25c. Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

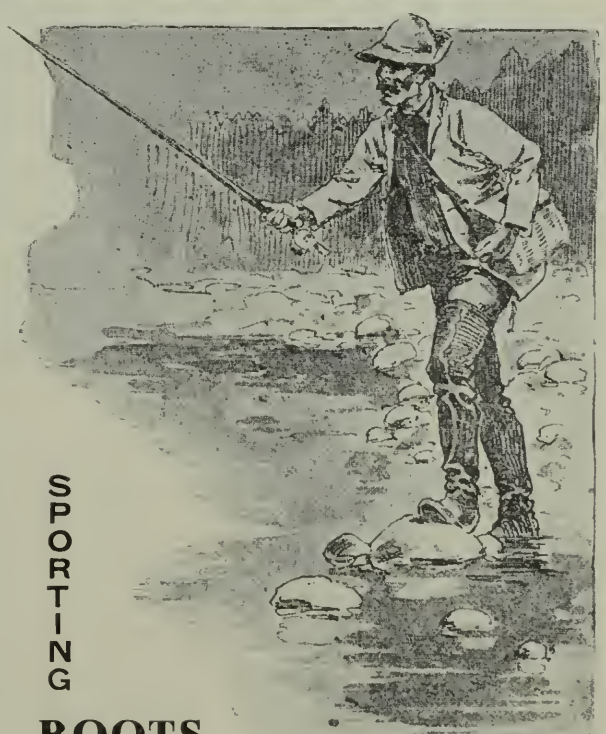
Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) *Talcum.*

Creme de Camelia

A soothing application for Sunburn, Insect Bites and Poison Oak, being almost a Specific in the latter complaint

Troy Pharmacal Company

San Francisco——and——New York



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All Weights

Rubber Goods of all kinds for Sportsmen---Hose, Belting, Etc.

PACIFIC COAST RUBBER CO.

1116 Broadway, Oakland; Warehouse, 2606 18th Street, San Francisco

DYNAMITING THE EXAMINER BUILDING.
(Looking South From Sutter and Kearney.)

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WITHOUT A FIRE

No Cook **No Stove**

Ready prepared Soups, Entrees, etc., instantaneously heated without fire and without using a match.

"Aetna" self-heating cans do away with portable stoves and provide the camper with perfectly cooked and dainty meal in a few minutes using

ONLY COLD WATER

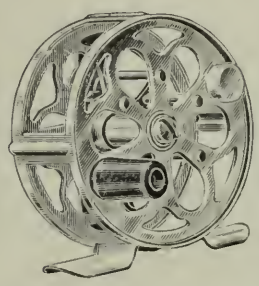
Assorted sample cases sent free on receipt of one dollar, or a single sample can will be sent through your local dealer on receipt of his name and address and 25c.

AETNA SELF-HEATING FOOD CO.

Suite 1407-16
74 Broadway NEW YORK

The Best is Good Enough

"Featherlight"



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LIGHTEST reel made. Less than 3 oz.

STRONGEST reel made for its weight.

CHEAPEST reel made for its worth.

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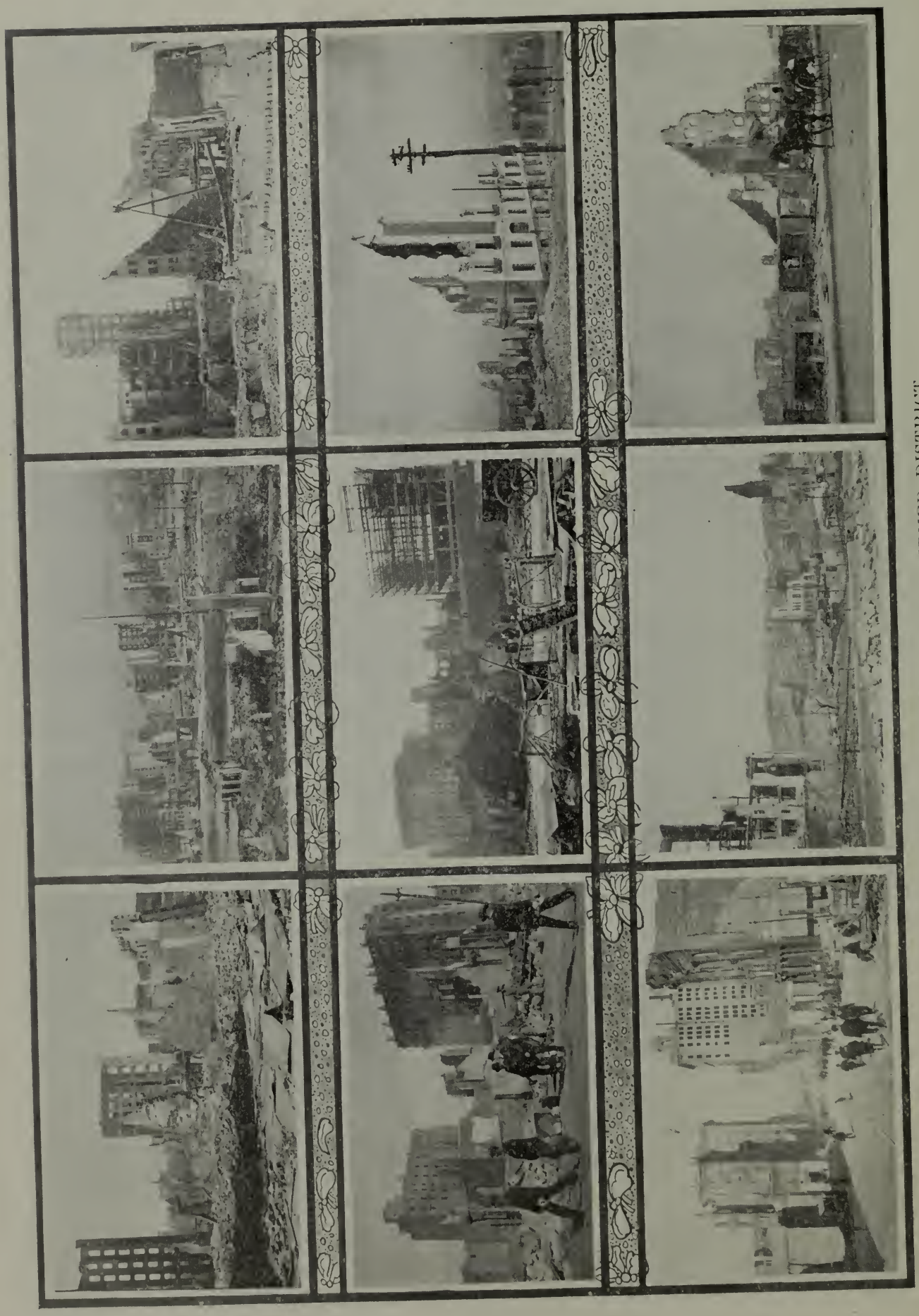

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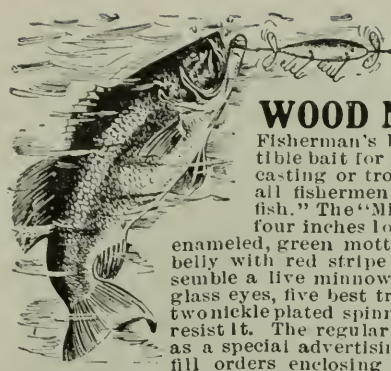

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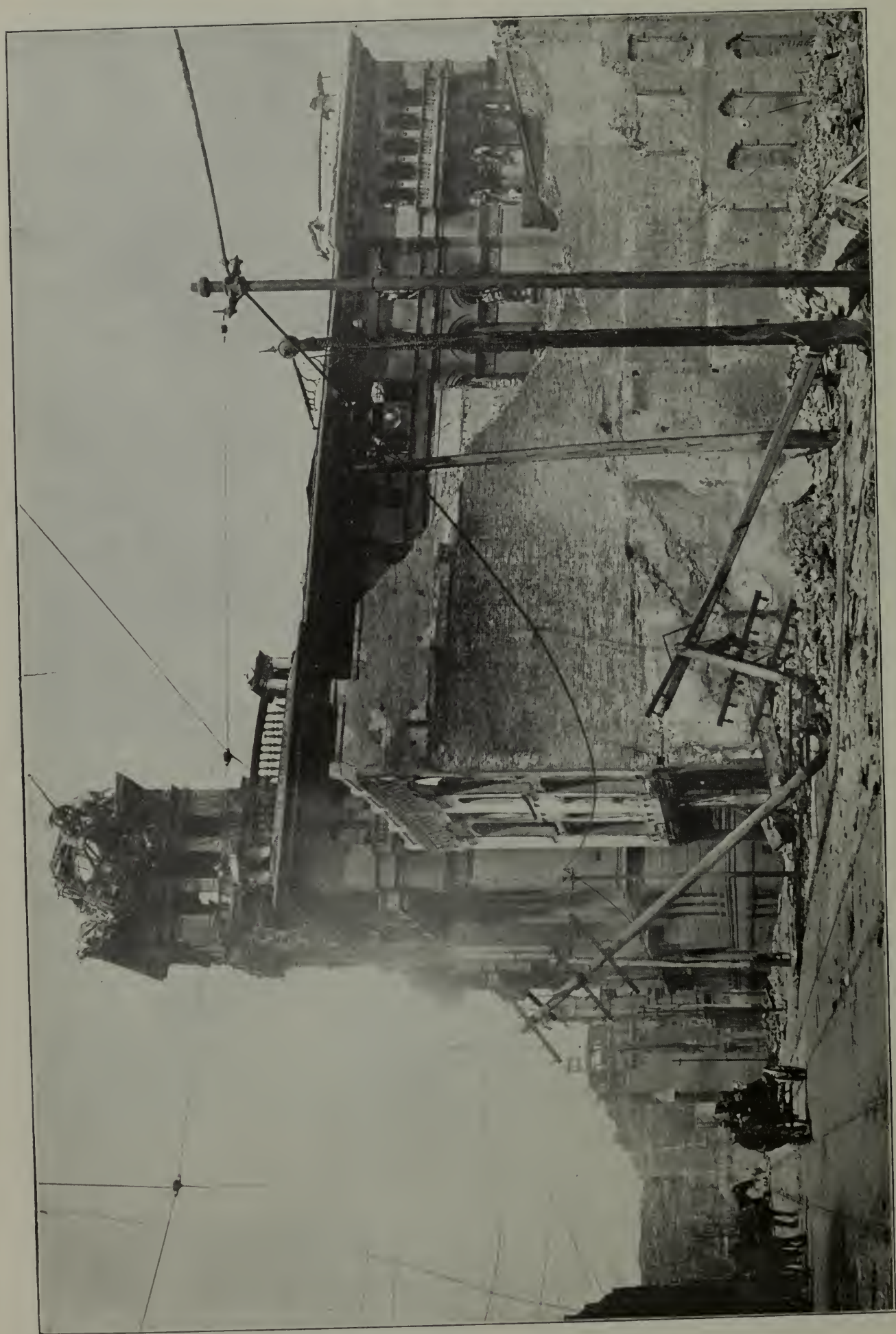

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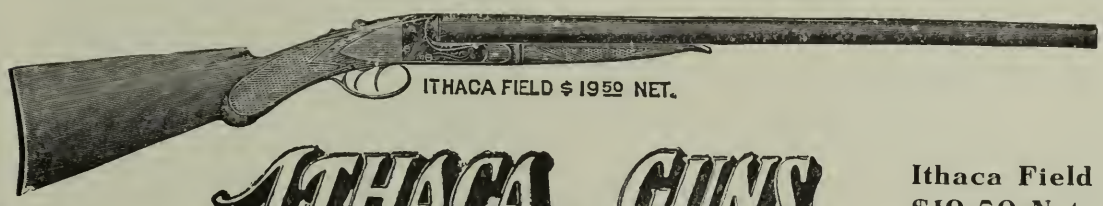

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	Date.	Won.
ED FISSELL	Davisville, May 12th,	Live Bird Shoot
D. W. KING, JR	Gridley, June 10th and 11th,	High General Average
J. H. HAZELBUSH	Gridley, June 10th and 11th,	High Amateur Average
C. D. PLANK	Bozeman, Mont., June 9, 10, and 11th,	General High Average
J. W. BRADERICK	Portland, Ore., June 22, 23 and 24th,	Won Anaconda Cup
R. C. REED	Grant's Pass, Ore., July 4th and 5th,	General High Average
R. C. BARTLETT	Grant's Pass, Ore., July 4th and 5th,	First Amateur Average
F. J. ARMSTRONG	Grant's Pass, Ore., July 4th and 5th,	Second Amateur Avge.
J. W. BRADERICK	San Francisco, May 28, 29 and 30,	High and Gen. High Avge.
J. W. BRADERICK	San Francisco, May 28, 29 and 30,	P. B. Bekeart Chal. Trophy
L. HAWXHURST	San Francisco, May 28, 29 and 30,	High Amateur Average
DR. SLADE	San Francisco. Aug. 23rd,	Won Live Bird Shoot
C. D. HAGERMAN	San Francisco, Sept. 15, 16 and 17th,	Preliminary Handicap
GEO. SYLVESTER	San Francisco, Sept. 15, 16 and 17,	Pacific Coast Handicap
ROBERT BUNGAY	San Francisco, Sept. 15, 16 and 17,	Tied Score of Sylvester

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MISS SAN FRANCISCO COMES.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 8 JULY, 1906 No. 6

MISS SAN FRANCISCO COMES.

WHEN leetle 'Frisco got that ugly fall a spell ago
Most tenderfoots opined she shore would quit the rodeo;
For she got a scan'lous tumble—makes me sick right now to think
O' that Valley O' the Shadow, where she tetered on the brink!

Naw!—'twant her fault—for, pardner, you kin gamble she kin ride
Anything this side o' Paradise—an' t'other place beside.
'Twant no bronco's buckin' queered her; ain't no hoss this side o'—well,
That kin make her hunt for leather—rides 'em straight up—hear me tell!

How 't happened were a myst'ry to ther boys ontil las' night
When it kinda trickled thro' me—an' I guess I've got it right—
'Twere old wrinklin' Earth got jealous o' the fairest child God had
An' jest handed her a package so's to put her to ther bad.

'Twer a sickener! an' ther leetle gal, foul taken by surprise,
Went white about ther gills an' sorter filmy in her eyes
Fer a minute—then 'twas over, an' she lay all huddled there
'Fore we boys, who'd died to save her, could frame up a decent swear.

But she's up afore we gits to her, an' wipin' o' her eyes
She staggers gamely to her feet. "I ain't none hurt!" she cries.
Yet we sees a tear-drop sneakin' down as she looks on ther wreck
O' all her purty fixin's—an' suthin' clogs up my neck.

Fer she limps a leetle, an' I see a bruise upon her cheek,
An' she goes upon ther puny list fer nearly half a week.
But today—Whoop-e-e! I can't jest keep from strainin' o' my face,
Miss San Francisco's ridin' on the top hoss in this race!

"A goin' to win?" sez you—why, son, she win afore she starts!
Fer there's nawthin' that kin head her, pard, a-livin' in these parts.
Now ye'll see sum fancy ridin' that will shore scoop in ther plums—
Cl'ar ther track there, all you cripples—here Miss San Francisco comes!

Hyar she comes—she comes—God bless her! ridin' deep 'n sittin' straight,
Her hair a blaze o' glory filtered thro' ther Golden Gate;
Her eyes twin di'monds shinin', on her rosebud mouth a smile—
For she's distanced ole Misfortune an's got Hard Times skinned a mile!

Oh! 'Frisco—San Francisco—leetle queen we love so well—
How our hearts turned inter water in that half a week o' hell,
When yeh lay all white an' trembly, hidin' o' yer purty eyes,
And ther world looked on an' shuddered, sayin': "She will never rise!"

But they lied, sweetheart! An' here's ther proof a-tearin' up ther trail,
Oh! San Francisco, hit 'er up! Ye'll git there without fail.
Did yeh say yer from Missouri, pard?—Well, here's where yeh gets shown:
When the Soul o' ther Pacific comes a-ridin' fer her own!

—"*Montezuma*"

LATOURELLE FALLS
On the Columbia

OVERLAND THROUGH OREGON

By MAX RENZ

O SECTION of the entire North American continent is more truly distinct and beautiful than the Pacific Northwest. Enthused, though I may be, with the scenic wonders and sportive possibilities of that picturesque and sylvan dreamland, I am not exaggerating when I say that the world affords no more sublime or idealistic realm, no more fascinating or inspiring region. There is grandeur and eerie originality in every lineament of those hills, transcendant inspiration to be gleaned from every brook and waterfall, from every woodland path and lake and rugged mountain which constitute her grandeur. From the point above the world-famous Palouse, with its hundred mile stretches of grain-fields that yield from 40 to 60 bushels to the acre, where the great plateaux and valleys are drained by the crystal tributaries of the Columbia; southward, eastward, westward, through the enchanted mountain-fastnesses of Idaho, Montana, Utah and Oregon, where are yet to be found hundreds of miles whereon the foot of man has seldom if ever trodden, and where Nature still rules her green domains in unpolluted glory—and on, to old Astoria, where the great Columbia, with a width of seven and one-half miles, pours her emerald floods into the opalescent ocean, the Pacific Northwest stands out pre-eminently unsurpassed for its topographical variety, its scenic wonders, its mineral and agricultural possibility, and for the many resources it affords in hunting, fishing and outdoor pastimes.

The writer spent nearly fifteen years of his life in wandering from one to another attractive section of that comparatively undeveloped empire, and there is scarcely a foot of it with which he is not familiar. During those fifteen years I engaged in prospecting, hunting, angling and pleasure-seeking generally, and my long and sometimes frequently repeated itineraries included nearly every point of interest from the Garden of the Gods to the Yellowstone National Park, and from the rugged wilds of old Montana and the Coeur d'Alene country to Puget Sound and the Willamette Valley country. I found, too, in sections of Idaho, Oregon, Washington and Colorado, many places where climate is not the least of the advantages. It is a common mistake, among people unacquainted with the Northwest, to believe that the winters are everywhere as they are in the Dakotas and Illionois, whereas, in many localities, even in Idaho, Utah, Washington and Oregon, snow is unknown, ice is never thick enough for skating, and zero weather is a scarce commodity. In Idaho, at Horseshoe Bend on the Payette River, the writer lived in an ordinary A-tent, sleeping under two ordinary blankets, from October to March. And I have also camped out under similar conditions, in January and February, along the Malheur, in the Grande Ronde Valley on Snake River, in the Columbia River regions, and on the reservation at Yakima. Sportsmen, however, who may contemplate a deer-hunt in that country during the winter time must bear in mind that in the higher altitudes where big game is found the weather is not so idealistic. In these altitudes aforesaid I have seen it cold enough to freeze your shadow to the hillside; and any game that one may drop in such weather is amply paid for by endurance tests. But there is always good hunting in the lower countries. Don't get the notion in your head that bear, deer, elk, moose and the like afford the only sport, for any Northwestern sportsman can tell you different. As for myself, I would rather trail and drop a bob-cat, in spite of its uselessness, than to land the biggest bear that ever walked, unless I except a grizzly. A bob-cat of the

LOST RIVER, IDAHO

A stream which bewildered many an explorer in early days

Colorado sort will give you a better run for your money.

Speaking of bob-cats, if anyone wants to know what real, scientific hunting is, let him go into Wyoming or Colorado and hunt the gray wolf. There is good money in it, brother, for in Wyoming the scalp of a female gray wolf brings $43 bounty, and in Colorado $25. But did you ever hunt one? Let me say right here, with your kind endurance for digressing, that the gray wolf is absolutely the fleetest, most cunning, wily, deceptive animal in the world, with no exceptions. A panther or a tiger or a lion may be shrewd, alert and quick, but they will not hold a candle to the gray wolves of Wyoming. The hunter who succeeds in getting one—and they are by no means scarce—will agree with me.

It was once my pleasure to travel overland from Huntington, Oregon, via Baker City and the Grand Ronde Valley, across the Blue Mountains and Umatilla Desert, to The Dallas, Cascade Locks, Bridal Veil, Troutdale, Portland, and down the Willamette Valley to Salem. A better or more enjoyable trip I never expect to take again though I traveled horseback and by wagon over Washington and Idaho, and have had many other happy side-trips of interest and remuneration.

Huntington is a little railroad town six miles from the famous stone railway bridge of the Oregon Short Line Company, which spans Snake River between two of the most desolate-looking mountain canons that eyes ever "sot upon" I had with me on this trip Clarence D. Rexstrew, a well-known newspaper man of Chicago, and an acquaintance of mine from Boise, Harry Goodman. The three of us contributed equally for the purchase of a good husky team of mules and for camping paraphernalia, but each man had his own rifle, shotgun and ammunition, though it was arranged that we would "share and share alike" from whatever gain was

derived from our prospective trip. The main purpose of our journey was to see the country, incidental to which we would look for mineral croppings and hunt game, camping for a few days at any brook or river in which the trout or other fish appeared excessively desirous of being hooked.

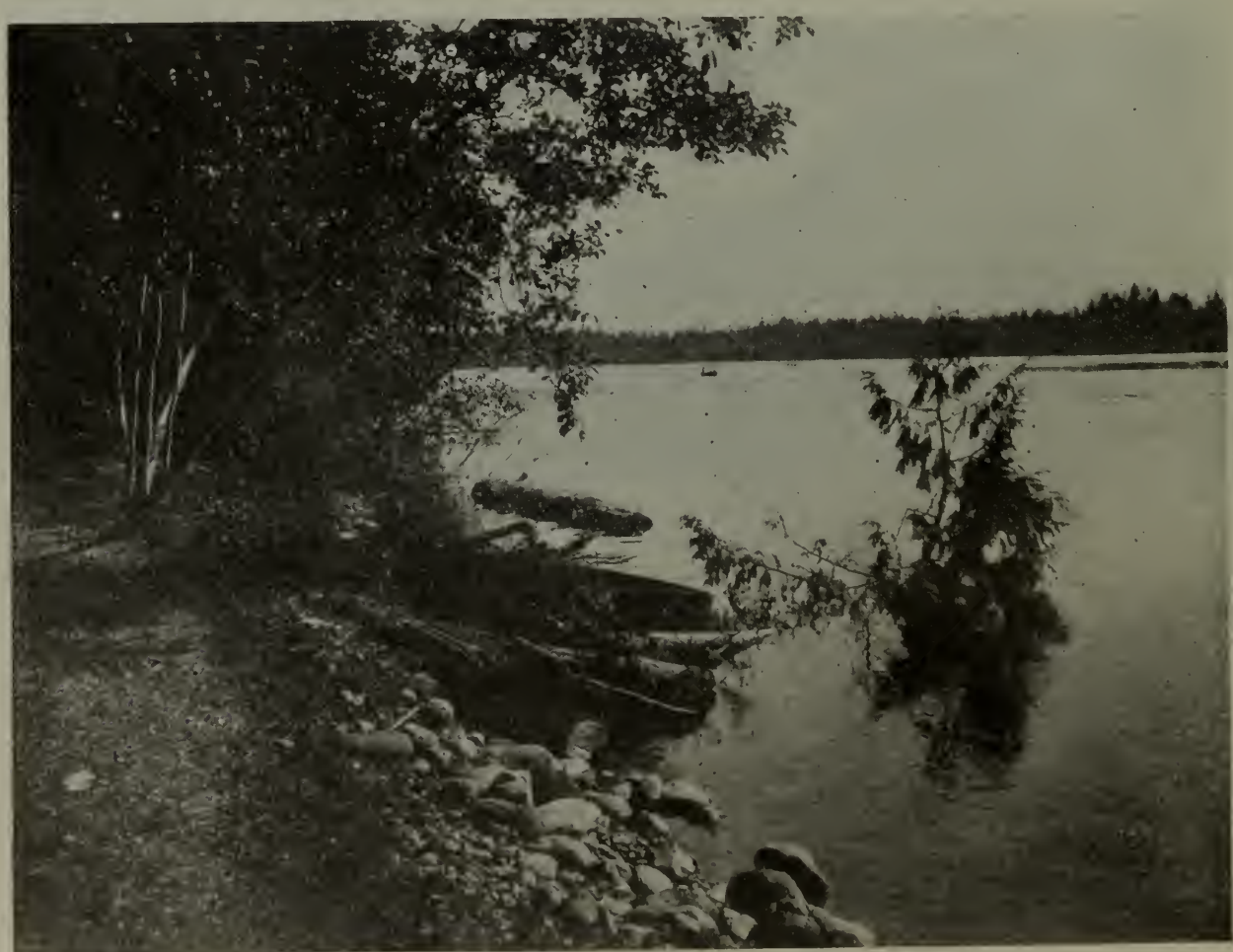
From Huntington to Baker City is a long, desolate stretch of sandy foothills covered with dry grass and sage-brush, and although there are some excellent mining properties thereabouts we found little to make us lag. After leaving Baker City, following up the Powder River, we struck a more interesting country. The game in this region consists of rabbits, (not cottontails, but jacks,) grouse, "fool-hens," mud-hens, prairie chickens, etc., and coyotes galore. Teal and mallard are plentiful; in fact I do not believe there is a better country on earth for these kinds of ducks than the swampy sections of the great old Grand Ronde Valley, east of La Grande, and in vicinity of Union. On this occasion there was no legal limit, (and I doubt if there is yet,) so I am sorry to state that one member of our party saw fit to bag more than was necessary. I will not give many individual figures, but I will say in fairness to all that the total number of ducks killed by us while camping two days above North Powder, was 328 teal and mallard. Of this number we sold nearly all at La Grande, which helped to defray our expenses on the trip. Nevertheless I would say that I am considerably wiser now, and subsequent experience has taught me that it is criminal folly to indulge in such wholesale slaughter of the innocents. However, I will not apologize, but simply state that we had considerable sport and many successful hunts. There is no prettier valley in the world than that which greets the eye as one ascends over the green hills east of Union, following the wagon road from Powder River. Gazing from the summit the vapors of the hot springs first meet the vision, following which comes an ever- widening panorama of enchanted lowlands covered

ONE CHANNEL OF THE COLUMBIA, NEAR CASCADE ROCKS

with millions of reed and cat-tails, with here and there a patch of lake-like water gleaming in the distance of the valley. Miles away the verdant pastures of the great Grand Ronde stretch invitingly cool and fragrant to the base of the far Blue Mountains, where the timber line, beneath white buttes of snow, stands out in shadowy distinction against the crystal peaks and emerald valley. The Blue Mountains are what their name implies—always, unfadingly, blue, save when the autumn sunset burnishes the sky and the mighty hills and forests are swathed in the mystic mauve or royal magenta of autumnal mists.

From the city of La Grande, which nestles at the west end of the Grande Ronde in the very shadow of the towering, pine-clad mountains, our road led us up many disagreeable grades until we reached Hillyard; then the grade grew less, the canon widened, our view of the surrounding regions became less confined, and our journey took on a new and changing interest. After a day's rest in one of the prettiest camping spots between Hillyard and Pendleton—near one of the big lumber-shaking hamlets, we journeyed on to Meacham, where stands the famous Log Cabin Hotel. Here we indulged in fishing for several days, and a fine catch of "speckles" rewarded our lay over. The journey was now down grade with few exceptions, but we were five days traveling through the mountains. Before reaching the Umatilla Reservation we camped a day near what is called the "Second Divide," and departing from the rugged and but slightly traveled wagon road fell upon the trail of a good sized cinnamon bear. We had just about given up locating him, although the tracks were fresh, when Mr. Rexstrew suddenly spied him eating hackberries in a little gully at the edge of a narrow open. Of course he didn't tell us about it till the shot was fired, so Rexstrew got the first bruin of our trip. Afterwards, however, while hunting in the Cascade Mountains, I had the pleasure of landing an equally big one; and later on, while in the Willamette country, the other member of our party got his. So the honors were evenly divided.

We recruited for several days at Pendle-



SNAKE RIVER, NEAR HUNTINGTON, OREGON

THE COLUMBIA FROM THE UMATILLA DESERT
Mt. Hood in the distance.

ton, taking snap shots of Indians and gathering data, from which place we commenced upon the only really difficult portion of our trip. After leaving the Pendleton wheat fields, which are really but a continuation of the Palouse belt, we entered upon the sandy barreness of the Umatilla Desert, a stretch of arid vastness which, were it not for the proximity of the Columbia and other rivers, would have Death Valley eclipsed a mile. Lava beds; light, white sand, stirred into clouds by the least breath of air; long, desolate stretches of parching earth in which even the greasewood refuses to subsist—such is but a feeble description of the country through which we now passed. But a two days' journey brought us to the Columbia River, and along its shore we followed leisurely for several weeks, fishing for smaller members of the finny family, until we came to a Japanese section house near the O. R. & N. railway.

Here we found a good sized river boat. A few pieces of coin induced them to let us have it for several days, and by farther expenditures we procured several monster iron hooks, a fish "line," (on the rope order.) and several pieces of mutton and bacon for baiting. Neither are supposed be very tempting to the epicurean sturgeon, but we risked them. We trolled for over an hour before getting a strike, and when we did get it—— Well, Rexstrew was ready to swear he had a whale; Goolman grabbed a gaff and looked for some place to jump, while I endeavored to do the right thing with the big hemp cable which was fastened to the bait, which was fastened to the hook, which was fastened to the fish, which was—— But we got the fish, anyway. The water was too deep to permit us to brace our oars in opposition, so with only the feeble resistence of the oars set against our course it was easy doings for Mr. Sturgeon. He didn't do a thing but drag our boat around for fully ten minutes. I didn't have to watch the slack of line, or worry about keeping it taut, for there was no danger of the finny gentleman breaking it, and his anxiety to get away kept it taut enough. After awhile

MULTNOMAH FALLS
On the Columbia

he became fatigued, and while in an extreme condition of abandoned lassitude I managed to reel up several yards of the rope, and our boat was brought close enough for Goodman to gaff the brute. Honestly, that sturgeon weighed a ton! The blood, as it spurted from his head where the hook and gaff nailed him, stained the water for yards around us, and he died harder than any fish that I have ever seen before or since. We were nearly two hours getting him in the boat.

The Dalles lies just at the edge of the desert, and at the foot of the undulating mesa lands that rise off to the westward into towering pine-robed mountains which constitute the Cascades. From this point on, human eyes never rested upon grander or more inspiring scenery, whether in America or Europe. It is one continual kinetoscopic change of incomparable landscapes. From a half to two miles wide the grand Columbia stretches away in emerald splendor—calm, mirror like, profoundly beautiful; so still that it seems like a great vast lake except in the channels between Bonneville and Hood River, where it narrows down between mighty canons in which the swirling, swishing, restless waters rush in an awful volume down a dangerous incline over formidable beds of boulders and boat-wrecking crags. On one side lies the forest-fringed shore of Washington, with cerulean, crystal-crowned mountains in the background; but as the river widens the opposite shore becomes on an average day merely a dim, indeterminable demarcation.

We deliberated at several ferries whether to cross and go down on the Washington side or remain in Oregon, but our original intention prevailed and we remained in Oregon. Two weeks were spent camping, hunting, fishing in those mountain wilds, and they were two weeks of Utopian happiness to all of us. Maybe we didn't hunt! And maybe we didn't go in for sport and pastime! There were pheasants everywhere. Hundreds of the bright-winged birds darting here and there among the towering pines and firs and tamaracks, and grouse and doves made the dark forests about us buzz and echo with their wings. Wild strawberries grew by the thousands all around us, from Cascade Locks to Bonneville, and on to Troutdale. The pristine woods were banked and massed with incomparable growths of never-dying ferns. Among these ferns we located many rare birds' eggs, besides all the game that we could carry.

So it continued through all of our trip. From Bridal Veil, Troutdale, Latourelle and Fairview, we journeyed to Portland, and followed down the Wilamette—another enchanting river—till we wearied of our mules and tardy travel. At Salem, taking all of our outfit except the mules and wagon, we boarded a train for Jacksonville, and there spent several weeks hunting in the Rogue River country. But that is another story.

To the readers of Western Field I desire only to say that if you are craving something new, and have wearied of the various charming summer resorts of our own dear California, take a trip to Oregon, and by all means enjoy an outing in vicinity of Booneville, or Cascade Locks, or Bridal Veil. You will not forget it.

TRAILS.

THE path where flees the startled fox
  Down through the cedar groves;
The way between the ragged rocks
  Around the wood-tarn coves;
The trail known only to the hart
  Across the quaking meads,—
I fain would leave the surging mart
  To follow where it leads.

The hidden places where the mink
  With cunning stalks his prey;
The slide along the river brink
  Where stealthy otters play;
The swamp, where dusky beavers toil,—
  In some far, forest wild—
Are dearer than the city moil,
  For I am Nature's child.

—*Charles Henry Chesley*

SUMMER'S SORCERY

WHEN witching Summer dots the rural way
With errant buds, to blithely bloom and bear
A sacrifice unto the sun-gold Day—
A natant scent to ride the laggard air—
Then does my muse bespeak a wish to write,
In quaint exotic *pantoum* or in trite
Quantrain, the subtle sorcery of she
Who, with her magic wand, bedecks the lea
And, in her potent thaumaturgic might,
Spells all the meadows to a flowered sea,
And conjures bleakness to a land bedight.

Then would my muse's silver lyre essay
A merry song to cry a truce to Care,
A light and optimistic roundelay—
As golden as the queenly Summer's hair!—
To speed grum Worry, dour-faced, to flight
And thrill of the wild, mocking, woodland sprite—
The dainty sweetness of each nascent tree,
The lazy hum of some home-going bee—
Of *these* my muse would sound her harp, in quite
A fair accord—of Summer's sorcery
That conjures bleakness to a land bedight.

Insooth, Pan's pipes are clearly tuned today!
The houri listens in her posied lair—
And Nature laurels him with greening bay,
And satyrs weirdly dance before him there,
And all the young leaves whisper low, to cite
Their soft appreciation and delight,
And loyal zephyrs wait his fair decree,
The brake and fern bend to his minstrelsy;
He is, I wot, Miss Summer's bravest knight,
In lyrics spun to her, and pulsing free,
He conjures bleakness to a land bedight.

And, in the silvan eve, the elfin play
Of goblin, gnome, and sylvid, passing fair,
In 'chanted circles where the wood-elves stay
To weave the charmed garments that they wear
By placid Luna's pale and mystic light—
Ah, luck, indeed, befall the happy wight
Who may the moving fairy shuttles see,
For Fortune waits him on her bended knee!
Unspool, I ask, the silver threads of night,
And bid the smiling moon look down on me—
She conjures bleakness to a land bedight.

When Phoebus starts his chariot through gray
And misty aisles of dawn, the starry stair
Of dreams must crumble, fall, and fade away,
And Morpheus beseek the ebon chair
Of far seclusion at the ladder's height,
And Sol shall claim his own, and expedite
The smiles he claims from Nature as his fee,
And flourishing and blooming, *cap-a-pie*
Sweet Summer shall respond with bird-sung rite,
And dainty orisons, and throated plea,
To conjure bleakness to a land bedight.

L'Envoi.

Ah, muse, then this a littany to thee!
Thy babbling laughter lilting low and free,
When Summer's brow is flower-wreathed and white
Invites a necromantic jubilee;
You conjure bleakness to a land bedight.

—*Stacey E. Baker*

Two Forest Folk

Margaret Wentworth Leighton.

MADAM MASTINCA, the little brown mother, was taking a holiday. Perhaps you think that all life is one long holiday to the sylvan folk, but indeed it is not so. Each has his own work to do, his hardships and disappointments as well as his joys. Now, Madam Mastinca had worked very hard this summer and twice reared a family of little Mastincas without losing a single one. Fate was not often so kind to the brown people. There was the fox whose mouth was ever watering for the taste of a tender young rabbit. When the owl hooted in the moonlight the brown mother trembled for her babes. The weasel with his long, sinuous body and his cruel eye was her greatest terror.

To-night, however, she had come proudly home, bringing her second family of eight handsome children—and they were children to be proud of, with their bright, dark eyes, their sleek, soft coats, their large, well-turned ears that could hear as far as their eyes could see, and their little black noses that could smell further than either.

The wood hares held high carnival on this fair night. Their play-ground was indeed an ideal one—a wide stretch of grassy meadow surrounded on three sides by deep woods. Along the eastern border a placid stream wound its way. The wood hare is a born athlete—star leaper of the forest. You should have seen the games on Burrowtown Green that moonlight night! After the jumping match came a game of tag, in which all the hares took part, first one playing "it," then another. But through all the jolly, rollicking fun, each rabbit kept an ear open for the danger signal. At last it came, a loud *thump, thump*, from the hind foot of Grandfather Mastinca, who was guarding the western side of the playground. Instantly everyone of the brown people became ridgid, so intently were they listening. Again came the *thump, thump, thump*, Like a flash every rabbit disappeared into his burrow, as a prickly hedgehog lumbered into view. Not seeing any game about, and being too lazy to dig for his supper, he soon waddled away.

The brown mother taught her children everything which young hares should know: how to make roads through the thickest tangles, by cutting off the vines and bushes an inch above ground. None but the road makers themselves could traverse these intricate byways. They learned how to out-

LITTLE MASTINCAS

Photo from life by Harold Baynes

wit a pursuing hunter's dog, or even Sir Reynard himself, by doubling on their tracks, plunging into a stream or jumping onto a log to break the scent. Interspersed with these serious life lessons there were merry games of hop, skip and jump, beside leaping and running matches.

The wood hares learned that when summer and autumn with their abundance had passed, there might yet be many a toothsome meal to be nibbled for the seeking—sassafras bark, wintergreen, sweet woodgrass and berries, to say nothing of the ears of corn to be found for the searching—after the farmer had gathered his crop. Most important of all, these forest children learned the meaning of the words "Watch!" "Listen!" "Be ready!" so that at an instant's notice they fled over their invisible paths whence their pursuer found it impossible to follow.

Far to the northward, beyond the forest where the placid stream had its birth, dwelt Doksinca, the mink. No greensward for him; he loved the rocky uplands where the brook tumbled noisily over gray boulders. All the long summer he had enjoyed life by himself. Not especially because he desired to be alone, but because Madam, his wife, who was much smaller than he, had built the doorway of the burrow where she was going to bring up the children so narrow that it would have been impossible for Doksinca to pass its portal. Indeed, she had hard work to sueeze through herself, but knowing well the propensities of mink fathers to devour their offspring, if provisions happened to run short, she had thus taken the precaution to shut the door in his face.

So, from April till late autumn, Doksinca had amused himself as best he could. He was a sly, sharp-eyed, silent fellow. Rarely indeed did the forest folk hear his shrill, whistling scream. Well he understood the value of quiet. He had many enemies, did this little woodman, but the one most to be feared was that two-legged animal, man, who was ever longing for his warm fur coat. Had it not been for his wariness, his cun-

ning and his courage, the forest would long since have ceased to know the tribe of Doksinca.

Like his cousin Oseena (the otter) Doksinca was an expert swimmer. He would plunge into the rapids and grapple with a salmon as large as himself, coming off victor in the battle; or, if an enemy pursued, he could glide quietly into the water, disappear and not lift his snake-like head to breathe till he was yards away down stream. Like Oseena, too, he was full of fun and enjoyed a good coast, summer or winter, as well as any school boy. He loved to wander up a brook, now in mid stream, now on the bank, poking into the burrows of the deer mice, catching a slippery eel, flushing a partridge or springing on an unwary frog.

If he chanced upon a muskrat's house he boldly entered and slew whichever member of the household best pleased his fancy, even though the muskrat was much superior in size. Perhaps he would return the next day, and yet the next, slaying at each visit, till he had exterminated the entire family, when, if the house met with his approval, he would there take up his abode for as long or short a time as pleased him. A heartless murderer indeed was this forest dweller, who could destroy an entire family of peaceful muskrats and then curl himself to sleep on the floor which yet reeked with their blood.

When Indian Summer spread its soft haze over the land you might have seen the young Doksincas with their glossy fur coats and their snowy breast spots playing like so many kittens in the sunshine. They were now well grown, and spent the days digging short tunnels, fishing up and down the brooks, squeezing through every little crevice in the rocks or beneath the stumps that they happened across. How they did love to slide down a steep bank, often plunging into the water at the foot! They were prime swimmers and divers, every one.

One moonlight night in December, when the snow lay thick on the ground, the young minks were amusing themselves coasting down a steep bank and sliding half across the frozen stream. A twig snapped in the distance. Instantly they were all eyes and ears. Off to the southward a sinuous dark line undulated towards them. As it approached they saw at its head a large, handsome mink, followed by a half dozen others. What could this strange sight mean? They ran to find their mother and communicated the wonderful tidings to her, when to their profound amazement, they saw her leaping and bounding towards the procession as if to greet it. As she and the leader drew nearer their excitement became intense. They could scarcely contain themselves for wonder and curiosity. Why was their mother rubbing noses with this strange visitor? Little did they imagine that she was welcoming home her lord and master, after their seven months' separation, that they would now be a complete and happy family with a father at its head, and aunts, uncles and cousins to pass the winter with them.

On an evening in mid-winter Father Mink declared, "Our stream is frozen so hard that I cannot break through the ice; we have lived quite long enough upon a fish diet. I am going to hunt. Come, son," he added, glancing at his well grown boy, "to-night you shall learn what a fat rabbit tastes like."

Beneath the dark evergreens, over the jagged rocks, across the frozen stream they traveled, mile after mile. Never had the little mink been so far from home before. How wide the world was! What a great hunting ground lay all about him! Suddenly Father Mink stopped short, listening, sniffing the air. There in the moonlight Madam Mastinca, the little brown mother, was hopping along her snow path, now and then raising on her hind legs to nibble a tender twig. Rabbit food was scarce and hard to find these bitter nights. The wind blew from the east bearing the scent of the minks away, so that Madam Mastinca, no hint of danger reaching her, hopped and nibbled in quiet unconcern. Nearer crept the murderer and nearer till he was within a few feet. The wind shifted a bit and suddenly the rabbit seemed to catch a whiff of mink scent. She stood up, peering this way and that. Doksinca, still within the tree's deep shadow, paused motionless. The wood hare dropped on all fours and fled backwards over her snowy road, but before she reached her sheltering burrow the two dark streaks were upon her, and what chance has a defenseless little rabbit against two bloodthirsty minks? The brown mother's left hind foot was crushed in the cruel vise of

Doksinca's relentless jaws. She struggled valiantly, kicking and scratching him with her free foot.

There was a loud whirr of descending wings, a terrorized shriek from the young mink, and Doksinca, momentarily startled, loosed his hold to see an enormous snowy owl hovering just above him. The big white fellow was also in search of a feast.

Even Mercury with his winged feet flew no faster than did Madam Mastinca the instant she felt herself released. Surely that left hind foot bore for her the charm which the darkey attributes to it.

So Doksinca, the mighty hunter, wended his homeward way, an aching void within, to keep his gloomy fast.

IN THE REDWOODS.

HOW the great silence of the ancient wood
Fills all the heart with wordless, reverent love:
Vibrates the soul with some sweet chord above,
That sets astir each aim and impulse good.
Beneath no man-made roof may such a mood
Find space for its far yearnings free to rove.
Behold the great West windows of the grove,
And say if through stained glass such fancies flood,
Meseems the trees, with great arms stretched abroad,
A benediction breathe on our repose:
Or loving arms reach out to clasp us close,
And whispers soft flit down from sky to sod,
From dear ones who the silence now compose:
Or is it, maybe—hush! the breath of God!

—*Charles E. Jenney*

THE CALL TO OUTDOOR LIFE

By Sophia D. Lane.

THE glorious climate of California" is a well worn but not a threadbare topic. It has been the theme of poets, farmers, politicians, travelers, health seekers and advertising agents since first Uncle Sam adopted this strip of coastland, a smiling babe in the arms of the great Pacific. But the warp and woof of the texture are of good stuff and well knit, so that hackneyed phrase of poet, and jealous sneer of disappointed, homesick travelers who know but one kind of country and fail to find California that kind, have still left our climate whole and enduring. We have been obliged to resort to no explanations of shifting Gulf Streams to account for its eccentricities and keep alive our hopes of happier days. Eccentricities we acknowledge it may have; but each proves itself a new delight, and we welcome it as it appears, and point it out to the next newcomer as one of the charms of our Western land.

But even in San Francisco we recognize the winter time. The leaf-stripped trees, hovering clouds and frosty mornings that make us hug our coats around us, tell us that it is here. We breathe deeply of the bracing air, however, glad to walk instead of taking the street car. There is even a zest in being out in the warm rain, although it does drench us through, and we enjoy fighting our way against it, up and down the hills; for in San Francisco one cannot really accuse the weather of driving him within

A SACRAMENTO BIG MOUTH BASS

From a painting by Nellie B. Scott

doors in winter. He must find some other excuse for being there.

And this bustling, commercial age is not slow with its excuses. Business, study, home cares and social obligations warn us that they need attention, and we shut ourselves inside to give them their due. The long summer days are over, when campers, hunters, fishermen and tramps eat, sleep, drink and are merry out of doors, free from the strain of running on time.

A day in the country now and then relieves city life of its monotony, and sends us back home to snatch a few moments to read about the simple life and plan the next summer vacation. The trophies of the woods, too, are a solace to us. We bat our pine pillow, snuff at it, and breathe the woods once more, vowing then and there that we will soon go back to them. The huntsman looks at the elk horns on his wall, and remembers the day that fine old fellow came down to the *potrero* and the shot that won the prize. His hunter's blood is up. Those horns are moving wood-ward now, and leading him in full chase after a whole herd of deer. But, before the chase is ended, the clock strikes and the precious half hour of musing is over. He is back again in the work-a-day world and a glance out of the window tells that it is raining, and the trip to the woods must be postponed until fair weather.

And one day, very soon, the steam heat of the room becomes oppressive. We turn to fling up the window and a warm ray of sunshine strikes us in the face and makes us feel that something has happened. The dull gray days have vanished into blue skies. There is a sweetness in the air that we have not known for many a day. Winter, what little there was of it, has dissolved in the warm rain and sunshine. A neighbor's canary bird from its cage on the window sill across the way is singing a full-throated song, and in the notes we catch the burden of other songs, away in forest land. A pulse of joy and our hearts are there with the forest choir. The tent is pitched, the campfire burning, the hammock swung beneath the pine trees, and everything is ready for

the happy camp life; but—spring hints and spring longings do not take us there.

The little wire-caged creature, however, has in part released us from our winter bondage, and flinging all cares to the winds of heaven, we are up and away. "Only a touch of spring fever," they tell us, "and the next cold snap will cure it." But we are sure that cold snaps are things of the past, and only the soft days of summer are ahead. No one, now, should be indoors, except those who have to be. Our first impulse is to get out and see the world beyond city walls. And it is not far away. A view from the hill tops reveals it still there in all its loveliness. Our horizon of life is enlarged once more as we look out upon it.

Below and around us lies the smoke-clouded city, the busy hum of its swarming hordes of laborers rising incessantly to our ears. Tall buildings aspiring to the heights of the hill tops and row after row of streets and houses, finally thinning out to a scattered few in the distance, mark the growth of a great city. But it is Spring once more, and our thoughts are roving elsewhere, even beyond the hill-bound horizon and the blue stretch of ocean.

The low-lying Contra Costa and Alameda hills, in folds of velvety green and aglow with the sunshine, await us. The bay points its fingers to haunts on the wooded Marin shore. Across the straits rises Mount Tamalpais, thinly veiled in a blue haziness which makes it a picture just enough in dreamland and just enough in reality to set our thoughts a-roving. A winding line of white on the mountain side marks the way of the railroad to the top, and still other gashes mark the foot trails. Pleasant memories revive of last year's tramps up the mountain, and straightway we plan that our first day afoot shall be spent on Tamalpais.

Sunday morning, early, finds us boarding the Sausalito ferry boat. All the old timers are there, too, and many new ones beside. Cameras, guns, fishing tackle and lunch boxes are much in evidence. The boat pulls out from the city wharf and the world of outdoor life is ahead. Conversation starts up and fragments of stories are overheard; of how we went here and there, and how we did this and that on past summer excursions. The same old camera clicks are heard as we pass Alcatraz, and the same old throng of excited pleasure seekers pushes forward to the bow of the boat as it draws into the slip. All ashore! And the crowd scatters for a day in the woods, on the hills or by the water.

And a happy day it is, though nightfall finds us footsore and weary. But blisters will soon harden to callouses and sore limbs will soon be forgotten. The tramping shoes and staff are out to stay, and there are more jaunts ahead for long summer days. The spring call has come and we have answered it, returning to the "natural way of living" and to days out of doors.

SEA CHILDREN

THE sea has seemed a radiant realm of light;
The wave-crests, children frolicking at play
In opalescent meadows. Then away
On far horizon hills I've watched the night
O'ertake them; and I've heard them, wan and white,
Sob lost and sore affrighted, as I lay
High in a moonlit prow, for Mother-day
To take them home. And I have seen her, dight
In all the robes the sunshine's golden loom
Hath wov'n, come and still the night's alarms.
And I have seen each wave-child hushed to rest,
As, fleeing from the ogre clutch of Gloom,
It leaped into the morning's splendid arms
And broke in happy whiteness on her breast.

—*Maurice Smiley*

THE STORY OF OUR SORROW

TOLD PICTORIALLY

"For there is no need of words."

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE FIEND.
(California Street Ablaze.)
Willard E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

USELESS ENGINE—NO WATER. CALIFORNIA ST.

W. E. Worden. Photo (copyrighted.)

FROM THE TOP OF NOB HILL, CALIFORNIA ST.

W. E Worden. Photo (copyrighted.)

WRECK OF THE RESTAURANT AT CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND, GOLDEN GATE PARK.
Willard E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THE PALACE HOTEL PROVED A MONUMENT OF HONOR TO ITS BUILDERS.

W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

LOOKING DOWN O'FARRELL STREET, APRIL 18, 10:30 A. M.

W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THE MORNING OF MISERY. (Market Street.)
While the City Burned the Sun Hung Like a Ruby Danger Signal in the Sky.
Willard E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THE RUINED CITY, LOOKING EAST FROM NOB HILL.
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF HOPKINS INSTITUTE (Foreground).
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THE BEAUTIFUL HOTEL ST. FRANCIS BEFORE THE FIRE.

W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THE RUINED CITY WEST OF NOB HILL.
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

"CALL," "EXAMINER," PALACE HOTEL AND CROCKER BUILDINGS FROM KEARNEY STREET.
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

MARKET STREET ON FIRE. FERRY BUILDING IN DISTANCE.

W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

CLEARING DEBRIS FROM MARKET STREET.
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THE MONADNOCK BUILDING STOOD UP GRANDLY.
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THERE WAS SOMETHING DOING ON UNION STREET.

Willard E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

TWO VIEWS OF THE CITY HALL. IT COST $7,000,000.
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

WE FOUGHT AS BEST WE COULD.
(Dynamiting Masonic Hall, Montgomery and Market Sreets.)
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

SEQUOIA HIGH SCHOOL, REDWOOD CITY, SHOWING EARTHQUAKE EFFECTS.
Stoddard Photo (Copyrighted).

THE COURT HOUSE, REDWOOD CITY, AFTER THE TEMBLOR.
Stoddard Photo (Copyrighted).

CATTLE KILLED ON MISSION STREET BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

Stoddard Photo (Copyrighted).

BUTCHERTOWN GOT TWISTED A LITTLE.
Stoddard Photo (Copyrighted).

AT NINTH AND BRANNAN THERE WAS A SLIGHT QUIVER.
Stoddard Photo (Copyrighted).

DEVOURING THE CHILDREN OF HIS SISTER ELEMENT. OCEANIC AND PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP OFFICES BURNING.
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

AT VALLEJO STREET AND VAN NESS AVENUE THERE WAS SOME DISTURBANCE.
Stoddard Photo (Copyrighted).

THE POST OFFICE FELT THE EFFECTS, SOMEWHAT.
Stoddard Photo (Copyrighted).

THE HIGHER GROUND WAS NOT EXEMPT.

Photo by Stoddard. (Copyrighted.)

STANFORD CHURCH, SEEN THROUGH BROKEN ARCH.
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THE MASONIC TEMPLE GOT A HUNCH.
Stoddard Photo (Copyrighted).

ONLY A PISTOL SHOT TO THE BAY, BUT NO WATER AVAILABLE—FIRE ON FRONT STREET.

W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

MEMORIAL ARCH AND CHURCH AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY.
Willard E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

LIBRARY AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY. "THERE WAS A SLIGHT SEISMIC DISTURBANCE AT PALO ALTO."
Stoddard Photo (Copyrighted).

STANFORD MEMORIAL CHAPEL, PALO ALTO, BEFORE THE TEMBLOR.

Willard E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THE RUINED GYMNASIUM, STANFORD UNIVERSITY, PALO ALTO.
Willard E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL AFTER THE SHAKE.
Willard E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

"FROM THE CRADLE OF MORTAL ART WE VIEWED THE WORK OF A GREATER MASTER."
THE FIRE SEEN FROM HOPKINS INSTITUTE.

Willard E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

"AND THEY HAD NOWHERE TO LAY THEIR HEADS." REFUGEES' CAMP, BURNING CITY IN BACKGROUND.
W. E. Worden Photo (Copyrighted).

A CALIFORNIA FAVORITE

Readers of **Western Field,** who have always been enthusiastic in their praise of her beautiful work, will be delighted with the picture of Mrs. Nellie Burrell Scott, which we have the pleasure of presenting on the opposite page.

Known long and favorably to Western connoisseurs as the foremost painter of fruits and flowers on the Pacific Coast, we of the outdoor guild appreciate more particularly her exquisite trout pictures with which we are so familiar. No other American artist has ever approached the strength of handling, the wondrously exact anatomy and coloring displayed in her fish pictures; an ardent sportswoman, who herself catches the trout she paints, she is familiar with all California game fishes and their haunts, and invariably goes afield and astream fully equipped with color box, canvass and rod. She thus secures the actual color values from the still fresh specimens, transferring them to her canvass with a skill, deftness, celerity and faithfulness that is simply marvelous to the rapt beholder.

From the fine specimen which she is depicted holding in her hands—a three-pounder caught by her on the McCloud River—were painted the three succeeding sketches, "The Rise," "The Strike" and "Ready for the Net," which need no comment at our hands.

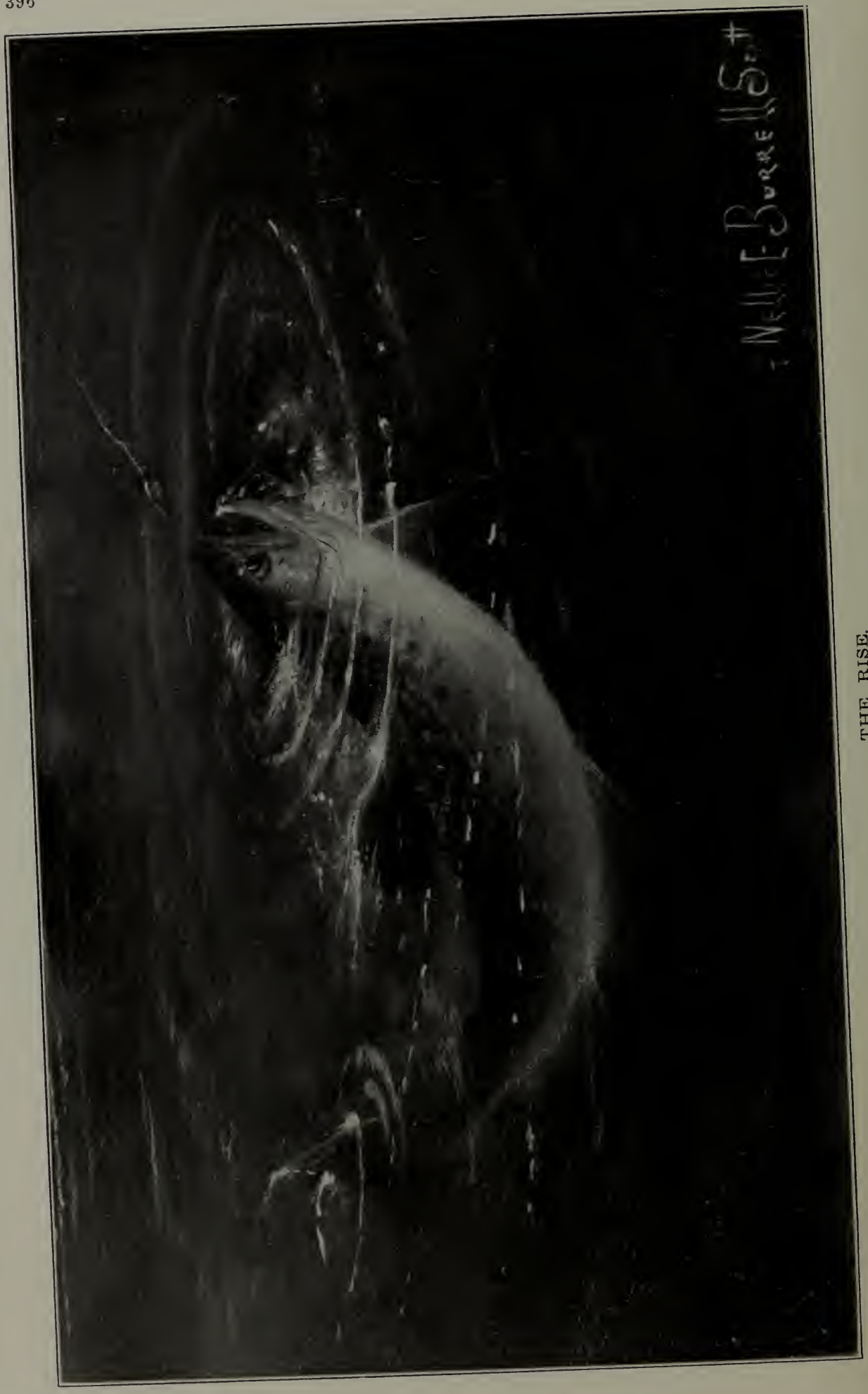
Of a charming, dainty and vivacious personality, with a world of quaint good humor, rare generosity, and gentleness tempering a rather spontaneous disposition to keen repartee, Nellie Scott has endeared herself to a host of friends. A "good fellow" in every clean sense of the term, she is a native daughter of whom California is justly proud, and whom a large circle of friends delight to honor. In the recent disaster she lost a very valuable collection of paintings, but with the true spirit of her Argonaut progenitors she remarked to a sympathizer: "There are trout in our waters yet, and flowers in our fields, and colors in my box. I shall do more and better work now." And today she is working with a vim and cheerfulness that bespeaks a quick restoration of the canvasses whose loss was among San Francisco's greatest misfortunes.

We are glad to be able to announce that in the near future we will present to our readers some magnificent reproductions in color of her best work.

AN EASTERN BROOK TROUT.

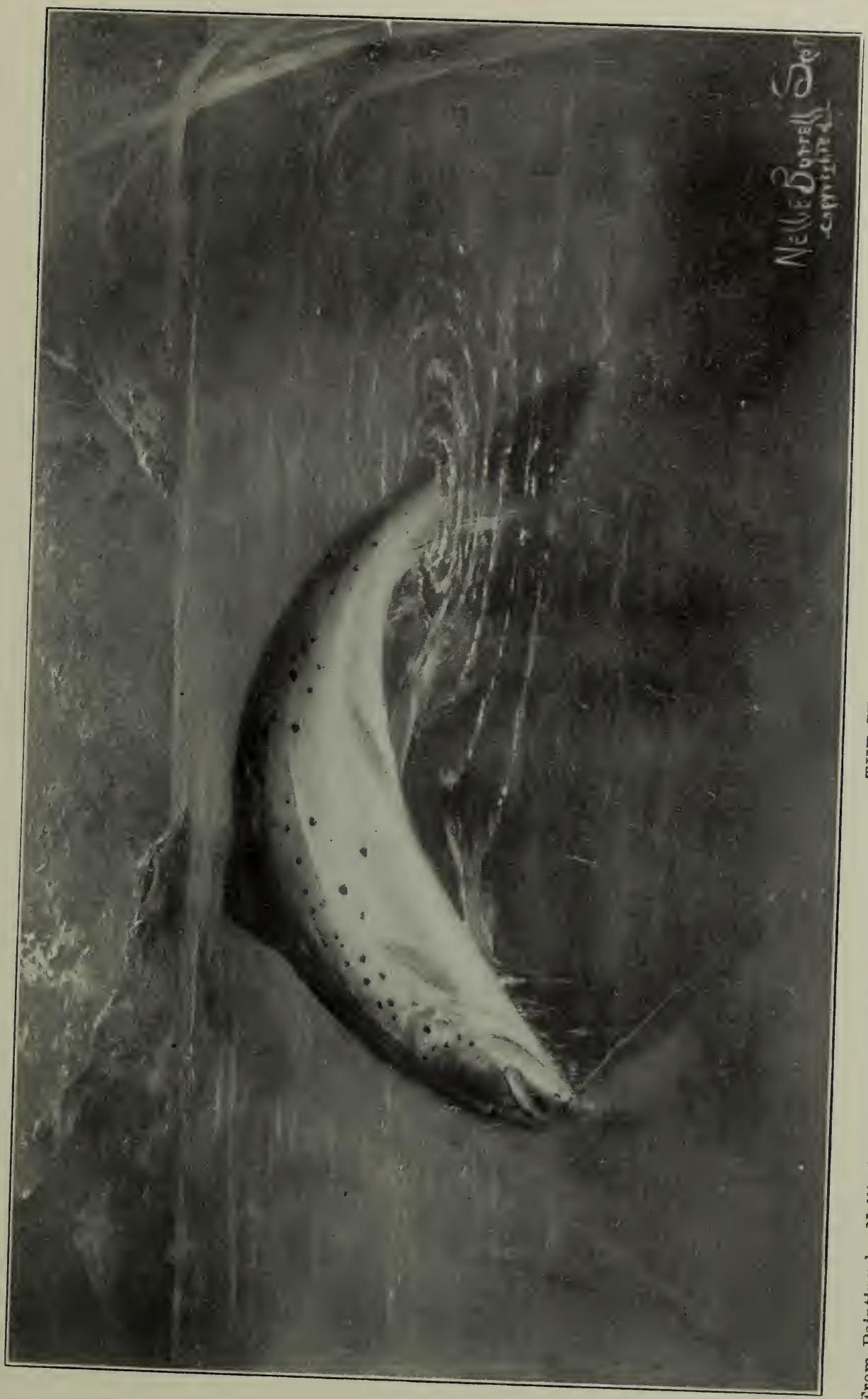
From Painting by Nellie B. Scott.

MRS. NELLIE BURRELL SCOTT.

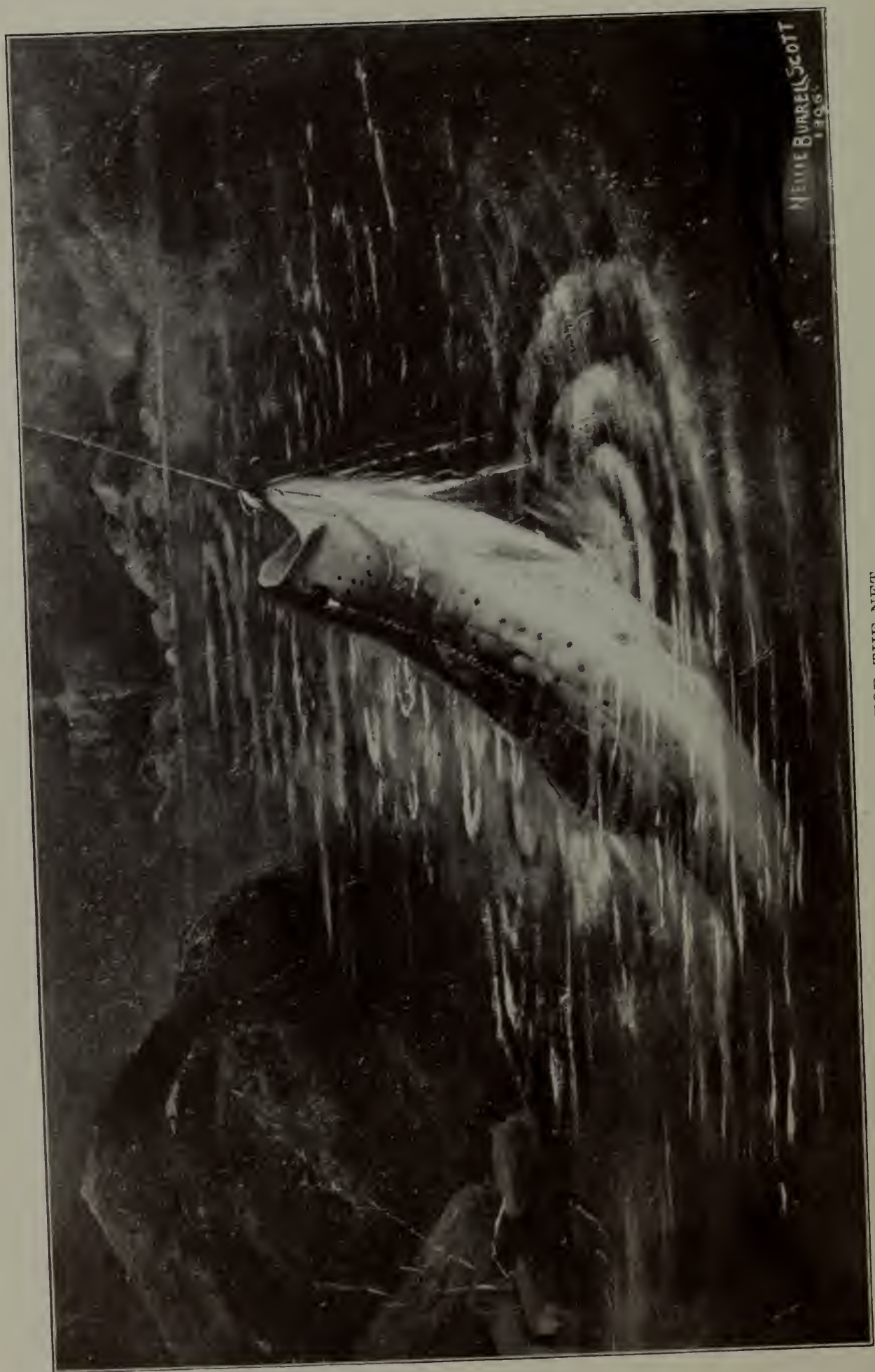


THE RISE.

From Painting by Nellie B. Scott. (Copyrighted.)



From Painting by Nellie B. Scott. (Copyrighted.) THE STRIKE.



READY FOR THE NET.

From Painting by Nellie B. Scott. (Copyrighted.)

ROUGHING IT

By John B. Haas.

OME years ago I spent several months in San Francisquito Canon, prospecting. This canon leads from Antelope Valley down to Sangus, on the S. P. railroad, through about as wild a part of the mountains as lies outdoors south of the Tehachapi. I had two companions, one Reddy, an old Civil War veteranfi and Fred, a Swiss, who after serving in the Russian army against the Turks, had drifted into Southern California.

Fred was to meet us in Newhall on the S. P. railroad. Reddy and I started from Los Angeles in an old and somewhat dilapidated wagon, drawn by about the most vicious brute of a mare than ever disgraced the genus horse. We had hardly gotten out of town, when the brute, without any apparent cause, showed its inclinations by kicking the front end of the wagon into kindling wood. Of course we got out of range of her heels in a hurry. I held on to the lines while Reddy was endeavoring to soothe the maniacal mare by giving her some light taps with a blacksnake, coloring the air blue with his anything but sanctimonious army expletives.

"Is that the way you did in the army?" I asked him, when he had settled with the mare.

"I drove a mule team in Sherman's march to the sea," he answered. "The driver burst a blood vessel trying to persuade his team to pull the wagon out a mud hole, and I was detailed by my captain to take his place, as he knew me to be the most pious man in the company."

We drove on. That is, I allowed Reddy to drive, and took a back seat out of reach of the mare's heels. Then we took a wrong road and lost our way in the immense wheat fields of the San Fernando valley until towards sundown we found ourselves near the picturesque ruins of the San Fernando Mission, where we camped. Reddy, after picketing his gentle mare, started out with the gun, while I made a fire. He soon returned with a couple of cottontails, and we had a good supper.

The night was cold. Right here we committed a sad blunder. There was a huge stack of straw from the last year's crop, and we made our bed in it. It was comfortable, nice and warm. But our stay there was not for long. I was the first to jump out; guess my skin was more sensitive than Reddy's.

He soon followed suit. It was fierce, awful! All the fleas in Southern California and the balance of the American continent must have congregated in that straw stack. And they were bloodthirsty.

We reached Newhall next day near noon. In spite of my misgivings, the mare behaved remarkably well, until we came to where we had to cross the railroad track. Then it entered the perverse head of the mare that right on the track was a famous place to go on a strike, and strike she did by coming to a dead stop. To make the incident more interesting, we heard the whistle of a fast approaching train. Heavens! How Reddy prayed! He had dropped his blacksnake and, it sticking out handy, he grabbed the long handled shovel. The mare turned her head, took a good look at his determined face and the shovel, raised her heels as high as she could, and finding no dashboard to splinter, jerked the wagon off the track just as the cowcatcher of the locomotive missed it by a foot or two, and before Reddy could get a lick at her.

How that crowd cheered and how gentle the mare was that afternoon!

Fred joined us there. After an hour's rest

we went on again, camping that evening at the mouth of the canon, where a supper of cottontail and two quails tasted mighty good. There wasn't much excitement that day. Whether it was the recollection of the shovel, Reddy's vigorous apostrophising or the hard pulling through long stretches of deep sand along the bed of the creek, or all of it together, the mare pulled well and gave us no cause of complaint.

We passed a few small ranches, the canon getting narrower as we went up. There was still a pretty good stream in the creek bed, with here and there some large sycamore trees stretching their white limbs over it and the jungle of chaparral and willows.

"There ought to be plenty of game here," Fred remarked as he started ahead through it with the gun. We made our camp on a bench some twenty feet above the creek bed, under a large oak tree. Fred came in empty handed. "Not a thing," he said, "not even a quail." So we had to fall back on bacon that night.

We found a small prospect the next day, concluded to try our luck there and rigged up our camp as comfortable as we could with the scant means at hand.

It isn't my object to tire my readers with an account of our small success at mining in those parts. We did lots of work for small pay. For quite a while we had not been out of the canon and my proposition to climb the mountain and spend a day at it, was accepted by my partners. We started early in the morning, carrying pick, pan and shovel and a canteen of water. My experience had taught me that no water could be found away from the creek. The gun we hid in the bushes near the camp. There was no game to expect up on those high dry mountains. Nor did we meet with any. It was a hard climb. When we reached the top, we found it to be a comparatively level mesa, in places diversified by hills and valleys covered with low scrubby brush. There were signs of mining. Tradition has it that the old Mission padres got bushels of gold up in that desolate country, but ever since the breaking up of the missions all trace of their mines has been lost. We found, indeed, what appeared to be the mouth of a tunnel, but it was caved and choked with debris so that we could not enter. All together it was a wild, dreary country, a desert for want of life giving water. Not a living animal did we encounter and were satisfied to get back to camp, glad to be near water again.

How the frogs were singing down on the creek! By the noise one would have sworn there were millions of them. "What's the matter with having a supper of frog legs?" Fred asked. "I am going for them." I said nothing. In about half an hour he returned, disgustedly showing us one measly little green frog.

"There's your game!" he remarked. "Like the devil shearing the hog, great cry and little wool."

We soon turned in, being very tired. It may have been about midnight when I was awakened by a loud ear-piercing scream seemingly coming from the creek at the foot of the bank on which we were camped. Both Reddy and Fred sat up.

"What the devil is that?" Fred asked.

"It must be he," Reddy answered. "Where's the gun?"

"Out in the brush where you hid it," I told him.

With that he rushed out, bare legged as he was, for the gun.

We heard him yell, and when we went out to see what was up, found him sitting on a boulder rubbing his leg and moaning.

"Oh! I'm a dead man. I've been bit by a rattler. Oh! how it hurts!"

So we dragged him to the fire, and throwing on some dry brush soon had light enough to examine him. Now! In the first place, I had never heard of a man being bit by a rattler at night, and more, when I asked him where he was bitten, he pointed to three or four places where, in fact, I could discern slight swellings.

"Write to Lizzie, my daughter. I am sure to die," the poor fellow moaned. Strange! He had faced death in battle time and again, without showing fear, and now the cold sweat stood on his brow.

"Die nothing!" I told him, asking Fred to give me a chaw of tobacco, which I applied to the punctures.

I had my own suspicions, and taking a lighted brand from the fire, went out to where the gun was hidden. I found that I was right in my supposition. In his eager-

ness to get the gun he had run into a bunch of "Spanish bayonet," of which there was much on the side hill. I returned with the gun and quieted his fears. He was lame for several days.

But what was that unearthly scream? The next morning I went down to the creek bed before sunrise and found the tracks of our visitor in the soft mud. I pointed them out to my partners, neither of them having ever seen a mountain lion. Reddy allowed they were some big dog's tracks, but Fred shook his head. "No dog ever made such tracks; besides where is a dog to come from here. And, does a dog scream?"

While we were yet discussing, a miner named Edwards, who was working half a mile above us on the creek, came up. We told him of our last night's experience.

"Those are the tracks of the same old mountain lion that is the terror of the canon. He has been shot at a dozen of times, but always got away," he remarked. "Say, boys! Let's track him and get him if we can. There isn't a sheep or calf safe in this canon on any of the ranches. He has his lair in those red hills opposite here."

"Yes," said Fred. "But who the ——— may climb those slippery red clay hills?"

They were forbidding enough. Steep, formed of a fiery red clay, slick as grease, with not a sign of gravel or sand in it and of a strange shape, just as if some mighty whirlpool had stiffened and congealed suddenly.

"I know a way around, all right," Edwards said. "Pretty hard climb, I acknowledge, but we can do it."

Reddy felt too stiff and sore, but Fred and I agreed to go. Edwards went back to his camp and soon returned with his Winchester. He and Fred were for starting at once, but I stopped them. "Let's cross the creek and see where his tracks lead to." We found his track on the other side leading up a steep side canon between the red hills. "I want to follow his track as long as I can," I told them. "You two can go around and we can meet at the top of the hill."

The hill did not look so very bad to me, but before I got to the top I wished that I hadn't undertaken to climb it. For every three steps I took ahead I slipped back two and sometimes three. The sun was hot and I was wet with perspiration. Besides, it was all I could do to avoid sliding and tumbling into the Spanish bayonet, of which I had a wholesome dread. Yet I kept on, here and there finding tracks where the beast had stepped onto some soft spot. I reached what I had thought was the top at last, only to discover that there was another and still steeper hill ahead of me. I was thoroughly exhausted and laid down in the scant shade of a scrubby brush to rest and wait for my companions. I waited quite a while, and no one appearing, started to go around the hill on that bench, which kept getting narrower until it wasn't more than three or four feet wide. Once I thought that I heard a faint "hello." I stopped, listening, and then gave a shout.

There was a dense clump of bushes on the hillside, perhaps twenty feet above me. As I looked up there I saw two eyes, shining like coals of fire amongst the leaves. I knew at once what these were. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, I fired. In fact, there was no time for reflection, for at the same moment something struck me and I tumbled and rolled down the steep hillside in a cloud of red dust and chunks of clay, catching up against a stout clump of a bush. I did not lose consciousness, but was very much dazed. Then I heard a shot and both Fred and Edwards came sliding down the hillside to where I lay.

"Are you hurt, John?" Fred asked.

"I don't know," I answered. My left side hurts me badly. But what was it that knocked me over?"

"What knocked you over?" Fred replied; "that cat did it, but you got it all right. To make sure, Edwards gave it another shot."

"Can you walk?" Edwards asked, as I arose with their assistance.

"My legs are all right, only my side hurts badly." There was a burned stump about a foot in height. I must have struck it in my tumble with my side. Every breath I took hurt. We made our way down to where the beast lay. Turning it over Edwards examined it closely.

"For heaven's sake, what kind of ammunition do you use?"

No bullet could ever make such holes! There were two great jagged wounds in the animal's shoulder.

"Well," I answered between gasps of pain, "I found that I had no more buckshot, and what shot I had was too fine; but I had picked up a piece of lead pipe on the road, cut it up into slugs and rammed it into my old shotgun."

"Good enough for mountain lions, but—"

"But I would never use it on other game." I finished his remark.

"How did you come up in such good time? Did you not shout once?" I asked.

"Yes, and we heard you answer just before you shot. Well, it was a desperate chance you took. That lion was badly wounded as he leaped or he might have gotten you," Edwards said.

In the meantime Fred had skinned the animal. Edwards found my gun and with their assistance I reached camp, a badly broken up man. Reddy got over his "snake bites" in a day or two, but it took me four weeks to recover. The boys insisted that I had broken a rib. However, I got over it entirely. I surely had "roughed it."

EXILED

TORN from my home in the far, free West,
Penned here in the city's heart;
Where the hurried beat of unnumbered feet
Throng ever the fevered mart:
An exile, I pine for the sun-kissed land
Where the wild, red poppies grow;
For the boundless sweep of the plains, that keep
Their tryst with he sky's bent bow,
New sights, new scenes,—but I hate them all!
Their babel beats in my brain.
The hiss of steam and the whistles' scream
Are blent in a harsh refrain.
And the monster creatures of brick and stone
Rear impertinent heads on high,
Till their window eyes, in a blank surprise,
Go peeping into the sky.

New sights, new scenes, and the human tide
Flows on like a mighty stream.
Strange faces pass like a breath on glass
And are lost in the eddy's gleam.
There are shapes of sorrow and forms of woe,
There is beauty and joy set free,
And the daughter of pride drifts side by side
With the child of humility.

Oh, they feed the brain and starve the soul
In their man-made cities here;
And slaves are they to a despot's sway,
A creature of greed, to fear.
And I pine, I thirst for the wine of life
In the country God made good;
Where are brothers all, neither great nor small,
And live they as brothers should.

I scorn the ways of your hostile land,—
But the same God is over it all!
And I and my heart, we must do our part
In the city's carnival.
But all through the strife there thrills in my ear
The voice of a great unrest:
"The call of the wild" to the plains-bred child,
Whose sweetheart is earth's brown breast.

—*Maud E. Smith Hymers*

"WOMEN FOLKS," said Hank, the old Olympic Guide, "are beyond my comprehension. 'Specially the lone hand brand—and I reckon the Almighty never intended they should drive single; but when one has been in single harness fer nigh onto twenty summers it is sometimes a mighty stiff proposition to break them into driving double. They become as skittish as a young colt and shy at every blamed crittur that bobs up sort of sudden, and if you ain't got a good tight rein on them, they jest take the bit in their teeth and go gallopin' off like a runaway pinto, else take to hysterics and cut more capers than a buckin' bronc, with a tenderfoot hangin' to the saddle horn."

"Sallie Tupper was contrary to the general run of females. It took more than an ordinary field mouse to make her grab her pettycoats and go leapfroggin' fer a stump. Reckon it was 'count a her old dad, Ben, who was not afeared of any crittur that walked. He brought Sallie into the hills when she was a little bit of a lassie jest toddlin' around and at a time when even his dogs forgot the English language 'cause they heard it so seldom. She grew up among b'ars and cougars and took to killin' them off like a duck to water; though she could never bring herself to kill a deer. Said she jest couldn't do it, fer they had such an innocent look in their eyes, 'specially when one wer mortally wounded."

"Waal, after Sallie had lived in the hills fer nigh fifteen years and her twentieth summer wer' commin' around, she wer' a fairly good lookin' piece of caliker or as the boys down in the cattle country would put it, 'a lively lookin' heifer in skirts,' and still playin' a lone hand. She wer what you might call a panatella blond. Straight as a young fir and as strong as a mountain lion, which she sometimes reminded me of, 'specially if she wer riled considerable.

"Most all the young fellows in the village who had had any thoughts of becomin' a member of the matrimonial fraternity had tramped up into the hills to old Ben's cabin and laid his six feet two and winter's catch at Sallie's feet, only to hit the same trail back again without Sallie. She didn't 'pear to be hankerin' after honors in that line, fer as Davy Ankers put it after Sallie had turned him down: 'She jest sort a smiled and said, "Davy, I've known you quite a long time and we have been powerful good friends. Why can't we keep on knowin' each other in the same old way. I ain't got time to get married with dad and the traps to look after.'"

"Now, I said all had tramped up to Ben's cabin and come back to ferget that Sallie wer still unbranded. Waal, all had except one. He wer Tom Struthers, a strappin' young trapper from back in the hills. He had sort of been keepin' company with Sallie fer nigh onto two year, and was considered her stiddy by some; though he never came nigh except once every few months when he came out fer supplies. Of course there wer nothin' definite known about it; but we all sort of calculated as how they had it all fixed up betwixt themselves, and wer' bidin' their time till Tom had a little money laid by. Sallie wasn't tellin' any, and none dared mention it to him. He wer that sort of a man who keeps a close mouth, and owin' to the fact that he wer six feet two no one ever had the gumption to get inquisitive when he was nigh.

"Waal, thus matters stood along about the holidays, when one afternoon Tom's dog, Hec, marches up to Ben's door and began whinin'. Sallie opens the door and in he pounces jest like he wer to home. She takes a little rawhide package from his neck, unties it and out rolls a note from Tom. Now that wer nothin' unusual, fer her and Tom had been sendin' letters back and forward by old Hec fer a year or more. Of course no one knew of it up to that time.

"Peared like from the note, Tom had shot himself in the leg a couple of days before, and as inflammation had set in, he needed a doctor and needed one mighty bad.

"Now I reckon the ordinary female under them circumstances would have sot right down and cried, else thrown a conniption fit and gone into hysterics. Not Sallie. The old man bein' away, she jest took down her rifle, strapped on a belt of cartridges, and grabbin' her snow-shoes, hot-foots it down the trail to Doc. Munger's. She showed Doc the note and told him to get a move on as they had a twenty-mile tramp through the woods ahead of them.

"I reckon I never heard tell of any one accusin' Doc of bein' over supplied with nerve, and I allow no one would have been guilty of that crime had he been present at that moment, fer he up and says, 'We can't possibly do it. There is two feet of snow on the ground and commin' down faster every minute. We would sure get lost and freeze before we got there.'

"'Hec will show us the way,' said Sallie, 'and who's goin' to mind a few feet of snow when a man's life is at stake. Reckon you can get along on snow shoes, can't you?'

"'But,' says Doc, 'think of the timber wolves. They are plum near starved to death this time of the year and it would be sure death to attempt to travel through the woods, especially after dark.'

"'H'm,' replied Sallie; 'who's afeared of a few cowardly wolves? You come along and I'll keep the critturs off. Reckon a few shots will keep them at a safe distance.'

"Still Doc wouldn't go. He flatly refused to face the storm and the wolves, finally sayin' that they could send a few simple remedies back with Hec, and allowed as how Tom wer not injured very badly.

"Sallie wer dumfounded. I reckon she wouldn't have gone had it been just one of the boys 'stead of Tom. She knew Doc had a reputation fer possessin' a good sized yellow streak; but she never thought fer one minute that he would refuse to do what she considered his duty. She argued with him fer nigh twenty minutes, even breakin' down and tellin' him what Tom was to her. She begged and pleaded; but it wer no use, fer he wer too darn much afeared of them wolves."

"Then Sallie up and showed the kind of metal she were made of. Wippin' away the tears, she stepped back aways and raisin' her rifle she says, 'Doc Munger, you get your medicine case and put on your snow shoes; fer you're goin'. If you don't and be mighty quick about it, jest as sure as there be an Almighty above you, I am goin' to shoot you down like the coward you are.'

"Doc started to talk her out of it, makin' all sorts of promises about goin' in the mornin'; but she simply said, 'Hurry!' and he knew she meant it, too. The fire wer flyin' from her eyes worse than sparks from a wood-burnin' locomotive on an up-grade, and she had an expression on her face which said: 'You are goin' to Tom's camp, snow or no snow, wolves or no wolves.' He wer not many minutes doin' as he were told either, fer as he said to me afterwards, 'Hank, I wer scart, down-right scart, and would rather face a snow bank thirty feet deep and all the wolves in these hills any time than get betwixt a feminine and the critter she loves.'

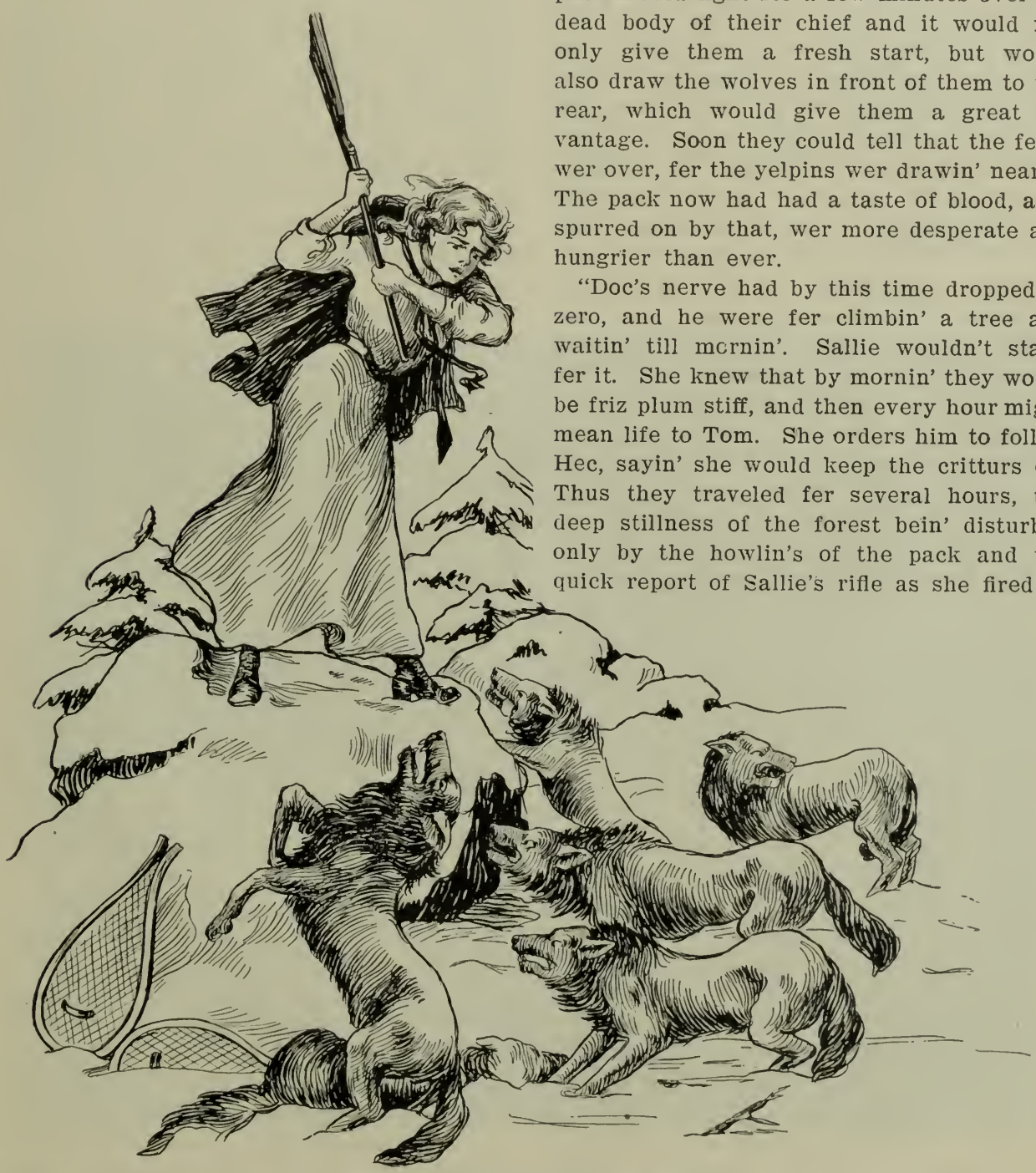
"So they started, Hec in the lead, to find the trail, Doc next, lookin' as though he wer goin' to his own funeral, and Sallie bringin' up the rear with her rifle restin' in the hollow of her arm and determination written all over her. Now the wolves wer a leetle bit cantankerous about that time of the year and I reckon I wouldn't a cared to have gone picnickin' in the woods at midnight, myself, and Doc, who couldn't hit a flock of barn doors with a base fiddle, wer'n't condemned by us fer bein' a lettle timid, still we all agreed that Sallie wer jestified in doin' jest as she did.

"Wall, I allow as how they had been on the trail about two hours when darkness set in. Doc, he said they had better seek the shelter of some gully and halt till mornin'. Sallie wouldn't listen to it, and ordered him to march along and follow Hec. So on they

went slippin' and sliddin' along the dreary trail. They had heard the wolves fer the past hour callin' each other away off in the timber and gradually gettin' nearer; though as yet none appeared to have struck their trail. For two hours more they plodded along, Doc flounderin' around in the snow like a ship in a heavy sea minus her riggin', fer he wer no expert on snow shoes. Finally one pack struck their trail and was comin' on a dead run behind them and lettin' out a yell at every bound from their hunger-starved mouths. Their cries wer answered by others from every side, who knew the cry of the chase and wer rushin' from all quarters of the forest to be in at the kill.

"They wer gettin' a leetle too close fer comfort, and Hec, who had been prancin' ahead, gradually slowed up and kept pretty close to Doc. One big grey crittur, a little more nervier than the rest, spied him and launched his gaunt body directly at him. The dog uttered a low whine and sprang to Doc's side. There wer a sharp report and one grey mass rolled over in the snow with a bullet from Sallie's rifle in his carcass. They hurried on, fer they knew that the pack would fight fer a few minutes over the dead body of their chief and it would not only give them a fresh start, but would also draw the wolves in front of them to the rear, which would give them a great advantage. Soon they could tell that the feast wer over, fer the yelpins wer drawin' nearer. The pack now had had a taste of blood, and, spurred on by that, wer more desperate and hungrier than ever.

"Doc's nerve had by this time dropped to zero, and he were fer climbin' a tree and waitin' till mornin'. Sallie wouldn't stand fer it. She knew that by mornin' they would be friz plum stiff, and then every hour might mean life to Tom. She orders him to follow Hec, sayin' she would keep the critturs off. Thus they traveled fer several hours, the deep stillness of the forest bein' disturbed only by the howlin's of the pack and the quick report of Sallie's rifle as she fired at



"They would try to climb up the boulder"

a pair of gleamin' eyes. Every time she fired them wolves had another fight among themselves over the carcass of their brother, fer they pounced on him even before the very life had left his half-starved body.

"Sallie now counted her cartridges, and calculatin' the distance they had traveled, she came to the conclusion that they had between three and four miles to go, and saw that her ammunition would not last that long, fer the brutes wer crowdin' them closer and closer after every shot.

"About this time they came to a deep canon or rather a deep gulch in the lime stone rock. Sallie called a halt as soon as they entered it, fer she saw that here she must make her final stand and attempt to stave off the critturs till daylight, or at least till Doc could get to Tom's cabin and return. You know timber wolves will not trouble you much in daylight, and as Sallie knew this she made her plans accordin'ly.

"'Doc,' says she, 'you go on ahead. Hec will lead the way to Tom's camp. Fix him up sort of comfortable and then hurry back with his rifle and a fresh supply of ammunition. I'll stay here and keep the pack amused. They won't cross over the hills, fer they will think that we are all here in the gulch.' What leetle bit of manhood Doc possessed seemed to come to the front, fer he up and says: 'Sallie, I can't do it. It will be sure death fer you to remain here. Let me stay and you go.' 'No,' she replied, and never a tremor swept over her face as she said: 'It is a doctor Tom needs and you do as I tell you and don't stand there thinkin' about it all day, fer every minute counts.' Doc jest simply had to obey, fer he wer too plum scart to do much arguin' and he saw that Sallie wer in no mood to be tinkered with; though it 'peared to him that he wer leavin' her there to die.

"The gulch wer not more than ten feet wide and lined with boulders now covered with snow. Sallie crouched behind one of them, and fillin' her magazine fer the last time, prepared to put up a fight fer her life and Tom's. She could see the howlin', hunger-crazed pack lopin' around the mouth of the canon, snarlin' and snappin' at each other and apparently seekin' a chief to lead them into the gulch.

"Waal, I reckon they kept that up fer fifteen or twenty minutes, when one a leetle more darin' than the rest marches in, the others sneakin' behind. Sallie fires, and while they are devourin' him she slips back to another boulder. She figured that it would take Doc at least three hours to get to the cabin and return to the other end of the gulch. If she could keep them off by firin' a shot every fifteen minutes or so her ammunition would hold out till his return.

"Thus shot after shot of her precious cartridges were fired, as she gradually worked her way towards the other end of the gulch, where she must wait the return of Doc. The gulch wer about two miles long and when she reached the other end there were three cartridges remainin' in her rifle, and she calculated that Doc could not possibly return inside of another hour. This time she waited till the leader was almost upon her before firin'; then mountin' the largest boulder, determined to fight the critturs off when her last shot was gone. The two remainin' shots wer fired from this place of vantage and still no aid was in sight. The wolves wer becomin' wild with fightin' among themselves and waitin' fer the kill. They would try to climb up the boulder, and as each head appeared Sallie brought the butt of her rifle down on it; but as she wer gradually becomin' exhausted and the brutes wer crowdin' her closer and closer since she had ceased firin', she wer about ready to give up.

"Suddenly her attention was attracted by the deep bayin' of a hound, and in a moment she recognized Hec's voice, and now that help was so near at hand she struck at the critturs with renewed energy, and fought them off till Doc entered the gulch and commenced firin'. He worked that rifle so blamed fast that the wolves were soon racin' back towards the other end of the gulch—more from the racket he made than from injury, fer I don't think that he ever hit a blamed one!

"They both filled their magazines, and as soon as Sallie had a breathin' spell, fer betwixt the cold and the wolves she were about all in, they started fer Tom's camp, Sallie still insistin' on bringin' up the rear. The wolves seein' them goin' and thinkin' they were about to lose the breakfast they had fought all night fer, got madder than a bunch of riled up hornets and made a final rush at them. Sallie and Doc worked their

rifles like mad and pumped lead into the pack faster than from a Gatlin' gun. It wer too much fer the critturs, though they got mighty close before they turned tail and went yelpin' back into the timber.

"They reached the camp jest as the sun wer risin' and clear tuckered out. Then Sallie collapsed, the moment she saw Tom, from sheer exhaustion. Now right there is where I can't understand women folks. Most of them go to pieces the moment they sight a mouse, but put them in the midst of real danger and they will put up a show of nerve that will put to rout even an old she bear with cubs, 'specially if there is some crittur in the deal she loves. Their make-up is a mighty queer one, and your Uncle Hank is not goin' to attempt to analyze it, fer I reckon a Philadelphy lawyer with all his smartness would have to give it up as beyond his comprehension.

"Waal, they found Tom in a pretty bad way; but in a few days he wer on the road to recovery, thanks to Doc's ministerin' and Sallie's nursin'. She stayed at the cabin till Tom could hobble around on crutches and I guess in the meantime they sort of fixed matters up, fer when spring came around they marched up before old Parson Adams, the sky-pilot at the diggins, and were tied as tight as the parson knew how—and I calculate as how it wer a purty stiff knot, if experience counts fer anything, as he had been at the business fer nigh onto fifty summers, and no one ever heard tell of one of his knots bein' untied by the courts."

On the Spokane River, below Spokane

BLUE MOUNTAIN BEAR HUNTING

BY GARVANZA

OT long ago there appeared in a Los Angeles magazine an article purporting to be a history of "Old Ironsides," alias "Boilerplate Bill," the erstwhile so-called "monarch grizzly" of the Oregon Blue mountains. Now, as this old fellow was a most particular friend—er—that is, acquaintance—of mine, the story possessed numerous attractions for me, and I was more than dee-lighted (as our President says) when I learned of his tragic demise at the hands of a Pendleton nimrod. Of course, anybody that ever ran across "Old Ironsides" knows that he was not a grizzly, but just an overgrown cinnamon, whose uncouth hirsute covering and exceeding embonpoint gave him much the appearance (to a scared hunter) of a North California grizzly—if, in fact, he did not loom up in the lurid light of a formidable Hurlothrumbo. But "Ironsides" ran no superficial bluff merely on his obesity; he could back up any threat that he might imply, and when it came to an actual show-down, the big bruin "made good." His ferocity was equally proportioned to his size, as Eastern Oregon hunters can testify, for he was blessed by a charmed invulnerability that made him the terror of those pristine forests, the undisputed monarch of all that he surveyed, and he surveyed considerable.

I shall never forget the first time "Ironsides" made his debut in my society—that is, the first time he "butted" into the private sanctity of my existence. I was leading an unassuming life in the quiet and seclusion of a Blue Mountain canon, far from the haunts of man, and my career was not such as to attract the attention of bird or beast. I was happy—lazily basking in the smiles of Nature, peacefully enveloped in the dolce far niente of camp life, and attending strictly to my own camp business. But this did not prevent "Old Ironsides" from striding unceremoniously into my eremitical domicile like a thief in the night, completely dispelling whatever communions I enjoyed with Nature and forever causing me to abjure the fastnesses of that Alpine wilderness.

I was never much of a sporting man, for my ability to tickle the trigger in time of dire distress was generally somewhat unreliable, because of certain spinal trepidations that made my aim questionable and my hand impotent. I make this confession with much reluctance, but in my own defense I must add that when the element of danger is eliminated, or, in other words, when I am confronted merely by ducks, geese, grouse or such "civilized game" as deer, rabbits and coyotes, my aim is exceptionally certain, and my trigger-finger has never gone back on me. But being something of a metropolite, by nature and experience uninitiated in the mysteries of the wild, I have frequently found it necessary to hie myself to the tall grass when suddenly brought face to face with some uncourteous brute of the animal world. A boxing bout with a bloodthirsty bruin is never covetable, and to an unsophisticated sojourner from the city the alternative of retreat is rather to be accepted. I have all due respect for the callous or cast-iron frontiersman who "stands pat" in the face of such extreme jeopardy; I honor the sportsman whose nerve and self-reliance never forsake him at the needed moment; I take my hat off to the animal hunter who can truthfully say that he has no dread of an unexpected encounter with his game. But experience has taught me that many of the heroes who write blood-

curdling histories of their engagements with bears and other brutes are men who spend their lives behind the desk, writing at space rates, and who, suddenly kicked out into a wilderness of hungry beasts, with all the ordnance used in Uncle Sam's army, wouldn't know a black bear from a bulldog, or a cougar from a coyote. At so much "per" it is dead easy to elasticate one's imagination, and create all kinds of unnatural problems and unnatural solutions for the benefit (?) of average readers. These pen-and-ink hunters are to real nimrods what poetry is to practice. There is much of idealism, much of romance, much of Utopian philosophy in their imaginings, but the unlettered anecdote of one illiterate frontiersman who has experienced years of the actual thing contains more beneficial enlightenment in one paragraph than does a whole volume of the hash ground out by "space writers."

Coming right down to the pay streak, it is experience that counts. And right here I must protest that much of the heroism displayed on paper by many sporting writers lacks the right flavor. In everyday life it will be found that actual, practical nimrods are far from blind to the elements of danger which so frequently confront them. If they do not retreat, it is because they occupy a vantage-ground, because circumstances are 2 to 1 in their behalf; otherwise the bravest of bear hunters will look for a likely tree. An old bear hunter will never tell you that bears are not dangerous; yet I have encountered this foolish statement in many modern magazines.

A writer in a New York sportsman's monthly, whom I will bet has never been out of the city more than half a dozen times in his life, recently volunteered the information that bears, cougars and many other so-called dangerous animals would run at the sight of a hunter. After my experience with "Old Ironsides," this meconium pipe dream sounds to me much like an Arizona cow puncher's advice to a tenderfoot. No one can gainsay that any bear, or other large animal, becomes dangerous if not properly dispatched. An uncertain shot, producing merely a wound, incites the tamest of them to self-defense and ferocious attack. There are instances on record where hunters have been almost killed by an ordinary doe—under average circumstances the most harmless of animals; and one has only to attempt the capture of a fawn to convince himself that the doe is not to be trifled with in that respect. That is why I say bear hunting is a safe pastime only to the pen-and-ink nimrod who wouldn't know a bear from a sick steer.

I may be pardoned for saying that unless I have a positive advantage over most bears I will never attempt to kill them. Although comparatively inexperienced in the business —being a "city" man—I have been introduced to several good-size bruins outside of menageries, and invariably they let me know that they were not to be taken easily. I have killed but five bears in my time—and these simply because I had them "dead to rights"—but incidentally I saw a good many more that did not strike my fancy. I gave them the right of way, and sidetracked without argument. On one occasion I did so because I would not risk the gun I had; on another because I had no gun save a six-shooter; and on still another because I had stolen the cub and the mother was looking for a melee. There was a determined ferocity in her approach that did not appeal to me. Thus, in bear hunting, I have found a number of bears for which I was not hunting. Among them was "Old Ironsides."

This invulnerable beast was for many moons the terror of the Blue Mountain country lying north of Meacham, toward the Grand Ronde regions. He was a monster in every sense, as ferocious as a Bengal tiger, as fearless as the Devil—fat, but quick, methodical and cunning—a hugh, bloodthirsty beast whose hide was as impervious to bullets as the charmed Aegis of Jupiter. In fact, I don't think the good goat Amalthea could hold a candle to "Old Ironsides." The average rifle ball was to him a thing to be juggled with—a toy directed for his amusement. As old as Methuselah, his skin was like adamant, his wits yet keen, and in all encounters his maneuvers would have done credit to a man of military strategic training. He struggled for position, calculated with geometrical precision on vantage angles, and altogether made manifest a cunning of super-animal profundity. Old hunters who came up from Powder river and from the Blue Mountain logging camps, regarded him as something almost supernatural. As for myself, I had never heard of him. I did not

know that the gentleman was in existence. The fact that I was camping in the very heart of his stronghold, and that every time I ventured from my tent unarmed I was walking to meet Death, did not occur to me.

As previously stated, I was simply enjoying a summer outing in the solitude, attending to my own business and taking it easy for the season. I had been engaged on the government works at Cascade Locks, on the Columbia River, and from there had wandered to La Grande, purchased a camp outfit, procured a rifle and shotgun, several sides of bacon and such other equipments as I deemed essential to an ideal outing, after which I and my mule left the great green valley of the Grande Ronde to climb the tortuous trails of the pine-clad mountains of the Blue Range. Within a week we were far from habitation, and at length, almost at the summit of the mighty mountains, I stretched my tent for permanent quarters, put a bell on the mule, turned him loose in the canon, and settled down to enjoy "the silences of Nature."

A clear, snow-born brook babbled by my door; anon I could watch the trout leaping for a fly through the pure, bright sunlight; and around me the great grim tamaracks towered like vigilant sentinels. A pensile cliff loomed in prismatic grandeur a hundred yards before me, its sandstone niches and shelves tinted by copper, iron and other mineral stains, and in places honeycombed and burnished by the erosion of many ages. Snowbells bloomed about the brook, and in a glade between my tent and the cliffs were many white and yellow daisies. Grouse were plentiful; also there were pheasants, which wondered hither from the Cascade Range, and not a few doves and cottontails. Altogether, it was an ideal camping spot, and I was satisfied. Several long seasons of city life, with its arduous strife and competitions, its grime and soot and gaseous poisons, had made me thoroughly appreciative of my surroundings, had put me, as it were, in touch with the soul of Nature—keenly in sympathy with her every throb and quiver. Only the true sportsman can understand my happiness.

But the odds were against me on that trip, and I guess it was not intended that I should remain long unmolested in my solitary felicity. I was just coming to think that I had died and landed in some grand Valhalla, when along came the monarch of those premises—"Old Ironsides." It was late on an August evening. I had crawled under the blankets, near the door of my tent, and while gazing out at the crackling flames of the little camp fire, over which a couple of grouse were boiling for my morning "meat pie," my eyes had gradually closed and ere I could realize it I had fallen fast asleep. The possibility of the presence of bear or other large animals had not occurred to me, and my rifle had been left leaning against a pole in the rear corner of the tent; so my feeling when I suddenly awoke to find "Old Ironsides" gazing down at me can be best imagined.

Five, ten, perhaps fifteen minutes I had lain there wrapped in slumber, and had instinct not hurried to my assistance it is difficult to say what might have happened me. But suddenly my eyes bulged open. There, standing directly over me, with his black muzzle almost pressing upon my face, his breath fanning my cheeks like a furnace-breath, stood the great brown, shaggy monster—"Ironsides." The fire was still burning, and against the yellow flickering light the silhouetted body of the bear stood out in ugly contour.

I did not move. Some place, from the cells of memory, came the old story of the man who simulated death as a bear stood over him, thus escaping it. Perhaps, I thought, the old monster would not bother me if he believed me to be dead. So, without so much as a flutter of an eyelid, I lay there, rigidly, quietly, but with a flood of fears, doubts, hopes and emotions sweeping over me. It seemed to me an age before the monster moved; then, sniffing my face for the last time, he turned slowly and began nosing about the tent. A loaf of pan-bread and several other articles of food contributed somewhat toward the gratification of his appetite, but he was not yet satisfied. He returned to sniff my face, but as I had not moved in the slightest he was somewhat dissuaded from whatever skepticism he had at first entertained.

When I again dared to lift my eyes, the old brute was standing—as if thinking—directly between the fire and the door of my

"I awoke to find "Old Ironsides" gazing down at me.

tent. For several minutes, which seemed to me a century, he did not budge, but remained with his head hanging low to the ground, gazing apparently at nothing; yet I knew that his old ears were cocked back for any sound that might interest him.

For the first time I ventured to stick one foot from under my blanket, and seeing that he did not turn I carefully arose to a sitting posture and crawled slowly backward, riveting my eyes upon the bear, until enabled to grasp my rifle. Then, still kneeling, I raised it to my shoulder, took a long careful aim just behind the monster's left ear and pulled the trigger. There was a screeching growl, a cloud of smoke, a sudden scattering of sparks from the camp fire, and the next instant I saw the big devil making a rapid advance through the tent-opening.

It was all the work of a moment and I had scarcely time to plan my escape, but I knew that to get away I must take the tent with me, for it would be impossible to get out except by retreat. With a powerful lunge I hit the heavy duck wall of my domicile, and as I did so the entire tent fell in a heap about me. Falling upon my stomach, I managed to extricate myself from the wreck of canvas and suddenly found myself standing upright in the cool night air. I still grasped my rifle, and turning, saw by the light of the camp fire that bruin, entangled beneath the canvas, was rolling about in a ferocious endeavor to escape from its meshes.

Undoubtedly I could have easily killed him, but as I raised my rifle to fire at the chaotic mass of bear and canvas I discovered that there had been but one cartridge in the carbine, and that my belt and such other articles as my hunting-knife, six-shooter, etc., were some place in the mix-up—any place but where they should have been. I had nothing at my command but a pocket-knife, but its blade was long and sharp, and grasping it firmly I sprang upon

the rolling, canvas-covered bruin and began to stab him. But the blade doubled shut on me, nearly severing two of my fingers, and realizing the futility of my attack, I arose and began beating him over the head and body with a huge sharp rock. This method of extermination only seemed to increase his ferocity, and suddenly the heavy ducking gave way, and his head emerged from the tangled mass. That settled my aggressiveness, and in a moment I was looking for a tall tamarack. There happened to be one handy, and when I had climbed it to a height of twenty feet I paused upon a limb to look down. There stood Mr. Ironsides, with only his head visible through the tear he had made, for the tent still enveloped his legs and body.

It is needless to protract the narrative. Suffice it to say, that blood-thirsty brute curled up at the base of the tamarack, and camped there as cool as a cucumber until exactly noon of the next day. Then, after making a series of uncertain circles about the neighborhood, he finally waddled off down the canon and disappeared. I ventured slowly down the tree and hurried back to the camp-site in quest of my ammunition. You can nibble my necktie if that blamed bear hadn't carried off everything in the tent. Belts, knives, and all else that I most needed, had got tangled up inside the canvas, and no doubt he was still dragging it through the timber. Of what avail would be pursuit? There was nothing to do but shoulder my rifle, mount my mule, and wend my way slowly back to civilization, trusting to luck to keep clear of "Old Ironsides," and leaving his slaughter to some more fortunate nimrod.

But several days later I found myself in La Grande, where I again "loaded for bear," and with the assistance of an old mountaineer, returned to the scene of my calamities. We spent a month looking for that big brute, but a few tracks were all that we discovered. My perusal of the story in the Los Angeles magazine dealing with the monster's death recalls that eventful night, and although I am not acquainted with the man who effected his extermination, I am going to drink to his health every time a good bottle comes my way. Here's to him!

PARALYZE CANYON

BY HAROLD LANCASTER

EVER in Paralyze Canon? I was, once. Next time I go down into that canon I shall take a balloon with me. It will come in handy when the climbing out begins.

Paralyze Canon is on the far side of Signal Peak, in Mendocino County. Old Signal is so named because a signal corps of the army camped there twenty years ago. To-day traces of their camp remain. Empty beer bottles, cans and even an old rusty bottle of Mumm's (extra dry now, for sure,) lay scattered around the rude post, which, crowned by an empty oil can, marks the top of the peak.

I had been on Signal several times but lacked the nerve to tackle the canon. I had heard too much about it. But this year I found myself at the very bottom of Paralyze before I knew it. It was my own fault. I have known Gus for several years and shouldn't have made foolish remarks about the country-trained youth and the gymnasium-trained boys of the city. It was this discussion which caused all the trouble.

There were three of us in the party: Watson, Gus and myself. We had come to Signal to get a crack at the big gray bucks that live and enjoy themselves in the almost inacessible cover afforded by old Signal and his smaller brethren. These ridges and canons and peaks were made for deer, not men. So thick was the cover that it was absolutely impossible to make any progress through it without giving ample warning of your coming.

Our camp was in Edgebert Opening, a little level space right under the eves, as it were, of Old Signal himself. We had just disposed of supper and our pipes were glowing merrily as we lay and watched the firelight flickering on the branches above our heads. Ever lay that way, your back against a log, too comfortable to move, or even speak? No? Better die, then. You have lived in vain.

It was at this juncture that I brought the desultory conversation around to the comparative prowess of city and country athletes. Watson and Gus had it hot and heavy for a few moments and though the city man silenced the young mountaineer, Gus was far from satisfied. I had kept out of the argument as much as possible. When I was a tenderfoot Gus had taken me up on Talkington Ridge and treated me to an adventure which I recall with pain. It was to have a little fun with Watson, who did not know Gus as well as I did, that I had started this discussion. I counted on Watson getting his on the morrow. But Gus read my purpose. He taught us both a lesson.

Daybreak saw us crouched around our little fire, tin cup in hand, our bacon on a flat rock. The morning meal finished, we tightened our belts and commenced the climb. Though very steep, the way was easy going until we struck the ridge leading up Signal's rugged side. Here the underbrush made climbing doubly hard. Time and again it was a case of hands and knees. On these occasions it is good to feel that your partners are experienced men, who do not go out with a cartridge in the breech of their guns.

At length we reached our objective point, a peak slightly lower than Signal itself. From here we could see ridge after ridge, with heavily covered canons between. We stopped to lay out the day's campaign. Gus pointed out a tall pine three miles away, and told Watson to head straight for it. I knew that pine. I had cut my eye teeth, so to

speak, on that very route over which my friend was about to travel. Gus was getting even.

After Watson had mastered his line of march, Gus turned to me and laid out my little trip. I was to go down the opposite side of Signal, then parallel him until I struck the little flat at the further end, then, turning sharply to the right, follow a little stream till I reached another creek joining the first one. This second brook would lead me to the top of a ridge from which I could see our destination.

Now, this was new territory to me, so I set out with a light heart, smiling to myself as I thought of poor Watson and what he would encounter on his three-mile jaunt. In two hours I was a wiser but a much sadder man.

The way was not hard. That is, not in comparison to some hillsides in that region. Gus himself had taken a straight course over the top of the peak, a route, which by no means easy, was nothing compared to Watson's hunting ground. I had congratulated myself for the seventh time on having the easiest run of the three, when something went crashing through the brush on the left. I halted. Instantly, on my right came another rush. I knew the sound. It was deer —but doe, buck or fawn? As quietly as possible, I worked my way forward. The deer had stopped, listening probably. But I could not move silently in those thickets, and as I moved so did my quarry. They had joined one another, and seemed playing a game with me. When I moved, so did they. When I stood still, they did the same. Twice I caught fleeting glimpses of them but could not see their heads. My mind was made up to see horns before I pulled trigger. And still they played with me.

Peculiar, how deer act! Sometimes you will see one half a mile away and he runs like the devil, beating tan bark at sight of you. Then again, he will get out on the highest point he can find and stare at you while you rest your gun on a log and tear his heart to pieces with a .30-30.

For over twenty minutes these two stayed in front of me. Finally I became desperate. Suppose they were bucks? I flung myself through the brush in a mad desire to get sight of them. But it was no use; and I made such a row that they became alarmed and left me.

At last I reached the flat Gus had mentioned. Keeping to the right, I found a little stream bubbling from a steep hillside covered with flat, slab-like rocks. In pursuance of my directions, I followed the stream.

Deer signs were very plentiful and I saw several does. Once, as I lay full length, drinking the pure mountain water (oh, for a swig at it now!) a buck got up not fifty feet away. I grabbed for the gun, but he was not accommodating enough to wait. My course now began to grow steeper, while the undergrowth grew denser and denser. I began to thank my stars that I was not to return that way. Going down was bad enough, but returning, oh, my! I forgot one thing: you cannot go down hill all the time and the further you do go down, the longer the climb out.

At last I simply had to throw myself at the brush, it was so thick. Gus had not given me such an easy trip after all. Suddenly, I came to a dead stop, though I had to sit down and dig my heels into the earth to do it. In front of me stood a bush. It was a nice gentlemanly appearing bush all right, but Gus had promised me that there were none of these bushes on my line of march, or at best, only a very few. And here was a big one; not alone, either. As far as I could see, they were lined up in front of me like an English hedge row. Perhaps you've never seen these bushes? Not high but spreading, with a small blue flower. If you don't know them by sight you will by the feel. Under every leaf is a nice sharp spear, about an inch long. And how they can stick! And how thy cling to you like demon claws! The name of the bush is "Whitethorn." It was the memory of these that made me smile at Watson, for his course was thick with them, as I knew to my sorrow. It was all right for Gus to play such a trick on him, for this was his first trip to Signal and he must be properly broken in; but me!

Well, going back was not to be thought of. That would make the laugh on me so much the harder to bear. I must go through with it. I tried every way to find an opening round those hateful thorns, but came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to go straight ahead. I went. To tell of my sufferings would take a book. To tell the things I said would be useless, for you

"I Saw Two Splendid Bucks."

couldn't print them. To make matters worse, the slope became greater, until once or twice I pitched head foremost into those nasty thorns. Oh, but it was pleasant! Time and again I sat down, thorns and all, and almost cried. One sleeve of my shirt was gone: my face and hands were scratched and bleeding. It takes time and distance to appreciate such jokes. I didn't appreciate it then; I do now.

Suddenly I heard a shot far above me. It was followed by another and another. Gus was having some fun, evidently. In vain I tried to reach a spot where I could see what was going on. It was impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction, so I gave up in despair and floundered on. Presently the way became more open. Though still very steep, the ground was covered with a taller growth and I soon left the thorns behind. I had forgotten all about hunting in my desire to get away from those infernal whitethorns, but now the easy going and the sight of deer tracks raised my spirits again.

I now found myself walking beside a tiny stream, under beautiful tall trees. It was a lovely spot, and sitting down, I drew out my pipe, determined to enjoy a well earned rest. While smoking comfortably, I began to wonder where I was. I had never seen a spot better fitted for deer, and indeed, their signs were everywhere. It began to filter through my mind that, if this place was so hard to reach, what must it be to get out of? Then suddenly it flashed over me. Yes, this must be Paralyze Canon! My heart sank. If this was Paralyze, then I had a worse time ahead of me than what I had left behind. There was surely plenty of deer here. But what use to kill one? It would be all I could do to carry myself to the heights, let alone a buck. And somewhere up above me, Gus was probably smiling as he cleaned the deer he had just killed, for it turned out that his were the shots I had heard.

I put away my pipe and started on. It was a beautiful walk, but I fear I did not appreciate it. At last I found the tributary stream I was to follow to the top. It came tumbling down the mountain side more like a cataract than a well behaved brook.

Steep! Almost straight up and down, with boulders almost as big as houses.

Again I sat down. Looking almost straight up, I studied the thickets above me. I quickly reached the conclusion that the stream would be the easiest way out. It was practically free from underbrush; but in place of brush stood rocks of all shapes and sizes, nasty things to drag weary limbs across. On each side, however, grew those blasted whitethorns. That decided me: I would take my chance with the boulders.

I was just about to rise, when a familiar sound reached my ear. Looking down the canon about fifty yards, I saw two splendid bucks. They stood in a little open space, having evidently just stepped out of the brush. Then I paused and lowered the gun What use? I could never get them out of that infernal place. So I sat and watched them. And they were beauties. One was a four pointer; the other a forked horn, but almost as big as his elder brother. For several seconds they regarded me intently, then gave one bound and were gone. With a sigh, I took the cartridge out of the breach and started on my long climb.

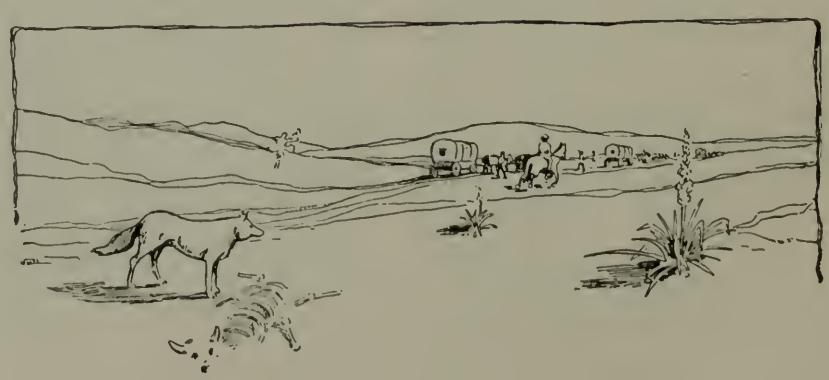
And such a climb! Time after time I sat down with a thud. Hob-nails are not the best things in the world for climbing over slippery rocks. My knees sustained many hard knocks before I began to see hope ahead. The slope became less and suddenly I found myself at the headwaters of the little stream I was following. It was a large spring which gurgled from a pile of huge boulders. After a good drink, I started on. The rocks became fewer and smaller, until they ceased altogether and I was on a sandy slope, with but little vegetation.

It was very hard walking here, as my feet sank to the ankles at every step. How came sand in that ungodly place? There is but one explanation; these mountains were under water once. A good many years ago, though.

I was mighty glad when the top was reached. Down I sank in the sand. I could have gone to sleep there by merely closing my eyes. But I saw something which effectually awakened me. It was the offal of a deer. From it I easily traced a trail made by the lucky hunter. For ten minutes I followed the trail. Then I was greeted with a shout. There ahead sat Gus and Watson, a big buck on the ground between them. Gus, with twinkling eyes, asked me what luck. I did not answer him. I was sizing up Watson. He was doing the same by me. And truly we were a beautiful pair! Our shirts were torn and dirty; our faces looked as if we had been playing foot-ball. We were wrecks.

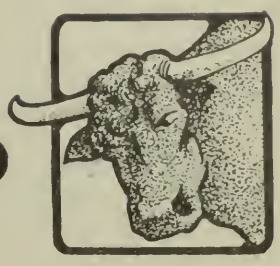
Watson stepped forward and solemnly shook my hand. "Whitethorn?" he asked. I nodded. "Same here," he said. And then we sat down and laughed.

Now when we meet in town, one says "Signal Peak!" And the other asks, "What'll you have?"



BLOCKADED BY A BUFFALO

BY F.W.REID



OVER the fireplace in the Samburpore Club, the whitewashed wall holds a magnificent trophy of horns. Al l the Indian deer and antelope have contributed. There are the broad branching antlers of the lordly Kashmir stag, the upright prongs of the black buck, the slender scimitars of the chinkara-gazelle. But the centerpiece and cynosure is a grand pair of wild buffalo horns, pointed like spears, wide spreading, and with their butts set firmly in a frontal bone, white and solid like a block of marble.

They were Musgrave's horns—that is to say, the gunner captain had presented them to the club. To him they stood for the hard-won prize of a dangerous hunt, so he felt rather piqued when his cousin Kerr, who was his guest, demurred to the sporting character of the buffalo. Kerr had come over from Australia with a cargo of walers, which he had sold in Calcutta. He was a horse and cattle breeder at home, and of course had his own feelings about stock. But he did not know a thing about big game shooting, for there is none in Australia; and he changed his mind about buffaloes before he left Samburpore.

It came about in this way: Kerr, of course, had no duties at the station; and Musgrave and the rest, what with drill and office, had not much spare time for showing him around. So Musgrave packed his cousin off one morning to visit the ruins of Garha, an old city about fifteen miles from Samburpore.

Kerr trotted off on a shooting pony, with a native attendant, a syce, at his heels. He rode through a wide expanse of level, cultivated land, green with upspringing wheat, towards a blue pyramidal hill. Although he did not know a word of Hindustani, he passed the time of day in his cheery Australian way to the native drivers of every bullock cart that creaked along the road. It tickled him to be followed by a bare-legged Hindoo, carrying a gun over his shoulder, who could keep pace with the pony at a hard trot. Indian ways were strange and novel to the Australian.

But the strangest sight of all met his eyes, when he found himself in the outskirts of Garha. For miles the sloping ground was covered with what seemed to be heaps of rock, but which at a closer view revealed themselves as overthrown houses and walls, the wreck of streets and palaces partly overgrown with shrubs. It was a dead city.

Kerr dismounted and gave his pony to the syce. He wandered on foot through the scene of desolation, stopping now and then to examine the figures on arabesues of stone, half effaced by the drift of sand and rain through the centuries that had elapsed since Garha was populous with men. Ruined steps led to the brink of dried-up tanks, where the worn flagstones bore witness to the crowds of pilgrims who had flocked thither of old. The temple courts were high with grass, the altars naked to the sky. Where a wall still reared itself erect, there were no faces at the windows, no footsteps on the stairs. Over all reigned the silence of a tomb.

Kerr sat down under a peepul tree, whose stout roots had pierced a wall and twined themselves round a heap of stones. He lit his pipe, and wondered if life and movement would ever return to the deserted city.

In the meantime his attendant, Nadhos, had tied and fed the pony. But he had other duties to attend to. His own sahib, the captain, had ordered him to find game for the

stranger sahib. That was why he had a gun to carry. He was proud of the charge; it made him feel like a shikari. Then there would be "bakshish," a whole rupee, perhaps, if the stranger sahib killed many ducks. Nadhoo knew Garha like a guidebook. There is a large pool near the old temple of Hanuman, where the rocky, sloping ground abuts on marshy levels.

Nadhoo understood how to approach water birds. A grey heron, intent on frogs, could not have effaced its presence more completely than the barefooted native. Not a whisper came from the reeds when he parted them, spied duck feeding and crept back noiselessly to find the Australian. It was a fixed idea with Nadhoo that all white sahibs came into the world to shoot things; and the sahib whom he found idly smoking must be reminded of his destiny.

Kerr started when a black figure that might have materialized from among the ruins bent before him.

"*Badak hai, sahib,*" said the figure, salaaming.

Kerr recognized the attendant, but did not understand his words. Nadhoo, his wits sharpened by the prospect of reward, explained by pantomime that he had seen duck. Kerr took the gun from him, put a few No. 5 cartridges in his pocket, and they went off together in the direction of the pool.

Nadhoo guided the sahib to an opening where the reeds grew highest. But the Australian was a tall man, and his broad sun hat shone above the reeds like a white target on a green hillside. The still pool came to life with a terrible whirr and clatter. Most of the flight rose out of range; but a pair of orange-winged Brahmings wheeled to Kerr's left, and he emptied both barrels at them. One of the heavy birds pitched after a short, irregular flight, apparently wounded. Kerr reloaded, followed it up, and as the duck rose again and flapped away low over the reeds, fired.

The shot told, but not where he had aimed. With a stinging blow it roused a wild buffalo from its sleep in a mud wallow. There was a bellow of pain, and above the reeds, a rod in front of Kerr, rose a pair of long horns and a black hairy face. It was the devil of the old picture books, all but the cloven hoofs, which the reeds concealed. Kerr turned and fled.

Automatically he retraced his steps. He was a good runner and had a fair start, but when he reached the hard ground the clatter of the infuriated beast sounded ominously near his heels. There was not a tree in sight. But just when death by battery was reaching out for him Kerr made a flying jump which landed him on the face of a ruined building. He was just in time. The bull, hot on his trail, all but blundered head on against the foundation stones, then swerved aside and stood, legs apart, blowing hugely.

Kerr was out of reach. His fingers clutched the cornice of the building, and with an effort he drew himself up till his toes found a crevice to rest in. As soon as the sweat cleared out of his eyes, Kerr could see that it was useless to attempt to climb higher, for a smooth pyramid of marble rose above the cornice. It was Hanuman's temple, against the front of which he had flung himself. The mosaic of slabs was covered with a myriad of monkey figures, monkeys climbing, monkeys at rest, monkeys in procession, carrying rocks; a legend from the Ramayana sculptured in stone. Kerr's feet were securely fixed between the head of one great stone ape and the foot of another. There he hung on with his arms extended, like a crucified insect in a museum showcase.

His position was precarious, for the stone was rotten with age. Below him waited his pursuer, the blood dropping from a red furrow on his snout, his wet, black, shining bulk simmering with rage.

In his struggles Kerr's putties had become unrolled. He had adopted these stout worsted bandages, the regulation covering of the Indian sportsman, but had not acquired the knack of binding them evenly and securely. The hanging loops suggested to him a plan by which he might make his position more secure.

Drawing up one leg at a time and hanging on with one hand, he took off the putties. It was ticklish work to knot the long bandages into slings and at the same time keep his balance; but with the aid of his teeth he succeeded. Then he threw the bight of one sling over the salient angle of

cornice, and fixed the other behind the ears of the great stone ape. He had now two supports. In one he placed his legs and into the other he gingerly lowered his back. So he lay against the face of the sculptured wall, at the knees of the monkey gods, like a painter's plank slung against the side of a house. One arm was free, with the other he gripped the wall.

"He was just in time"

In this position he was less cramped. Glancing over his left shoulder, he saw that the bull was still there, with stolid tenacity plainly written on his lowering front. A band of cows trotted up from the marsh in search of their leader and deployed into line behind him. Kerr's place of refuge was blockaded. In his own phrase, he was "bailed up" by buffaloes.

The temple stood on high ground, but Kerr could see no sign of his native attendant. He conjectured that Nadhoo had mounted the pony and ridden off for assistance; but in this he reckoned without knowledge of the native character. From the direction of Samburpore came the ruffled thunder of the guns at range practice; and Kerr fell to wondering if his cousin would ride out, as he had talked of, to Garha, and how long it would be before he was relieved from this uncomfortable and dangerous position.

Into his calculations the sun did not enter. But in India the sun influenced many things, and in this case his influence proved the besieging party. Kerr's head was protected from its rays by his sun hat, which had been kept in its place, luckily, by the strong chin strap. But his back, lightly covered by a thin khaki hunting coat, was exposed to the direct and reflected heat. Warm waves flowed along his spine, flushing him with a comfortable languor. He became drowsy. The brown earth below him seemed to change into a heaving sea, on whose surges rocked a fleet of black leviathans.

Kerr must have lost consciousness. Anyhow he woke as from a nightmare, grabbing wildly at stony hands that snatched themselves from his grasp. One leg had, indeed, slipped out of the loop, upsetting his balance. Holding on as firmly as he could to the stones, he groped with the foot of the hanging leg for a purchase. His kicks detached fragments of decayed statuary on to the rubble heap below.

The noise and movement roused the bull to action. He trotted up to the base of the wall and pawed at the fallen rubbish. His sharp horns were directly under Kerr, who would have been impaled had he slipped. But the Australian was holding tight to the wall, his pulses beating like hammers in his head. Then came a sound as if a Mauser bullet had been fired out of the earth. Ping! the bull shook his shaggy ear. Another "ping" and he bolted away, head down, towards the marsh. The ring of cows broke up and followed him helter skelter.

When the last tail had vanished, Kerr lowered himself to the ground. He chafed his legs to relieve the numbness, and then set off at a run in search of his syce and the road to Sampurbore.

Neither pony nor attendant could he see. He found the homeward road and after running half a mile, saw a cloud of dust whirling towards him. It came nearer, thinned, and white horns gleamed out. This was too much for Kerr. Another herd! He threw up his hands and fell exhausted by the wayshide.

A pair of white bullocks pulling a canvas-covered cart came to a sudden halt. A white man leaped to the ground, picked Kerr up and laid him gently down on the back seat under the hood.

When Kerr's eyes opened again he saw his cousin sitting on the step of the carriage. Nadhoo was standing in the road, the gun which Kerr had let fall, on his shoulder; the pony was there, too, cropping the wayside grass. Musgrave was shaking with laughter, the syce talking rapidly in Hindustani and gesticulating.

Handing the Australian a long drink with ice in it, Musgrave said:

"I have just held a court-martial on Nadhoo, and this is what he says: 'When the great elephant-like bull came forth, my heart became like water. I hid in the reeds. The sahib and the bull ran by like whirlwinds. I crept back to the city by a hidden path and climbed on to a high wall. Then I saw the sahib suspended by magic before the temple of Hanuman. He was doing *puja* to the god, and the god sent a swarm of stinging flies which drove away the terrible elephant-like bull.'"

"Who the devil is Hanuman?" asked Kerr.

"The great monkey god, and, according to Hindu mythology, ancestor of all white men," replied Musgrave. "The stone apes are all Hanumans. Nadhoo says you clasped the gods' knees and prayed to them. That's what he means by 'puja;' and the stinging flies are hornets. It was a 'sending' that saved you."

When Musgrave proposed to hunt that same buffalo on the next available day, Kerr agreed, with the proviso that the chase should be on horseback.

E WERE camped by a rippling brook in a canon of the Coast Range. Alders and laurels with graceful meeting boughs canopied our resting place, and the balmy night breeze was ladened with the heavy fragrance of the late bloom of the buckeye and wild lilac on the banks.

Our bright fire of dry drift wood showed, hanging on near-by gambrel and boughs, a four-point buck, three brace of grouse, several of those beautiful "picture birds"—the plumed mountain quail—and a string of silvery-sided trout, ready for the morning frying pan.

Reclining upon a bed of fragrant fir boughs, with a blanket roll for a pillow, I was resting, idly watching the play of the firelight in the gently swaying branches over head, soothed almost to slumber by the low sweet song of the brook.

On the opposite side of the fire my stanch old setter Victor, after a hard day in very rough ground, was enjoying well-earned ease, stretched full length upon his side, head flat down, tail fully extended, sleeping as only very tired dogs sleep.

The old mountaineer and hunter, my companion, sat with his back against a great redwood tree, slowly smoking his after-dinner pipe, silent in reminiscent thought. After a time, having finished his pipe, he said

"Victor, good old dog! you are very like my old Jolly, and he was the wisest, truest, kindest dog I've ever known."

The old setter acknowledged the compliment by thumping the ground with his tail, then he got up, gazed intently at the man for a few moments, and then went to him and licked his hands and face.

The hunter closed his knees against the dog's sides in an appreciative and detaining squeeze, and clasping one of its long silky ears in either hand softly tousled the shapely head, then bending down with his rough bearded chin gently tickled the old dog's sensitive nose, and said to him

"Yes, old Victor, every move you made today brought back memories of faithful old Jolly, one of the most valued friends I've ever had. He once save my life."

I sat up, wide awake for the story.

"Will you tell me about it?" I asked.

"Well, you may not think it a great story," the hunter replied, "but on the day I have in memory I received such intelligent, loving service from my old dog Jolly that I have called him 'dear friend' ever since.

"He had almost human intelligence, more than human devotion, a never failing willingness to serve me, and, withal, a jolly face, with sparkling, happy eyes, one look into which lightened the heart. Why shouldn't I call him 'dear friend?'

"It was long years ago. The Coast Range was then a hunter's paradise, and therefore had great attraction for a man born and reared in the wilderness, a man whose forefathers have been on the frontier ever since the settlement of Jamestown.

"Some friends of mine had taken up a ranch on the headwaters of the Gualala, just at the edge of the great redwood belt, for the surplus stock from their valley ranch.

"There were many bears and panthers in the forests and canons, and their depredations seriously threatened the extermination of the mountain herd. I went out to the ranch with my traps and pack of hounds to try and better the situation.

"On the day of the incident I relate, however, I had left the hounds at the ranch house, and was out after deer, with only my old setter Jolly for a companion and helper.

"It was late in the afternoon, in fact but a few minutes before sundown when I turned homeward. I started up a steep, rough trail which wound along one side of a branch canon, the stream from which flows into the North Fork of the Gualala.

"To maintain a passable grade the trail for the first half mile up from the main stream had been kept as low in the branch canon as the ground would permit. Above the trail the hill was climbable, an incline of thirty or forty degrees; but below, for the greater part of the way, the slope was from sixty to seventy degrees, with much loose shale, and in many places the first seventy-five or hundred feet up from the bottom of the gorge was a sheer precipice. Along the stream in the canon were alders and firs and an occasional redwood.

"The hill on the opposite side of the branch canon was chemisal covered, and not very steep, though broken by a number of gulches. On the little ridges between the gulches the "chemise" was low, but in the gulches it was high enough to furnish good cover for deer. The place was one that I sometimes visited, as a last resort, when I had failed to get a deer in easier ground.

"I halted on the trail, about two hundred yards up from the main stream, and sent old Jolly around to work the chaparral. The faithful, perfectly trained fellow worked gulch after gulch, and in passing from one to another never failed to stop for a moment on the top of the ridge and look across the canon to locate me, when he would go up or down the hill, to right or left as directed by a motion of my hand. He knew well that it would not do for me to disclose my location by shouting commands to him.

"As the dog passed into a thicket of higher brush, to get a better view I climbed to the top of a big boulder that was seemingly firmly embedded in the hillside just below the trail. The great rock had no doubt rested there for centuries, yet was so evenly balanced that my added weight toppled it from its place. As I felt it going I jumped as far as possible to one side to escape being crushed by the great rock mass, struck on a very steep place, in loose ground, lost my footing, and in an instant was on my back in an avalanche of finely broken shale, shooting with frightful speed down the nearly perpendicular slope to almost certain death.

"Desperately digging my heels into the sliding shale, almost tearing my finger nails off in vain clutchings at roots and stones all of which pulled out, I sped on, rapidly nearing the brink of a precipice.

"The mind of a man in great danger is sometimes stimulated to abnormal quickness of perception. Strange as it may seem to you, I saw and fully realized a possibly more imminent danger than the but one minute in the future plunge over the cliff:

"When falling, after jumping from the boulder, I had dropped my rifle; now with hammer dragging in the shale and muzzle pointed directly at my body, it was sliding down the steep pitch about a rod in front of me. I remembered that when expecting to see a deer across the canon I had thrown a cartridge into the barrel and let the hammer down on the cap, and I knew that the dragging hammer was liable at any instant to strike a resisting stone with sufficient force to explode the cartridge.

"I could not check my downward motion, but by wild scrambling managed to get a few feet to one side just as the rifle was discharged, the ball missing me but a few inches.

"That incident probably save my life: The ten or twelve feet I had moved sideways caused me, when a few seconds afterward I shot out over the verge of the cliff and fell about twenty feet, to strike on the inner or cliff side downward-sloping branches of a redwood tree, from which I bounded off to strike upon a narrow projecting ledge of the canon wall. Instinctively, desperately clutching at vines and rock, I managed to hold on.

"I was rendered almost unconscious by the fall, and it was some minutes before the dizziness passed and I knew the extent of the injuries I had sustained. I found that I was seriously hurt. Blood was running down my face from a long laceration of the scalp, my left shoulder was very badly wrenched and my left leg broken between knee and hip.

"Adding to my discomfort my clothing was soon saturated with nearly ice-cold water which came in trickling streams from a crevice in the canon wall a few feet above me.

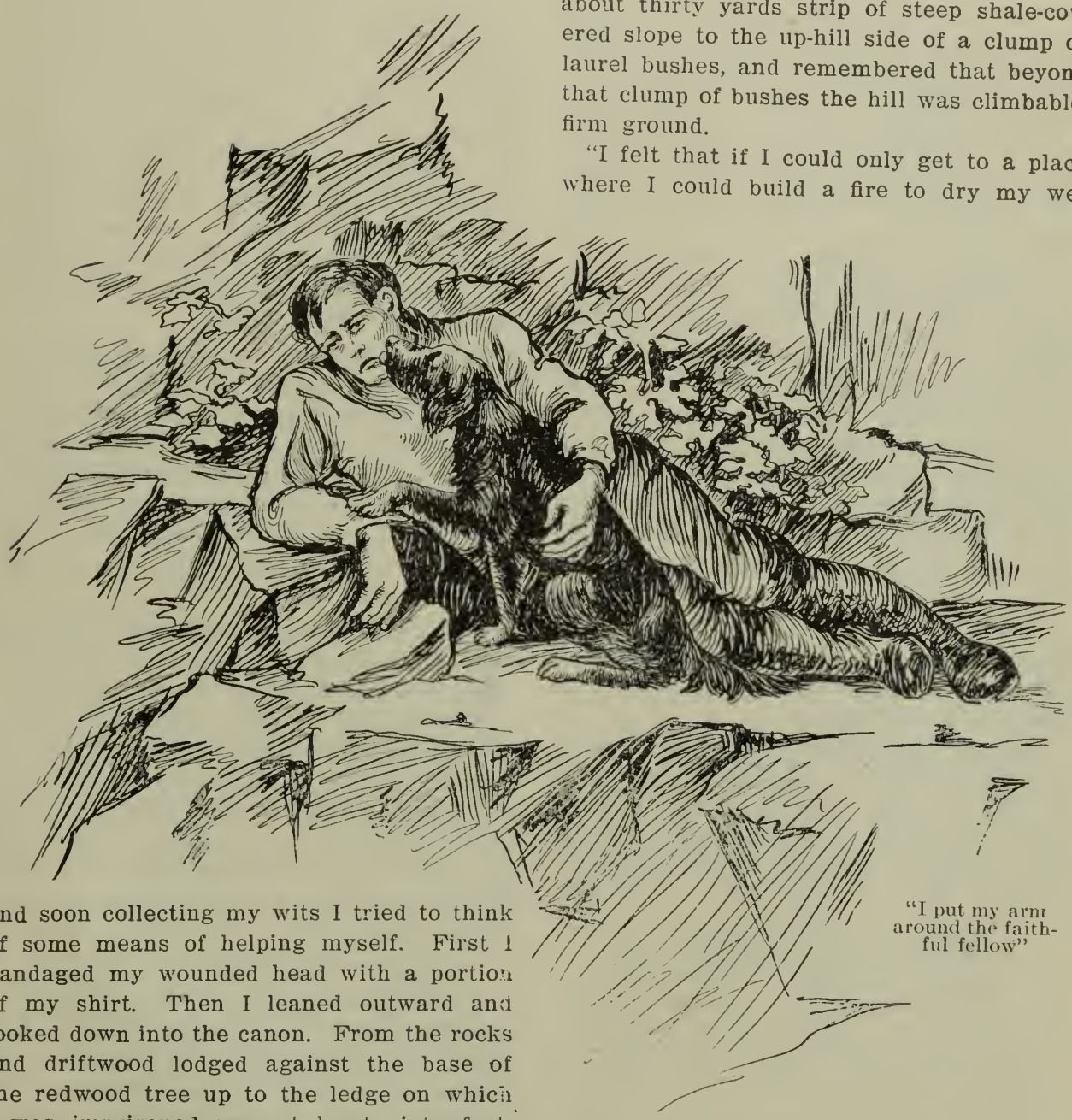
No doubt the cold water had helped to revive me and I drank thankfully from a little basin in the rock, but the evening breeze down the canon was very chill, and I was soon shivering from cold and nervous shock and felt that I would perish in a few hours.

"In my years of wilderness life I had been in more than one desperate situation, and soon collecting my wits I tried to think of some means of helping myself. First I bandaged my wounded head with a portion of my shirt. Then I leaned outward and looked down into the canon. From the rocks and driftwood lodged against the base of the redwood tree up to the ledge on which I was imprisoned was at least sixty feet, and the cliff wall was perpendicular, wet and slimy. No chance to get down there.

"An active man, taking a desperate chance, might possibly have jumped out, grabbed and held to a bough of the redwood and climbed down the tree, but my injuries made that method of escape unworthy a second thought. I carefully examined my surroundings, noted that about seventy-five yards down stream from my position, at a bend of the canon, the steep slope of shale came down a few feet below the level of the ledge, and that the ledge extended to the edge of the slope, though in some places not more than a foot wide. I could trace a slight trail, probably only a squirrel trail, leading from the end of the ledge across the about thirty yards strip of steep shale-covered slope to the up-hill side of a clump of laurel bushes, and remembered that beyond that clump of bushes the hill was climbable, firm ground.

"I felt that if I could only get to a place where I could build a fire to dry my wet clothing and keep me warm I would be saved, for in time my friends at the ranch house would hunt for me, and a fire would also serve as a beacon to guide them in the search.

"I tried to drag myself along the ledge, but was so badly crippled and suffered such excruciating pain from my broken leg and



"I put my arm around the faithful fellow"

wrenched shoulder when I moved, that I grew dizzy again. I felt that I would certainly fall when I came to the narrow part of the way, and abandoned the effort. However, I had bettered my position somewhat, had reached a wider and dry place on the ledge, from where my view of the canon and the chemisal hill opposite was not obstructed by the top of the redwood tree.

"Just as I was beginning to feel that my situation was hopeless I heard old Jolly's sharp, inquiring barks, denoting that he was puzzled—had heard the shot, but could not find the trail of a deer fired at, nor locate me. No doubt he had barked after the shot, but in my dazed condition I had not heard him.

"Instantly hope filled my heart. I would send the faithful old dog to the ranch house for help. Why had I not thought of him before?

"I called 'Jolly! Jolly! Here Jolly' Come to me old boy.'

"Soon he came bounding down one of the transverse ridges of the opposite hill, barking joyously; but when he got into the canon, to the base of the unscaleable cliff, he looked up perplexed and whined piteously.

"'Wait, Jolly! Wait, good old dog! Charge!' I shouted. He obeyed me, as ever, but watched me with pleading eyes, his whole body quivering.

"My fall against the tree top had broken a dead, dry branch, a portion of which was lying near me on the ledge. With my knife I quickly split out and smoothed a flat piece, and sharpening the bullet of a cartridge for a pencil, wrote on the chip:

> "I am on ledge, east side canon opening into North Fork just below Rancheria Crossing. Position due west of Ox-bow Oak on lower trail. Leg broken. Other injuries. Bring lanterns, axes, picks, shovel, canvas hammock, sheave blocks, extra rope. Hurry."

"I first thought I would throw the message down to the dog, and try to make him understand that he must carry it to the ranch house; but I realized that the chip would probably fall in the water, and feared that the wetting would, even if the message was wrapped in my handkerchief, render the writing, none too plain at best, wholly illegible. I knew that the dog would go home as soon as ordered, and by his actions quickly make known to the men that something was wrong, and eventually lead them back to me, but it was necessary for them to have the written message to ensure that they would brink the blocks, rope and implements indispensable for my rescue.

"I decided to have the dog try to come to me, and called: 'Come, Jolly! Come to me, old fellow. Go around! Go around!' and motioned with my hand down stream, directing him as I so often had done when sending him to drive some deer covert.

"He was off down the canon, around the first bend, in an instant. I heard him utter one sharp yelp as he fell back from an unsuccessful jump at some impassable place, and feared that he was injured; but a minute afterward he came in view in the little trail above the clump of laurels.

"I held my breath when he came upon the frightfully steep slope of treacherous shale. Twice I thought he would certainly be carried down into the canon, to certain serious injury or death; but he got across and came slowly but steadily along the narrow ledge. When he was within two rods of me I was compelled to make the anxious dog halt and wait.

"When the avalanche of shale which had carried me down the hill slid over the precipice most of it poured so far out that it missed the ledge, but in one place, for about two yards, the treacherous stuff filled the path. I thought it too dangerous to permit the dog to attempt to pass over it. Though suffering terrible pain every time I moved my broken leg, I dragged myself along and pushed the debris from the ledge with my hands.

"Old Jolly then came to me, but without any of his usual demonstrations of joy at meeting, for the wise fellow knew at once that I was badly hurt. There was almost human grief and sympathy expressed in his big brown eyes, and he began licking the blood from my face.

"I put my arm around the faithful fellow, and for a little while held him down against me, my chilled, battered body receiving pleasurable warmth from contact with his hot, palpitating form. Then I said to him:

"'Jolly! good old dog, master is hurt. See! see!' touching my bleeding head and

my broken leg. 'You must not fail me now. You must bring me help.'

"I ripped out one of my shirt sleeves, tied the message in the center of it, inside, and securely knotted the sleeve around the dog's neck. Then pointing, I said to him sharply:

"'Go home, Jolly! Hurry! Go home!'

"He seemed to comprehend instantly, and giving my cheek a parting lick, was off. When he got to the end of the ledge he jumped so far up hill and went across the shale so rapidly that he slipped but little, and soon I heard him barking as he went up the trail past the place where I had fallen.

"Ever before when I had sent him to fetch some article, or had ordered him home, he had gone stilly, and I felt that he was then barking to cheer and encourage me, to let me know that he was hurrying on his errand.

"Night soon came on, and there being no moon, in a short time the darkness in the canon was almost palpable. Chilled to the bones by my wet clothing, I suffered miserably, but whenever about to give away to despondency I would remember faithful old Jolly, hurrying for help, clench my teeth and wait.

"My three friends at the ranch told me that the wildly barking dog burst into the room where they were at supper, nipped each one of them roughly on an arm or leg, jumped into my vacant chair by the table, and began pawing at the cloth around his neck.

"They were active, quick-witted young mountaineers, my three friends, and in a very few minutes their horses, handy in the nearby stable, were saddled, the blocks, rope and other necessaries gathered, and they were spurring over the trail.

"In about half an hour from the time the dog left me I heard a number of revolver shots fired in rapid succession near the top of the mountain ridge, and my heart filled with gratitude as I realized that good old Jolly had made the trip in record time and that my friends would soon be with me.

"Fifteen minutes later I heard them on the trail by Ox-bow Oak and shouted to them directions. Soon, with their lanterns burning, they were on the hill at the upper edge of the laurel bushes, where I halted them.

"I had saved the whittlings of the stick from which I had made my message card, and lighted the shavings, the little flare disclosing my position accurately for a moment.

"I begged the men to keep the old dog with them until they made the trail, for I was afraid he would fall if he attempted to cross the shale in the darkness, but he slipped away from them and was soon cuddled by my side, responding to my petting by low but almost articulate sounds of joy.

"After an examination of the ground which they must cross to reach me, the men went back into the canon and split from a dry drift log a lot of stakes. Returning to the clump of laurel bushes and starting from there they drove a stake at the edge of the loose ground, then another a little way in advance, and then packed a mat of fine boughs above the stakes, shoveling some of the shale on top of the boughs to hold them in place. By digging very carefully about three feet down hill from the line of stakes, they got down to firm ground without starting a slide of shale from above. Thus, cautiously, foot by foot they advanced, driving stakes, placing boughs, and digging a narrow path below; working lashed together, Alpine climber fashion.

"In about an hour the advance man reached the end of the ledge and released himself from the rope. With a long, slender but strong line coiled around his waist, and a lantern hanging at his belt, leaving both hands free, he edged out, inch by inch, along the narrow part of the ledge, the intense darkness of the canon below him preventing him from seeing the full extent of his danger.

"When he got to me the other men went back to firm ground, and climbed down into the canon. The remainder of their work was comparatively simple. They carried all of the necessary articles up the canon to the foot of the cliff and kindled a big fire, giving good light.

"The man on the ledge with his line pulled up a pick, a strong piece of rope, the sheave blocks and the canvas hammock. Making a noose in one end of the stout rope he threw it over the stub of a broken limb of the redwood tree, a few feet away. Then he wedged a pick, from which he had knocked out the handle, in a cleft of the cliff, turning

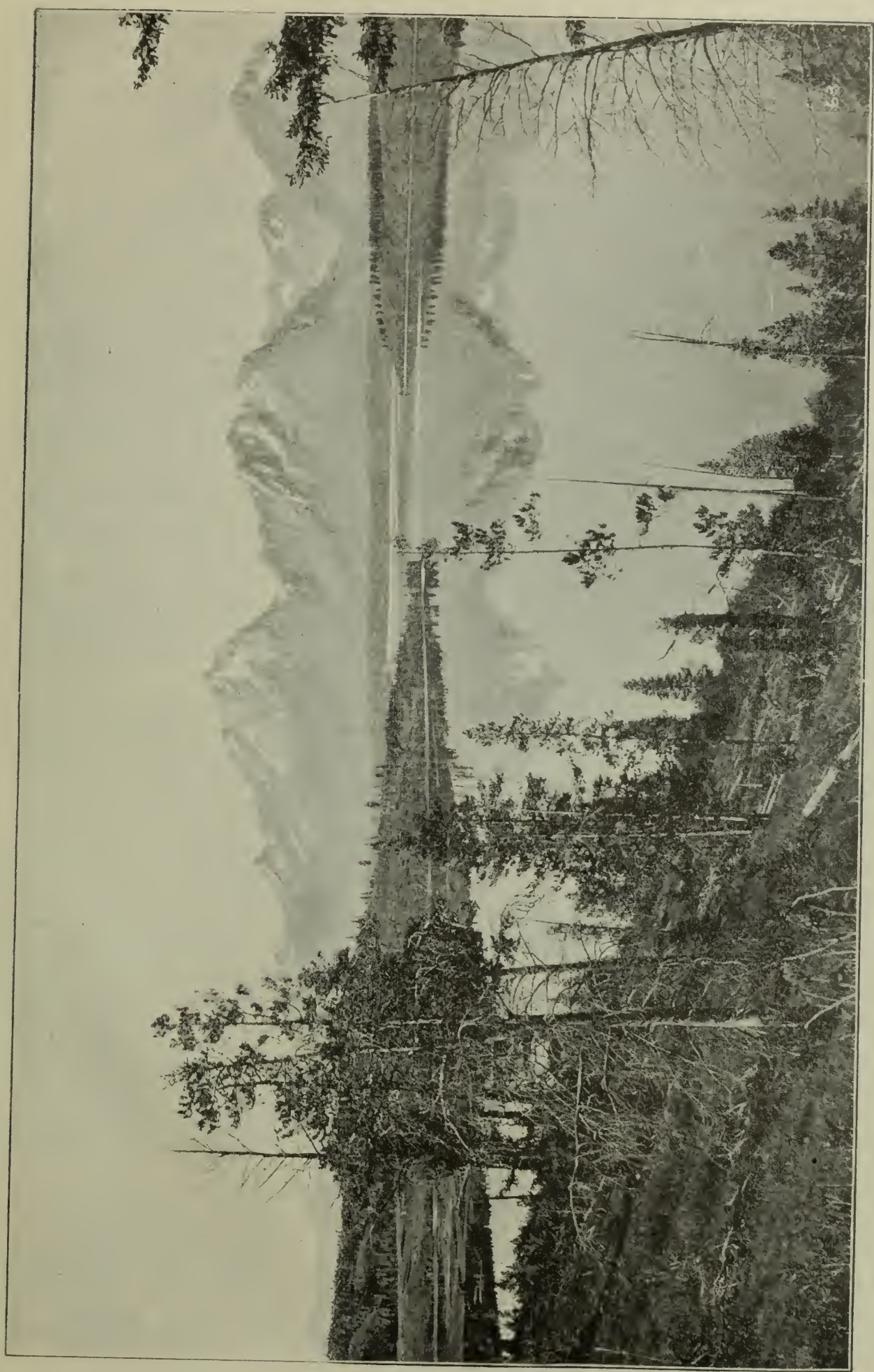
the points so that they passed into a transverse crack, making a very secure anchor. Running the end of the rope through the ring of the upper block, he passed it through the eye of the pick, drew it taut and made fast. Then with the help of the men in the canon tested the rig, making sure that it would sustain at least the weight of three men. He temporarily set my broken leg, using two pick handles for splints and rope for bandages, not exactly a surgeon's dressing, but easing me greatly. Then I was rolled into the stout canvas hammock which was drawn together and made fast to the running block, and easily lowered into the canon, old Jolly going down in my arms, for he was so loth to part from me that I was afraid that he would jump down if left for a minute.

"I found ready for me a small canteen of coffee, which the thoughtful fellows had brought with them from their supper table, and had warmed in the driftwood fire.

"The man came down from the cliff on the rope, sailor fashion. Then attaching the hammock to a long pole, the ends of which the men placed on their shoulders, they carried me down the canon to the bank of the main stream, where they had left their horses. There they lashed the sides of the canvas to two long, tough, springy poles, fastened the ends of the poles in the stirrup leathers of the saddles on two of the horses—gentle, steady beasts, accustomed to all sorts of mountain service; placed me on the hammock, and with a footman leading each horse, over a broad easy trail I went back to the ranch house in state.

"As soon as we were started the third man, on the best horse, began a twenty-five-mile ride to the settlement for a surgeon.

"While I was confined to my bunk my hounds came in to see me occasionally, but did not show any particular concern, and even went hunting with the other men, but old Jolly would not leave me. One of the boys fixed him a box by the side of my couch, and he would sleep all night with his nose on my hand, and subsisted on scraps from my meal tray. When I got out in the yard, enjoying magazine or book, he would sit for hours with his head on my knee while I stroked his silky ears, or sleep with nose across my foot. When finally I had recovered and one day picked up my rifle and said to him: 'Jolly! will you go hunting?' his joy was so great that it was pitiful. Good dog Jolly! Faithful old friend."



Jacksons's Lake and the Three Tetons
A bit of Wyoming's Wonderful Beauty.

Western Field

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN THIS issue we present the inaugural number of a series of multi-colored frontispieces, which we are confident will meet with the hearty approval of our friends. Plates and printing are the work of the Williamson-Haffner Engraving Co., whose artistic productions are now world famous and for whom we predict and bespeak a quick and cordial recognition by the discriminative Pacific Coast public. The forthcoming subjects will be distinctively Californian and will be enthusiastically welcomed by our readers, thousands of whom will doubtless desire detached sets of these pictures for framing purposes. It is our pleasure to announce that these may be had, nicely mounted on appropriate matte background, at 10 cents each, either from this office direct or from the engraving company, whose address appears in our advertising columns.

Our previous reproduction of pictures of our great calamity having met with an unprecedented success, we are this month supplementing the series by the finest collection of photographs of the terrible disaster which have, to our knowledge, so far been presented in any publication. Among distinguished contributors to our gallery this month is Mr. Willard E. Worden, of San Francisco, an artist whose work is of the highest artistic value, as the reproductions from his excellent photographs will fully testify. Mr. Stoddard, whose pictures in our last issue created such a furor, also appears prominently with a new and unique contribution of much artistic as well as historic value. Duplicate copies of any and all of these pictures—either photographic prints or reproduced half-tone proofs—can be had in any quantity either from this office or from the artists themselves. The address of Mr. Worden is 1141 Turk street and of Mr. Stoddard 835 Octavia street, both of San Francisco.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

OUR entire office files having been destroyed in the recent conflagration, we are very desirous of obtaining at least 100 complete sets of our whole issue for filing purposes, and to that end will be glad to pay 20 cents each for all back numbers, August, 1902, up to and including March, 1906. Or, if any of our friends have complete files in good order we will be glad to extend their subscriptions two years in exchange for each year's back numbers if they so prefer. Any back numbers of and between the dates mentioned are desirable if in good condition, and we earnestly urge our friends' prompt consideration in the matter. Send them in and state your preference.

THE GREATER SAN FRANCISCO.

THE present edition of WESTERN FIELD typifies in a modest way the spirit of San Francisco—the energy, enterprise and resolution that will make our Queen of the

Pacific the third, if not indeed the second city of America within the next five decades. In less than a half of that time she will easily be fourth in population, as she is now really second in maritime and commercial importance.

Few laymen appreciate the almost incredible amount of labor, expense and nerve-wrecking application entailed in the making over anew of a magazine like ours. Even when in the enjoyment of our best systematized facilities, its monthly production is a problem surcharged with anxiety and unending work, and when it is remembered that we were left without a single one of the ordinary resources—save a certain amount of confidence in ourselves and a healthy predisposition to hustle—we modestly urge that we "have not done so bad, considerin'." And now, having again caught our breath, we consider ourselves on the high road to rehabilitation on better, broader, bigger lines than ever before, in proof of which let this present edition of WESTERN FIELD bear testimony. Personally, we think it very good, under the circumstances. We are frank in this modified avowal because we made it—and we know! Compare it with any of our cotemporaries, produced as they fortuitously are amongst an affluence of facilities and uncrippled by disaster, and we will cheerfully accept your verdict. And yet, like the Greater San Francisco of our determination, we have taken only the initial step—for we are yet a little under the weather and can only strike our gait when the skies brighten and the sledding gets better again. Just at present it is enough that we are in evidence and able to hold our own in good company. Later, when we get shirt sleeves to roll up and materials enough for a fire to heat our irons, watch the sparks fly!

And San Francisco—the Greater San Francisco! How our hearts warm, our nerves thrill, and our pulses beat at the inspiration of the thought! For our drowsy days of enervating over-affluence are gone by; our dreamy *dolce far niente* is dispelled and now San Franciscans are widely, terribly awake to the stern realities of modern evolution, and it would delight the soul of a recruiting officer to look upon the lines of grim determination that are hardening about the mouths which once but indolently and languidly smiled. Once, in this blessed realm of milk, honey and easy money, San Francisco, like the stall-fed ox, waxed fat to her undoing; now, lean, vigorous and reduced to perfect form by the awful conditioning of that memorable half-week, she is lithe and eager and resistless as a tigress despoiled of her whelps. Gone forever is the indolence, the apathy, the *lassez faire* of her old fortune-dulled existence, and *manana* has now an entirely new significance in her vocabulary—it stands simply for another and larger day of accomplishments, a bigger and better extension of the strenuous to-day that we wish contained forty-eight instead of twenty-four hours—and all those of working daylight.

The old San Francisco is but a tradition now; in the reincarnation her identity is lost and no one would recognize any lineament of the easy-going dead in the hustling, bustling virility and vivacity of the living. Sadly do we miss the old landmarks and sorrow for what we shall never know again. Old associations die hard, and we stand looking a little askance at this new young thing of fire and flexibility which startles us with its impetuous impatience. The new San Francisco stands straining like a leashed hound in sight of its quarry, ready to rush resistlessly when the bond is broken in a record race to fame and glory. God speed the going and the hour of it! This is the era of progress and the pace is fast. Watch her when the word is given!

We have learned the lesson, and its moral abides. There will be no more shells and shacks and shams in the Hub of the Pacific. It will be builded upon foundations of living rock that will mock at time and *temblor*, and the superstructure will be at once the envy and the pride of nations. Modern in every appointment, graceful in every line, strong with the strength of ages of self-containment and impregnable self-reliance, fortified by her own virtue and re-enforced by an invaluable knowledge of what to adopt, what to avoid, San Francisco's future is bounded only by her ambition—and that, thank God! is boundless.

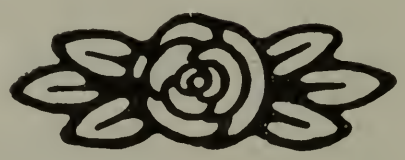
Here on the shores of the Western Sea will a great Colossus now keep our Gate. With thews fire hardened like steel, and

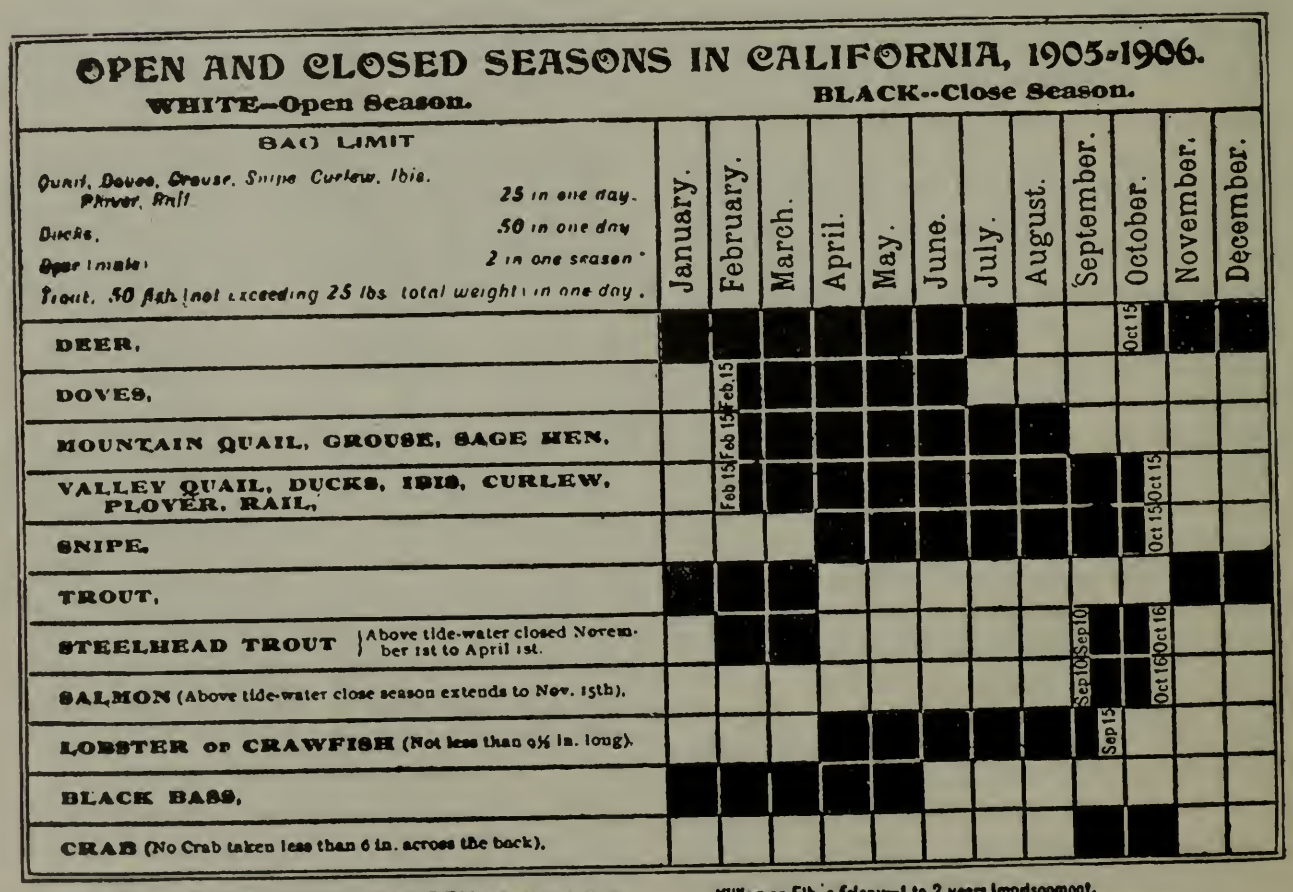
sinews knotted and stayed from the grim battle with adversity, the Goddess will sit enthroned in ever waxing power and strength, the nation's Western bulwark against the time of need.

Hail! Greater San Francisco ordained by Fate, born of necessity and baptized by adversity! For out of the bitter travail of thy people shall come a thing of wondrous beauty—a new Saint with a glorious halo, at which all men will marvel. To-day we gird up our loins for the struggle to come; we are yet a little weary and our eyes are dim with misty retrospection. But to-morrow—and yet to-morrow—will we set our face toward the goal, and when we are afield, who shall say the spirit of California nay!

Just a little more breathing space; just one more backward look at our dead past—and then the stride to Consummation.

Hail! Greater San Francisco, whom the gods await!





N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

California Game and Fish Protective Association

Organized May 26, 1900

President.
H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.
Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; T. J. Edgecomb, Shasta; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville; H. A. Greene, Monterey, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

Executive Committee—Dr. C. W. Hibbard, San Francisco; Willam S. Tevis, Bakersfield; Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; W. W. Richards, San Francisco, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

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Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

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Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

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California Audubon Socity—J. Scot Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Mendocino City—O. L. Stanley, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

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Monterey County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n—B. Ramsey, Sec., Monterey.

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San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

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Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Three Rivers Cal.

Truckee River—F. & G. Ass'n—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

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Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

"A path of beams, dim, tremulous and pale."

A SEASIDE REVERIE.

THE twilight fades. The splendor of the West
Gives place to ether-ashes. Thus the rose
That smiled, tonight, upon My Lady's breast,
Tomorrow shall have faded; thus will close
Life's glowing tale of passion, and my glass,
Now red with wine, shall in a little while—
As hopes decay, and dreams of folly pass—
Contain the simple ashes of her smile!

The night comes on. The shadows of the sea
Grow deep and dark, and chilling winds arise
From earth's cold breast—that earth which seemed to be
Today so warm, so fervent. Thus our sighs
Shall lose their youthful fever, and the chill
Of colder thoughts shall steal upon our brains.
As Age and Night shall find us mute and still,
With darkened sky, where not a star remains!

But lo, the moon is risen! Mark the trail
Which leads across yon ocean's gloomy breast—
A path of beams—dim, tremulous and pale—
Which o'er the wave leads onward, to the West:
Thus Faith shall rise, in life's declining hour,
And leave its path upon the troubled wave—
A path of light and beauty, peace and power,
Which, too, will point us Westward—to the grave!

—*T. Shelley Sutton*

THE YACHTING SEASON

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE yachtsmen of San Francisco were the first among the amateur sportsmen to recover their mental poise after the vibrating treatment to which they were subjected. Though many of them lost their offices, places of business and homes, their pleasure craft were uninjured. A few lost sails that were in the hands of the sail-makers at the time of the fire. In May some of the Corinthian yachts were in commission and cruises were made to Paradise Cove, Marin Islands and even as far as Vallejo and the Navy Yard. Among the boats that were afloat early in the season were Commodore J. C. Brickell's sloop Genesta, ex-Commodore Tom Jennings' sloop Spedwell, W. Sharpe's sloop Harpoon, Fulton G. Berry's sloop Nixie, the sloops Metco, Dixie and Neptune. By the middle of June pretty well the whole of the Tiburon fleet was ready to hoist sail, though none of the clubs had yet held a formal opening.

The first club to open the season was the youngest, the Golden Gate Yacht Club. On Saturday, June 23, the members met in the new club house, situated about two hundred yards to the south of the San Francisco Yacht Club quarters. The fleet lying at moorings in front of the club house "dressed ship" and the flag of the new organization floated from the roof of the house.

The flag consists of two blue triangles with a white star in each, a white chevron and a red point. It is easily distinguishable from the burgees of the San Francisco, Corinthian and California Yacht Clubs, though it does look very like the flag of the Pacific Yacht Club, an earlier offshoot of the pioneer yachting organization, but now dead. Between 7 and 8 p. m. the members proceeded to the ferry-slip to meet the League of the Cross Cadets' Band, which marched at their head to the club house. A nautical supper of chowder, beans, coffee, etc., was served and at about 8:30 all adjourned to the hall upstairs, where an informal jinks was enjoyed, the principal performers being Sylvain Newman, the Golden Gate Quartet and the Giannini Brothers. The bandsmen left the gay gathering with the object of returning to San Francisco by the 11:00 p. m. boat, but missed it. Being obliged to spend the night in Sausalito, they amused themselves by serenading Commodore C. F. Meyer and extracting a speech from him, and then returned to the club house, where the fun was kept up till an early hour on Sunday morning. Residents on the water front and hillside of Sausalito were fully aware that there was "something doing" at the quarters of the new organization.

On Sunday, the 24th of June, the fleet, headed by Commodore C. F. Meyer's sloop Thelma (formerly owned by Sid Marshall, commodore of the California Yacht Club, and others) cruised out to the channel and along the San Francisco water front, returning to moorings soon after 3 o'clock in the afternoon on the last part of the flood tide. There was a good, steady breeze in the channel, but off Sausalito it came down in hard, sudden squalls. The fleet of the Golden Gate Yacht Club includes the following craft: Commodore C. J. Meyer's sloop Thelma, Vice-Commodore W. W. Haley's sloop Sappho (formerly owned by Herbert E. Law, commodore of the Pacific Yacht Club; Port Captain F. Maino's sloop Minnetonka (formerly W. Woods' Angela); G. J. McCormick's sloop Arlene (formerly R. S. Bridgman's Thetis); Holm and Rousseau's sloop Merope (formerly owned by P. W. Hurndall of the Corinthian Yacht Club); B. Tille's sloop Elsie; Harry Venn's sloop Edith; C. Kitterman, Jr.'s, sloop Ivy; Walter McCarthy's sloop Nibbio; C. McCarthy's sloop Flirt (formerly owned by Dr. C. F. Millar of the California Yacht Club); the sloop Three of Us, owned by F. R. Sutton and two friends; R. Stevens' sloop Ruby, one of the fastest 25-footers on the bay; Upton Brothers' sloop Ollie; F. Raymond's sloop Kathleen; W. Finke's sloop El Amico; Bruce Palmer's sloop Hazel S.; J. Lowe's yawl Arcturus; J. Fitzgerald's yawl Ripple; W. F. Murthen's sloop Neptune and the sloop Siren. Captain Harry Goodall's steam yacht Lucero is also on the rolls of the Golden Gate Yacht Club. This craft was built for the late Charles L. Fair and was equipped with powerful gasoline engines. The fleet of launches includes W. Jessen's La Favorita, the Brown Brothers' Restless, Frank Pistolesi's Sequoia and Bear Flag, J. Ehrenberg's Seal, J. Falkenstein's Zulu, C. Zellerbach's Claire, C. F. Meyer's Marguerite, Augusta, May W. and Hope.

The Vallejo Yachting and Rowing Club opened the season on Sunday, June 24, with a high jinks, athletic sports and a dinner, the arrangements being in charge of a committee composed of Frank Lee, Ben Silvera, Judge Browne and George Hilton.

On Saturday, June 30, the formal opening of the season took place at the San Francisco Yacht Club quarters in Sausalito. During the afternoon the club house and yachts were dec-

orated with flags and at about 7 o'clock a supper was served in the boat room. About 8 o'clock the jinks began in the main hall. On Sunday, the first of July, the first regular cruise of the season was taken. The flag officers of the San Francisco Yacht Club for the present season are: J. M. Punnett, owner of the sloop Curlew, formerly Dr. T. L. Hill's Cygnus; Vice-Commodore Dr. Emmett Rixford, owner of the big sloop Annie (formerly flagship of the Pacific Yacht Club when the late C. H. Harrison was commodore, and of the Auckland Canoe Club when the late Philip Caduc was commodore); Port Captain F. E. Phillips of the sloop White Heather.

The Corinthian tars held their formal opening of the season in July 4th, on which day the members of the Family Club were their guests at Tiburon. The officers of the Corinthian Yacht Club for this season are: J. C. Brickell, owner of the sloop Genesta, commodore; Frank J. Stone, owner of the sloop Presto and skipper of the Corinthian, vice-commodore; John H. Keefe, commissary general and port captain.

The racing sloop Corinthian, which was laid up during the winter in Frank Stone's yard at Harbor View, was put into the water to prepare her for the race that was to have been held in May for the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Cup, for which the South Coast Yacht Club challenged with the sloop Monsoon, owned by Commodore Pugh of the South Coast Yacht Club of San Pedro. The race was called off and the Corinthian was laid up until another season. There will be no race for the Perpetual Challenge Cup this year.

The latest addition to the fleet of the Corinthian Yacht Club is the sloop Yankee, built by Frank J. Stone for David Abecassis. The Yankee is 53 feet over all, 36 feet on the water-line, with a beam of 15 feet and a draft of 5 feet 3 inches. Peter Lamb, who formerly owned the sloop Stella, has bought the fast sloop Vixen.

The California Yacht Club is still occupying its old quarters on Oakland creek near the Webster street bridge, its project for a new club house near the Emeryville Pier of the Key Route not having reached a successful conclusion as yet. The piling and platform which were erected about two years ago are still bare and unoccupied. The commodore of the California Yacht Club is Robert Vincent, owner of the yawl Iola and donor of the Vincent Handicap Cup. No regular opening of the season took place at the California Yacht Club house, but some of the yachtsmen enjoyed a long cruise during the Independence Day holidays, sailing up to Armory Point on Saturday, June 30; through Montezuma Slough to Antioch on Sunday, July 1; to Martinez on Monday. July 2; to Vallejo on Tuesday, July 3 and back to moorings in Oakland Creek on the Fourth.

The Encinal Yacht Club opened the season on July Fourth, on which day canoe races and other aquatic events were held in conjunction with the Oakland Canoe Club. The canoeists are now quartered on board the old steamer Amador, the University of California Boating Association having kindly offered its use to them until the Canoe Club house is rebuilt near its former site on Sessions' Basin, East Oakland.

One of the most interesting races that has ever been held on the Pacific ocean took place in June between the schooner Lurline (formerly owned by Spreckels brothers, but now the property of H. H. Sinclair of Pasadena, commodore of the South Coast Yacht Club); the schooner La Paloma (formerly owned by W. S. Goodfellows, the well-known San Francisco attorney, but now the flagship of the Hawaii Yacht Club and owned by Clarence Macfarlane of Honolulu) and the Ketch Anemone (owned of Honolulu) and the ketch Anemone (owned rolled in the New York and South Coast Yacht Club) from San Pedro to Honolulu, a distance of more than 2,500 miles. La Paloma, the smallest of the three competing yachts, received a time allowance of 16 hours from the schooner Lurline and of 27 hours from the ketch Anemone; Lurline receiving 11 hours from Anemone.

The race was for the trophy presented by the Hawaiian Promotion Committee to be contended for each year, La Paloma being the defender on behalf of the Hawaii Yacht Club. La Paloma is 47 feet over all and was commanded by C. F. Mosier, her owner, Commodore Macfarlane, and a crew of five men being on board. The schooner Lurline is 80 feet over all and was commanded by Commodore H. H. Sinclair of the South Coast Yacht Club. She carried a crew of six men. The ketch Anemone is 112 feet over all and has a beam of 21 feet. She was navigated by Captain Lindeberg of New York and a crew of 11 men. The following were also on board: Charles L. Tutt, Thayer Tutt, Judge F. C. Simson and Professor L. A. E. Ahlers of the Colorado College. She left New York last year and reached the Straits of Magellan in 70 days, requiring about 70 days more to reach California. She dropped anchor in San Diego bay on May 8. La Paloma left Honolulu on April 14 and the party on board knew nothing of the disaster that had befallen San Francisco until they reached port on May 15. The racing yachts were to have started from the bay of San Francisco, but it was found more convenient to make San Pedro the starting point. The ketch Anemone and the schooner La Paloma required several days to put them into racing trim after their long voyage, so that the start was deferred till the 11th of June. It was expected that British Columbia would be represented by the yacht Maple Leaf, but she did not appear.

The starting line was from the outer wharf of San Pedro and the time was noon. La Paloma, under mainsail, foresail, jib and staysail, crossed the line half a minute after the signal and Lurline, under the same canvas, crossed a minute after La Paloma. Anemone, under mainsail, jigger, foretopsail, jib and staysail, crossed at 12:1:30 p. m. Once during

ONE OF THE FIRST SERIES OF MACDONOUGH CUPS

the journey across the ocean to Honolulu one of the racing yachts was sighted by a merchantman, but it was not possible to decide whether it was La Paloma or Lurline, as all that could be ascertained was that she was schooner-rigged. The crew of the yacht Lurline did not catch sight of their competitors after the night of June 11. Lurline crossed the finishing line off Diamond Head on Saturday, June 23, at 7:11:30 p. m., having covered the distance in 12 days, 7 hours and 10 minutes, at an average rate of sailing of 210 miles per day, her best day's run having been 260 miles. As Lurline received a time allowance from the ketch Anemone, the latter yacht was out of the race. The remaining yacht, La Paloma, which received a time allowance of 16 hours, not having been sighted at 11:11:30 on Sunday morning, June 24, Lurline was officially declared the winner of the trophy. The victory of Lurline was expected by many Hawaiians, who had seen her before in the harbor of Honolulu. Though the islanders would have liked to see La Paloma win, they really hardly expected her to do so against boats so much larger as Lurline and Anemone.

At 9 o'clock on Sunday night Lurline dropped anchor inside the harbor and her owner received quite an ovation from a large assemblage. When the Anemone and La Paloma reached Honolulu, many entertainments were enjoyed by the owners and crews. Three races arranged by the island yachtsmen were also carried out, one to Waikiki, another round the Island of Maui and the third to Hilo on the Island of Hawaii.

For two periods of five years each, beginning with 1896 and ending with 1905, J. M. Macdonough generously presented trophies to the value of $250 each year to the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association. These trophies were raced for at the annual regatta or Admission Day. For the first five years Commodore Macdonough presented one trophy to the winner of the race in the 30-foot class, his wish being to encourage the building and racing of small yachts. For the second five years the sum of $250 was divided into prizes in the 25-foot, 30-foot, 36-foot and 44-foot classes, the trophy for the winner in the 20-foot class being provided by Herbert E. Law. Early during the present year Commodore Macdonough paid a visit to San Francisco and promised to present trophies to the value of $250 for five years more. As he does not want to see his trophies carried off by racing machines, he wishes the San Francisco yachtsmen to devise some plan of handicapping which will induce a larger number of yacht owners to enter the annual regatta. Though Commodore Macdonough suffered heavy losses in the fire, these will not affect his gift of yachting trophies; but he does not expect that the yachtsmen of San Francisco will have the leisure to work out a satisfactory system of handicapping before the regatta of 1907. The September 9 regatta of this year will be held under the same conditions as formerly; but it is hoped that a new system will come into vogue next year. As it is, the winners in each class can be predicted beforehand with so much certainty that owners whose craft have no chance of winning do not care to play the part of the tail of a kite. They prefer to avail themselves of the opportunity offered for a cruise of two or three days whenever Admission Day falls at the beginning or end of a week and it is hard to get them to go to the trouble and expense of preparing their boats for a race which they have no chance of winning.

THE GOLF SEASON OF 1906

(By Arthur Inkersley.)

LIKE the rest of the residents of San Francisco and the surrounding region, the golfers were all awake at a quarter past 5 on the morning of April 18 and have been as busy as bees ever since. The normal progress of events, however, was so rudely interrupted by the occurrences of April 18-21 that no regular tournaments were held during May and June either at Ingleside or the Presidio.

The first tournaments after the disturbance were held on Decoration Day by the Claremont Country Club and the Linda Vista Golf Club. The event on the Rock Ridge Park links was a handicap over 18 holes, medal play, and was won by A. H. Higgins with a net score of 78. The best gross score (81) was returned by C. F. Newton, holder of the championships of the Northern California Golf Association and of the Pacific Coast Gold Association. The winner's name will be engraved on the club shield, which always hangs in the club house. Competitions for the honor of having name, with score and date, engraved upon it being held on holidays named by the Field Committee. The scores are shown in the table

Claremont Country Club: Decoration Day Handicap, 1906.

Competitors	Out	In	Gross	H'd'p	Net
A. H. Higgins	44	42	86	8	78
C. F. Newton	40	41	81	..	81
G. E. de Golia	45	44	89	8	81
J. Allen	51	45	96	14	82
C. P. Hubbard	45	41	86	4	82
Dr. A. M. Carpenter	45	44	89	6	83
R. M. Fitzgerald	41	48	89	6	83
J. Valentine	50	46	96	12	84
E. R. Folger	45	43	88	4	84
A. L. Walker	46	51	97	12	85
F. S. Stratton	52	43	95	8	87
L. Baldwin	50	53	103	15	88
Warner Sherwood	52	44	96	6	90
C. Plehn	55	46	101	10	91
C. B. Gould	46	53	99	8	91
E. B. Braden	52	54	106	15	91
R. Morgan	57	40	106	12	94
C. M. Gayley	51	54	105	10	95
J. Butler	56	58	114	14	100
E. Goodall		..	*	18	..
Captain Taylor		..	*	18	..

*No returns.

C. M. Goodall (handicap 14), W. P. Johnson (handicap 4) and W. H. Taylor (handicap 10) did not play.

A Handicap Shoot, 50 birds, on the same day was won by G. Chick, who, with a handicap of six, killed 43 blue rocks, making his total score 49. J. O. Cadman shot from scratch and killed 43.

The members of the San Rafael Golf Club held a handicap tournament over 18 holes on Decoration Day, the gross scores being counted as the qualifying rounds of a competition for the Council's Cup for men. Contests in driving and approach-putting were also held.

For the Fourth of July tournaments are planned by the golfers at Claremont, Ingleside, San Rafael and Burlingame. On the links of the San Francisco Gold and Country Clb at Ingleside there will be a handicap over 36 holes, medal play, one round being played in the forenoon and the other after luncheon. Two prizes will be awarded, one for the best net score and the other for the best score handed in in the morning. The scores made in the second round will be reckoned in the first competition for the Monthly Medal. This trophy was to have been played for on Thursday, April 19, but the notable event of the 18th caused the postponement of the contest till a more convenient season. Among those who may be expected to take part in the tournament are: John Lawson, B. D. Adamson, H. A. Blackman, H. C. Golcher, R. Gilman Brown, R. J. Woods and Arthur Owen. The abnormal rains that fell in the latter part of May and early part of June have kept the Lake Merced course green and in unusually fine condition for the summer season.

On Monday, July 2, the qualifying round over 18 holes, medal play, of the competition for the W. H. Crocker Cup for women will be held on the links of the Burlingame Country Club. This is the second annual competition for the trophy, the competition that took place

during the Independence Day holidays of 1905 having been the first. The first winner and present holder of the trophy is Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, who won the championship of the California Women Golfers' Association on the Inglesi le course in Febrary of this year. The competition is open to all women golfers and the trophy will become the property of the lady who is first to win three annual competitions. The eight players who hand in the lowest medal scorres will enter the first match round of the competition and the four winners in the first round will go on to the second, or semi-final round. The final round will be played on the Fourth. A handicap tournament for men will also be held on the holiday.

The management of the Hotel Del Monte will hold the regular annual golf tournament on the De Monte links from Monday, August 20, to Saturday, August 25, inclusive. The programme will embrace handicap match play competitions for the Del Monte Cup for Men and for the Del Monte Cup for Women; Mixed Foursomes and consolation handicaps for men and women. The runners-up for the Del Monte Cups will receive trophies and all except the winners and runners-up for the Cups will be eligible for the consolation handicaps. Any amateur may enter and entries will be received by the manager of the tournament or at the hotel desk up to 6 p. m. of the evening preceding the competition. Men will pay an entrance fee of $1.50 and women a fee of $1.00 for the whole tournament. The qualifying rounds for the Del Monte Cup for men will be over 36 holes, medal play, the best 16 to qualify, and for the Del Monte Cup for Women will be over 18 holes, the best eight to qualify. Players who tie for the last place in the qualifying round will continue playing until one or other gains a lead, the hole or holes being played out.

Those who qualify will be paired for the first match round according to their standing in the qualifying round, all matches, except the final one in the men's cup competition, being over 18 holes. The final round for the Del Monte Cup for Men will be over 36 holes. Ties in the match rounds will be decided over three holes. the handicap being taken where it falls. In match play the handicaps must be taken on the holes designated in the schedule of handicaps and will be three-fourths of the medal play handicaps, the nearest whole number being taken in the case of fractions and halves counting for the next higher number. When players not having the same handicaps are competing, the player who has the larger handicap will receive the number of strokes left after his competitor's handicap has been subtracted. A golf committee will be appointed from among the players; this committee will allot the handicaps and decide any questions that may arise, their decision being final. The competitions will be regulated by the rules of golf as revised by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews in 1891, with the rulings and interpretations of the Executive Committee of the United States Golf Association.

The schedule of play for the week is as follows:

Monday, August 20.
9:30 a. m.— Qualifying round over 36 holes, medal play, for Del Monte Cup for Men, the best 16 to qualify; first 18 holes.
2:30 p. m.—Second 18 holes.

Tuesday, August 21.
First match round of Del Monte Cup for Men
2:15 p. m.—Second match found for Del Monte Cup for Men.
2:30 p. m.—Qualifying round over 18 holes, medal play, of competition for Del Monte Cup for Women; best eight to qualify.

Wednesday, August 22.
9:30 a. m.—Semi-final round of Del Monte Cup for Men.
10:00 a. m.—First match play round of Del Monte Cup for Women.

Thursday, August 23.
9:30 a. m.—First 18 holes of final round of Del Monte Cup for Men.
10:00 a. m.—Second match play round of competition for Del Monte Cup for Women.
2:30 p. m.—Second 18 holes of final round of competition for Del Monte Cup for Men.

Friday, August 24.
10:00 a. m.—Final round of competition for the Del Monte Cup for Women.
2:30 p. m.—Mixed Foursomes over 18 holes, medal play, with handicap.

Saturday, August 25.
9:30 a. m.—First 18 holes of 36-hole consolation event, medal play, for men who did not reach the final round of the competition for the Del Monte Cup for Men.
10:00 a. m.—Consolation Handicap over 18 holes, medal play, for women who did not reach the final round of the competiton for the Del Monte Cup for Women.
2:30 p. m.—Second 18 holes of the Consolation Handicap for Men.

Ties in consolation handicaps to be settled over 18 holes on Sunday, August 26.

If the vistors at the Hotel Del Monte desire it, arrangements will be made for an open scratch event over 36 holes, professionals to receive money prizes and amateurs to take trophies.

AT THE TRAPS

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

THE Grand American Handicap, the banner event of the year in the trap-shooting world, was held on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., June 19 to 22, inclusive. The selection of these grounds for the third time needs no explanation to those who attended the last two handicaps. The grounds contain 16 acres of level grass land. Five sets of traps facing north are in position and the background is perfect. There is ample shelter for 500 contestants in case of stormy weather, and the appointments are not excelled by any similar place in the world.

The policy of the Interstate Associaton snce ts organzation has been one of progressiveness and liberality in all matters of interest to trap-shooters. The brief history of the Grand American, which follows, will show that the association's efforts have met with a very gratifying degree of success. Incorporated "for the encouragement of trap-shooting," the aim of the association in giving tournaments has been to promote a deservedly popular sport, to bring together experts, semi-experts and novices, guard their interests, and to show how a big tournament should be run. In every department of trap-shooting the association has always advocated that which was good and which made for the best sportsmanship.

The first Grand American Handicap at targets was held on June 12, 1900, at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., seventy-four shooters took part and the event was won by Rolla O. Heikes of Dayton, Ohio, a professional, with 91 out of 100 targets, shooting from 22 yards.

In 1901 the event was held on July 18 at the same place and had 75 starters. E. C. Griffith of Pascoag, R. I., an amateur, was the winner, breaking 95 out of 100, at 19 yards.

The third handicap was held on May 8, 1902, at Interstate Park. The interest in this event was increasing and there were 91 starters this year. Charles Floyd of New York, standing at 18 yards, won with a score of 94.

After this tournament a determined effort was made to have the next year's handicap held somewhere in the West. It was felt that a more central location would result in a largely increased attendance. Many shooters who could spare neither the time nor the money necessary for a trip to the extreme East would attend if the event was held nearer the center of the country. At the annual meeting of the association it was decided to try the experiment and go West in 1903, the result proved that the decision was a wise one. The Handicap was held at Kansas City, Mo., on April 16, and had 179 starters. M. Diefenderfer, an amateur of Wood River, Neb., won with a score of 94, standing at 15 yards.

F. E. ROGERS, St. Louis, Mo.
Winner Grand Handicap, June 21, 1906

Several cities bid for the Handicap for 1904, and it was decided to hold it on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind. The fifth annual G. A. H. was a record-breaker and was the largest target tournament ever held in the world. In the Preliminary Handicap, on June 28, had 307 starters. R. R. Barber, an amateur of Paullina, Iowa, won with 98 out of 100 targets, from the 16-yard mark. The Grand American Handicap was shot on the following day. There were 350 entries and 333 starters. R. R. Barber, winner of the Preliminary, also carried off the honors in this event with a score of 99 out of 100 targets, missing his 96th target. The Consolation Handicap was shot on June 30 with 181 starters. J. A. Atkinson of New Castle, Penn., standing at 18 yards, and Claude Binyon of Lowell, Ind., at 16 yards, tied on 99 out of 100. In the shoot-off, at 20 targets, Atkinson won with 18 to Binyon's 16. In the three handicap events R. R. Barber led the field, breaking 294 out of 300 targets, from 16 yards, an average of 98 per cent.

The following figures give an idea of the

great improvement which has been made in shooting since the Grand American Handicap was inaugurated. In 1900 there was but one score of 90 or better, with 74 starters. In 1901, there were six scores of 90 to 95, with 75 starters. In 1902, four scores of 90 to 94, with 91 starters. In 1903, 15 scores of 90 to 94, with 179 starters. In 1904, 74 scores of 90 to 96, with 317 starters, and in 1905 there were 100 scores of 90 to 99, with 333 starters.

In 1905 the Interstate Association added a new feature to the Grand American which proved to be most interesting. This was the amateur state team championship contest. Five men on each team, 100 targets per man. Members of team to be residents of the same state. Seventeen teams were entered, representing 10 states. The Ohio team—Rhoads, 93; Upson, 95; Snow, 97; Orr, 96; Alkire, 93; total, 474, won first prize. Illinois team—Graham, 96; Willard, 89; Dunnell, 95; Sconce, 97; Powers, 96; total, 473, won second prize. The other teams finished in the order following: Iowa, 471; Nebraska, 459; Chicago, of Illinois, 458; Missouri, 456; Indianapolis, 449; Pennsylvania, No. 1, 445; Illinois, No. 3, 439; Colorado, 439; Illinois, No. 2, 436; Indiana, 436; Michigan, 430; Pennsylvania, No. 2, 428; Maine, 424; N. C. R., Dayton, Ohio, 420; Illinois, No. 4, 404.

This year the Association has still further broadened the competition by replacing the Consolation Handicap with an individual championship contest for amateurs and professionals, respectively. Each contest is at 150 targets per man and will determine the question of individual superiority under scratch conditions.

The great success of these tournaments may justly be credited very largely to one man, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Association. His long experience in managing tournaments has enabled him to handle large numbers of shooters with absolutely no friction. He is familiar with the minutest detail of the work, and is strictly impartial in his enforcement of the necessary rules. Add to this perfect coolness under the most trying circumstances, and an unfailing courtesy towards all, and we have an ideal man for the place.

The seventh annnual Grand American Handicap was held at Indianapolis, Ind., on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, June 19 to 22. The weather during the week was about as bad as it could be. Rain on Tuesday and Wednesday delayed the shooting at times. Thursday was pleasant, but a gale of wind played havoc with the flight of the targets and prevented any record scores being made. Friday, again the rain stopped the shooting in the championship contest several times.

This is the third year that the G. A. H. has been given here, and no excuse is necessary to those who attended. The grounds comprise 16 acres of level grass land. A large club house affords ample shelter. Five Leggett traps set in a straight line, facing north, were used.

Mr. Elmer S. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, was in charge, and not a hitch occurred during the week. In the office was Mr. Fred Whitney, an old hand at the work, and without an equal in the country.

The handicapping committee was as follows: Elmer E. Shaner, chairman; B. Waters, New York; C. M. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; W. D. Townsend, Omaha, Neb.; L. B. Fleming, Pittsburg, Pa.

Monday, June 18, was practice day and there were 150 entries in the five 20-target events. W. R. Crosly, C. S. Spencer and C. O. Compte tied for high gun on 97.

The tournament opened on Tuesday, June 19. The program consisted of 10 20-target events, $2 entrance, $20 added money in each event. There were 210 entries. J. L. D. Morrison, J. A. R. Elliott and Walter Huff tied for high gun on 193. L. S. German 192. D. Dunnill, L. J. Squier, L. S. Wade and Guy Ward, 191 each. W. R. Crosby, W. H. Heer, Ed O'Brien, H. C. Hirschy, F. M. Faurate and D. A. Upson, 190 each. The shooting was stopped for nearly two hours on account of a severe wind and rain storm which began about 1 o'clock. L. J. Squier did the best work of the day, going straight in six of the events and making a run of 139.

Wednesday, June 20, was rainy most of the forenoon, though it was not found necessary to stop the shooting. The first event was Preliminary Handicap, at 100 targets, $7 entrance, $100 added to purse. Handicaps 14 to 22 yards. There were 235 entries. C. M. Powers, Ed Voris and F. M. Edwards tied for first on 93. The shoot-off was at 20 targets per man and was won by Powers with 20 straight. Edwards 17, Voris 16. R. O. Heikes, W Huff, L. J. Squier and J. A. Bell, 92 each. There were eight scores of 91 and seven of 90. The weather conditions were responsible for low scores. In the afternoon the State team event was shot. This was open to any five-man team whose members were residents of the same state, or of the same Province of Canada. Entrance, $35 per team; 100 targets per man. Nine teams were entered. Last year there were 17 teams in this contest, and an Ohio team won. This year the Illinois team, No. 1, won with a score of 470. The members of the team were: C. M. Powers, 99; H. Dunnill, 95; B. T. Cole, 94; J. R. Graham, 92; B. Dunnill, 90; total, 470. The Iowa team was second with 458. H. W. Kahler, 97; O. N. Ford, 95; J. Peterson, 91; S. A. Smith, 89; W. S. Hoon, 87; total, 458. Ohio, No. 1, 452.; Pennsylvania, No. 1, 426; Indiana, No. 1, 429; Pennsylvania, No. 2, 420; Ohio, No. 2, 426; Nebraska, 452; Illinois, No. 1, 456. Six states were represented by teams. R. S. Rhoads made high individual score, 99.

Thursday, June 21, was pleasant, but a gale of wind blew all day and simply spoiled all chances for good scores. Only 13 scores of 90 to 94 were made, while last year, under better weather condidtions, there were 100 scores of 90 to 99. The event was the Grand American Handicap at 100 targets, $10 entrance, $200

ILLINOIS TEAM NO. 2. WINNERS STATE TEAM SHOOT

B. Dunwill J. R, Graham H. Dunwill E. T. Cole C. M. Powers

added to the purse, the winner to receive a trophy, presented by the Association, in addition to first money. There were 268 starters, a smaller number by 65 than last year, when 333 were in this event. The reason for this difference is the fact that the Association is to hold several similar tournaments in different parts of the country this year. F. E. Rogers, 17 yards, of St. Louis, Mo., was the winner with 94. Geo. L. Lyon and Geo. J. Roll, 93 each. Roll had a chance to tie Rogers by going straight in his last event, but he lost one target and his chance with it. L. I. Wade, 92; W. H. Heer, Ed O'Brien, J. R. Tayler, Geo. E. Painter, D. A. Upson and Wm. S. Hoon, 91 each; W. R. Crosby, J. M. Hawkins and Robt. Miller, 90 each.

Roll was in the last squad to shoot and finished at No. 5 trap. He lost his eighth target, but he kept on gamely and broke the next 12 straight. Mr. Rogers, the winner, is comparatively a new man in the shooting game, but he shot like a veteran, displaying no signs of nervousness at any time. The conditions were the most adverse which ever prevailed at a Grand American. Two former winners of this event were shooting—R. R. Barber and Rolla O. Heikes—but the best they could do was 84 and 83, respectively, shooting from 19 and 20 yards.

At the conclusion of the shooting President J. A. Haskell of the Interstate Association presented the trophies to the winners of the team, Preliminary and G. A. H. events.

Friday, June 22, was the closing day. Frequent showers delayed the sport somewhat, but it was all finished soon after 1 o'clock and most of the shooters and spectators left the grounds. The event today was the contest for the amateur and professional championships, 150 targets per man, 18 yards rise, $15 entrance, $100 added to amateur and $50 to professional purse. Winners to receive a trophy presented by the Association. The conditions were fairly good and some good scores were made. Walter Huff of Macon, Ga., won the professional event with 145. His nearest competitor was R. O. Heikes with 143. W. R. Crosby, W. D. Stannard and J. R. Taylor 140 each.

The amateur championship was won by Guy Ward of Walnut Log team, with a score of 144. H. W. Kahler and D. A. Upson, 142 each. C. M. Powers and Lem Willard, 141 each. President Haskell presented the trophies to the winners and thus ended a most successful tournament.

In the afternoon quite a number of the shooters took part in sweeps under the charge of the local club.

On Thursday a pleasant incident occurred. Dr. Moore, president of the Indianapolis Club, presented Mr. Shaner with an elegant Masonic emblem watch charm, in behalf of members of the club and the shooters. Mr. Shaner responded to calls of "speech" in his usual happy manner.

The purse in each event on Tuesday was $252.00. In the Preliminary Handicap $1,225, first money amounting to $122.50. Purse divided into 48 moneys. In the G. A. H. total of $2,674.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

THE annual fall tennis tournament will be held September 8 to 15 at the Country Club. The tournaments will be handicaps, and entries are expected soon. Crude petroleum oil will be put on the courts this summer as an experiment. It is believed this will make them soft and free from dust.

The Pacific Northwest Golf Association will hold its 1907 convention in Spokane, where there are fine links at the Country Club. The meeting probably will be held in May.

The Spokane Rod and Gun Club has made arrangements with Col. Bolton of the United States army, by which the club will be permitted to use the new and splendid rifle range at Ft. Wright, on the outskirts of the city. The club now has a membership of 25, which will be increased to 30, and then an affiliation will be made with the National Rifle Association. Under the rules of the National Rifle Association it will be necessary to hold all competitions with the military weapons, and the members are already making arrangements to have private rifles made to suit the conditions. There are a number of fine shots in the Spokane Club.

A huge white grizzly bear is roaming the mountains in Ferry county, according to reports which have come from a number of men who claim to have seen this strange animal. Stories that such an animal exists have been coming for six years, and seem to be absolutely reliable. J. Morran, who has a homestead in Curlew valley, says that a few days ago he was following a dim trail on foot, looking for a stray horse, when he was confronted by this gigantic white grizzly, which charged him. Mr. Morran, though past middle age, succeeded in climbing a nearby tree. The bear tried in vain to shake him out of his perch, and, failing, vented his fury in pawing up the earth. Tiring of this, he retreated, but no sooner had his prisoner reached the ground than he was again chased by the bear and compelled to climb another tree. Finally the bear went off, and Mr. Morran was able to escape.

Numerous hunters have tried in vain to secure the pelt of this animal, which would be a great prize. It is said six years ago a half-breed Indian, while hunting in that vicinity, shot a two-year-old white grizzly, which was with a larger one. Eli Fletcher, a hunter of much prowess, says he is going to hunt down that animal this spring. According to all reports, the bear must weigh 900 pounds. Few hunters care to meet him alone, which in a measure accounts for his hide being his own in a country which is so well settled.

It is doubtful if any city in the world which is not on navigable water takes as much interest in boating and regattas as Spokane. The Spokane river flows through the city, but a boat would have as much chance of living as it would in Niagara falls. But this is the "Land of a Thousand Lakes," and on these beautiful bodies of water Spokane people have their canoes, sailing boats, launches, steamers, and in winter even ice boats. At present there is a movement on in the Spokane Amateur Athletic Club to organize a four-oar boat crew, purchase a shell and barge, secure the necessary apparatus and hold their regatta on one of the lakes, probably Coeur d'Alene, 35 miles from the city, one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world. If this is done, boat crews will be brought from Seattle, Tacoma and Portland to compete in the sport. Ralph N. Post, physical director of the Athletic club, has had this matter brought to his attention by George Dodson, one of the enthusiastic sportsmen of this city.

The Coeur d'Alene Boat Club is a Spokane organization of 80 members, who own or are interested in pleasure craft on Coeur d'Alene lake. The club held its annual meeting last week and elected a board of trustees, having an executive committee, for the coming year, and decided that after July 1 the initiation fee would be doubled, making it $30. It is expected that some kind of regatta will be held on the lake during the present summer. Coeur d'Alene lake is a geat pleasure resort, lined with pretty cottages of well-to-do Spokane people, who spend much of their summer there.

The swiftest motor boat on Puget Sound, the Tilacum, of Tacoma, has been purchased by Spokane people and will be brought to Coeur d'Alene lake soon.

A movement is now on foot to organize another boating club at Sandpoint, Idaho, on Pend d'Oreille lake. This is another fine body of water in northern Idaho, even larger than Coeur d Alene, but more distant from Spokane. It is also a favored summer resort, and Spokane people will be among the members of the new club organized.

Spokane, Wash., June 25—Dan Kelly's well-trained muscles of steel, combined wth the splendid track of the Spokane Interstate Fair Association, have broken the American amateur record for the 100-yard dash, have tied the world's championship record for the 100-yard dash and have tied the American amteur record for the 220-yard dash. Kelly did the feat in 21 1-5 seconds.

Records were tied and broken with impunity at the meet of the Pacific Northwest Amateur Atheltic Association, held in Spokane, Saturday, June 23. Weather conditions were perfect and the track was in excellent condition, being firm and fast. The clubs which participated were the three largest in the Pacific Northwest, the Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland, Ore., the Seattle Athletic Club and the Spokane Amateur Athletic Club. The association is only two years old, and the officers and members are enthusiastic over the splendid meet held in this city. All the track work was good, and there are few track meets anywhere in the United States in which better work is done.

There is no question about the accuracy of the time and distance in Kelly's running. The track was carefully remeasured after the race and found exact. Five watches caught the time, and four of them caught the same—9 3-5. After making his splendid run in the 100-yard dash, Kelly won the broad jump with a leap of 23 feet 9½ inches, breaking the Northwestern Association record, and then without cooling off ran in the 220-yard dash in 21 1-5 seconds, equaling the American amateur record. Kelly's time is even better than the A. A. U. record in this event, because the Multnomah boy ran on a slightly curved track, while Wefers, who holds the A. A. U. record, ran it on a straightaway course.

Kelly is the direct product of the coaching of "Bill" Hayward, the university of Oregon trainer, who has turned out some other crack sprinters, notably Smithson, another 10-second man. Hayward has an offer to go East this fall to coach the Notre Dame team. Kelly won his race easily, about four feet ahead of Cary of Spokane, who led Rex Smith of Seattle. The Pacific Northwest Amateur Athletic Association will claim the American Amateur record for Kelly for the 100-yard dash.

Fawcett, the University of Idaho star, running under the colors of the Spokane club, set the pace in the 440-yard dash, and led till within 100 yards of the tape when he gave out, Greenhaw of Multnomah and the two Seattle men passing him. Greenhaw's time was 50 4-5 seconds, within a fifth of a second of the association record. Harris of Seattle won the mile in 4:43. Smithson of the Multnomah club bettered the association time in the 120-yard hurdles, but the record will not stand, as he kicked over every hurdle on the course. His time was remarkably fast, and within a fifth of a second of the American Intercollegiate record. In the high hurdles Moores of the Multnomah club captured the association record in 25 3-5 seconds. The half-mile was one of the best races of the day. Shirley Parker of Seattle won by two feet, after an exciting contest in which he and Greenhaw ran shoulder to shoulder for the last 50 yards.

Hug of Multnomah won the shot put in 42 feet 8½ inches, establishing a new association record. He also won the discus throw with 117 feet 8 inches. Smith and Grant of Seattle tied for first in the high jump, scoring five feet nine inches. McKinney of Multnomah won the hammer throw with 130 feet 8 inches. Multnomah won the relay race in 3:28 4-5.

The track at the Spokane Interstate Fair grounds is believed to be the fastest for sprinters on the Pacific coast and one of the best in the world. It is spongy, and the dirt doesn't lift with the foot either to clog the spikes or to weight down the runner. In the past professionals have run it in 9 4-5 seconds, and it was in better condition at the recent meet than ever before. The track is a half mile one, used by the Spokane Interstate Fair, which holds its race meet and general exposition this year from September 24 to October 6. Horsemen from all portions of the Pacific coast say this is one of the best tracks in the country.

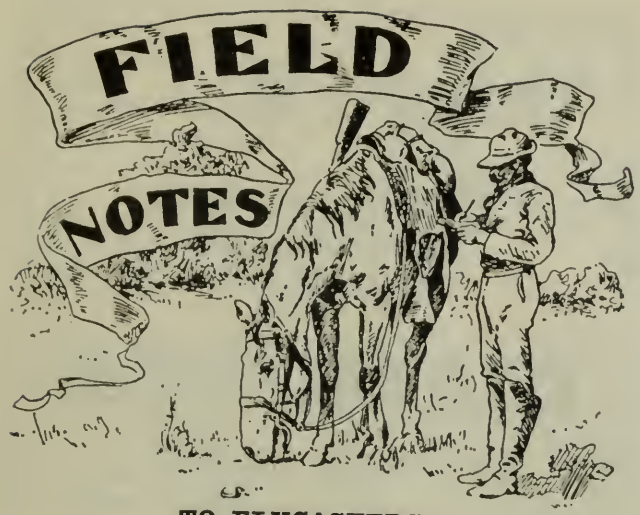
C. C. Holzell, president of the Pacific Northwest Amateur Athletic Association, said of the 100-yard dash: "It was the grandest race I ever saw in my life. The record will go on the American Amateur Union books if I have to go clear to New York on my own expense to see that it gets there."

STOREY BUCK

Spokane, Wash.

THE DENVER TOURNAMENT

Don't forget that on August 20, 21, 22, 23 there will be held at Denver, Colo., the greatest tournament of the year outside of the Grand American Handicap. There will be $3,000 in added moneys and it is all yours. Full particulars in our next number.



TO FLYCASTERS.

THE following letter from one of the most eminent flycasters in this country is so lucid and self-sufficient that we present it to our appreciative readers without further comment:

Chicago Fly Casting Club
(Incorporated 1892)
Chicago, June 13, 1906.

Editor Western Field,
4 Sutter St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:

In view of the continually increasing interest in fly and bait casting tournament or contest work, it is believed by the Chicago Fly Casting Club that many of your readers would be gratified to know that this Club will be glad to send, free of charge, to anyone interested in this delightful adjunct to the sport of angling, a copy of its Constitution, Rules & Events on application to George A. Davis, Sec'y. & Treas., 24 Sherman St., Chicago.

This book is the result of fourteen years' experience and careful compilation and revision. It is believed these Rules represent the best modern methods in the Events enumerated and that the Events conform as far as possible to the most largely practiced methods of scientific angling in America. This is attested to by the fact that many clubs that have been organized since the Chicago Club (the first to organize) started, have adopted the Constitution, Rules & Events verbatim, except for necessary changes due to local name, etc.

This offer is made solely to promote the very enjoyable sport of tournament or contest work and a more widespread knowledge of prevailing methods, and it is sincerely hoped you will give the matter as wide publicity as you think its importance warrants.

Yours truly,
H. WHEELER PERCE,
Chm. Com. on Rules,
990 Old Colony Building,
Chicago.

WAGON WHEEL GAP, COLORADO.

For diversified, picturesque mountain scenery, wonderful hot mineral springs; dry, invigorating climate; unvarying cool, refreshing nights; excellent trout fishing; the homelike comfort and perfect sanitary condition of the hotel and cottages, Wagon Wheel Gap affords a pleasure and health resort of unsurpassed merit.

Wagon Wheel Gap is situated in Mineral County, Colorado, on the Creede Branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad—aptly termed "The Scenic Line of the World." The trip from Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo carries the passenger over the Spanish range at La Veta Pass, skirting the Sierra Blanca, the highest mountain peak in Colorado, across the San Luis Valley and through some of the most beautiful scenery in Colorado.

At few places in Colorado is there better trout fishing than at Wagon Wheel Gap. Less than five minutes' walk from the hotel takes one to Goose Creek, famous for its trout fishing. One of the points of interest is a fish hatchery from which 600,000 trout fry are planted in Goose Creek each year. Traversing this stream downward for a mile and a half the fisherman comes to the beautiful Rio Grande river. Here, again, in either direction, the speckled beauties are plentiful. Or, if the angler chooses, he may wend his way up Goose Creek from the hotel for a distance of six miles and find good fishing at all points.

The Hot Springs Hotel and Cottages are situated about one mile from the station at Wagon Wheel Gap, and conveyances meet all trains.

Within the past three years new buildings at the Hot Springs have entirely supplanted the old ones, at a cost of approximately $100,000. While the hotel and cottages are modern in every essential respect, the aim has been simplicity, health and home-like comfort rather than ostentation.

The cottage feature predominates, so that about one-third of the guests are accommodated in the main building and the remainder in the cottages, which are connected with the hotel by substantial walks with rustic railings. They are models of neatness and convenience, affording a privacy not usually found in a hotel.

The bath house, one of the most carefully and best appointed bathing establishments in the United States, was erected in 1902. Of liberal dimensions, it possesses the unique featue of having both ladies' and gentlemen's inside hot-wate rswimming pools. Adjoining each pool are commodious resting rooms provided with rockers and willow couches. Encircling the dressing rooms are enclosed individual dressing compartments. To meet special requirements the bath house is provided with bedrooms having private bath tubs attached.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 40 cents per line for first issue, and 30 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants, etc., beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, Lewis, Iowa.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred English and Llewellyn Setter Pups and Dogs—retrievers and spaniels—trained dogs. Prices reasonable. Write "The Thoroughbred Kennels," Atlantic, Iowa.

* * *

SPORTSMEN—I guarantee bear; first-class hunting and fishing. Now is the time to arrange for a trip. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Fifty selected Angora Goat Skins; long, silky wool and nicely tanned. A. E. Colburn, 1204 South Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422 Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

* * *

NORWEGIAN BEARHOUNDS—Irish wolfhounds, deer and cat hounds, English bloodhounds, American foxhounds. On receipt of 4c stamp a catalogue will be sent. Rockwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky.

* * *

IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels, W. B. Coutts, Propr., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Mountain Lion skins, $10.00 each. Glass eyes, tanning liquid and supplies. A. E. Colburn, 1204 So. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

WE have a number of well developed puppies at very reasonable prices. Pointers and setters as good as can be had. California Kennels, Ridgewood, Mendocino Co., Cal.

* * *

PREHISTORIC INDIAN RELICS, flint-lock pistols, buffalo horns polished in pairs, also made into hat racks, Navajo blankets, elk tusks and curios. Illustrated lists, three cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis.

* * *

FOR SALE—Bass and trout flies, mounted on hair loop snells. John Norman, Westmount, Quebec, Canada.

* * *

FOR RENT—Ark and two small cabins at Greenbrae, completely furnished with boats. Address, Greenbrae, Western Field Office.

Shreve & Co.

Have on sale their usual complete stock of

DIAMONDS

AND GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, CUT GLASS, ETC.

AT

POST ST. & GRANT AVE.
(SHREVE BLDG.)
and 2429 Jackson Street
SAN FRANCISCO

THE FASTENER WITH A BULL-DOG GRIP
Washburne Pat. Imp. **Fasteners**
Men swear by them, not at them
Key Chain and Ring 25c | Scarf Holders - 10c
Cuff Holders - 20c | Bachelor Buttons 10c
Sent Postpaid. Little but never let go. Catalogue Free. Sold Everywhere
American Ring Co., Dept. 66, Waterbury, Conn.

A GAME GETTER
doesn't allow rust on his gun—neither does "3-in-one." Heavy oils and greases cannot prevent rust because they simply coat the surface and dry out.

3 in One

sinks into the pores of the metal, forming a delicate, imperceptible overcoat that prevents rust or tarnish on the barrel, bore, at any and every point in the action. Lubricates the magazine, triggers, etc. Our booklet tells—a sample proves—both free.

G. W. COLE CO.
143 Washington Life Bldg., New York

"DOWAGIAC"

Artificial Minnow

IF LIVE BAIT will ever catch more fish than a "Dowagiac" artificial minnow, it is the exception. 19 times out of 20, game fish 'strike' only to attack the lure.

MORE "DOWAGIAC BAITS are sold every year than all o her Artificial Casting Baits combined.

The "Dowagiac" Bait Products for 1906 are just a little handsomer and more perfect in construction than ever before.

A piece of painted wood with a fish-hook attached is not a criterion for artificial bait. "Dowagiac" baits are the result of many years' experience of practical bait casters. Every detail has been carefully worked out and *that is why* the "Dowagiac" minnow will land your fish at a time when he would slip off the other fellow's bait.

"Drop a line" to us and catch one of our booklets showing our minnows printed up in their natural colors,

JAS. HEDDON & SON, Dept. 5G, Dowagiac, Mich.

Pacific Coast Trade Supplied by Jenson-King-Byrd Co., Spokane, Wash.; Ware Bros., Spokane, Wash.; Pacific Hardware and Steel Co., San Francisco, Cal.

STOCKDALE KENNELS

AT STUD

Cuba of Kenwood

Glenbeigh Jr.--Stella

Cuba Jr.

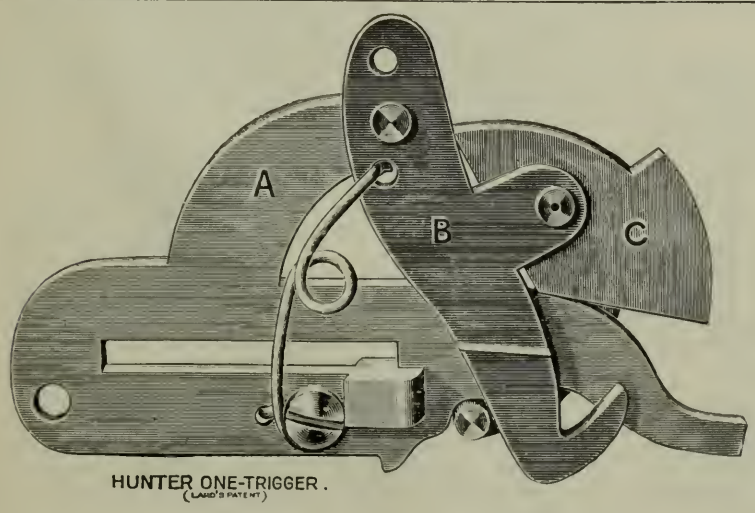
Cuba of Kenwood--Florida

One of the highest class Field Trial Winners in America. Seven wins in nine trials before he was two years

Pointer Puppies and Well-Broken Dogs For Sale.

R. M. DODGE, Manager

BAKERSFIELD KERN COUNTY CALIFORNIA



HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER.
(LAND'S PATENT)

The HUNTER
One Trigger

Fitted to an L. C. Smith gun makes a combination that is impossible to surpass and very difficult to equal. The parts are large and strong, action is positive and it does just what we say it will and does it every time.

ASK FOR ART CATALOG

HUNTER ARMS COMPANY
FULTON, N. Y.

RECORD FOR RESUMPTION.

A record-breaking resumption of business was made by the Continental Building and Loan Association, whose building was destroyed during the destruction of San Francisco by earthquake and fire. When the flames first started, the officials of the bank immediately took the contents from the vaults, and as much of the office supplies as possible, to the home of their secretary, William Corbin, situated several miles from the scene of the conflagration. Within two days the Continental had leased a large suite of ground floor offices at the corner of Market and Church streets, and on the third day it was doing business as if nothing had occurred. Out of the forty or more banks in San Francisco the Continental was the only one that saved all of its records and supplies.

There was no "run." It was predicted that this institution, by resuming business within such a short period after the destruction of the city, would be subjected to a "run," but such was not the case. Corbin said that while it had paid out considerable money to needy depositors there had been no indication of the expected "run," and the amount of the deposits was about equal to the withdrawals. The action of the Continental in permitting withdrawals at once enabled many of the unfortunate refugees to keep out of the bread line. The temporary offices will remain at Market and Church streets until a new building is erected at the junction of Market, Sansome and Sutter streets.

* * *

(Translated from a Liege Daily, May 22, 1906)

THE TWO HUNDRED FIFTY THOUSANDTH

A Fete at the Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre.

Monday evening there was given a banquet at the Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre which will long remain in the memory of the participants. The purpose of the occasion was to honor M. Browning, the inventor of the automatic pistol which bears his name and which to-day is manufactured on so large a scale that it annually returns to our working population three millions in wages.

It is said that each step toward the perfection of arms of war is a step toward disarmament, and, if this is true, surely the Browning pistol is deserving of our warmest thanks. The output has lately reached the enormous total of 250,000, and this achievement was made the occasion to honor the inventor.

M. Browning was surrounded by M. M. Frenay, the director general; Graeves, assistant director; Boell, inspector; the Russion colonels de Stomma, Yourloff, Tschedysizeff; the Russian captain, de Kharitonoff, together with the chiefs of departments of the factory. The hall was beautifully decorated with tapestries and palms and with countless American and Belgian flags draped together.

According to custom the toasts began with dessert. M. Frenay dwelt enthusiastically on the merits of the Browning arm, which has become the standard and inimitable type of automatic pistols. He continued by eulogizing the inventive genius of M. Browning, who, since 1879, has taken out more than one hundred patents on fire arms. Among his other famous productions is the machine gun which enabled the Americans to win the independence of Cuba.

M. Browning responded in French, and assured his hearers that this date, May 21st, would remain ineffaceable among his most pleasant memories.

M. Frenay arose again and thanked M. Browning, and presented him with the two hundred fifty thousandth pistol.

M. Graeve added a few graceful words to the compliments already exchanged, and was followed in turn by Colonel de Stomma, who spoke of the great success with which the pistol had met in Russia.

The banquet terminated in the midst of the greatest enthusiasm and the warmest cordiality.

* * *

THE ONLY POCKET AXE.

The safety pocket axe has been called perfection by the thousands who have used it; but Mr. Marble has recently invented and attached to it a folding nail-claw which has doubled its value and adds only 25 cents to the cost. A ten-penny nail can be drawn with ease from a seasoned hemlock plank with it. You can get at and pull a nail with the axe and claw that you could not remove with a hammer alone. Until 1907 the claw will be furnished only on the No. 2 20-ounce, eleven-inch steel-and-hard-rubber handle pocket axe. Send to the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Mich., for their new 50-page catalogue "H" in which twelve new inventions by Mr. Marble are described. Among them as an invention of note may be particularized Marble's Safety Carver. We may justly describe this knife as an "eight-inch pocket knife," for when folded it is absolutely safe and occupies a space of only 5-16 inch thick by 8 inches long. It weighs only 4 ounces.

The blade is of razor steel. The U shaped handle sections are of German silver, heavily reinforced at end where blade bears on them. When open the knife is as rigid as a one-piece knife. Boiling water cannot injure this handle.

The knife may be quickly and easily closed by pushing back the clasp, grasping the sides of the blade with one hand and with the other pulling the outer handle down and back; then the blade is folded and the clasp pushed over it.

Many guides have seen this knife and all claim it fills to perfection a long felt want.

Marble makes a Safety Saw with 8-inch blade on the same principle as the carver. It is invaluable to all people who go into the woods and especially so to the student of forestry and botany.

* * *

POINTERS TO BAIT CASTERS.

Pointers to practical bait casters are contained in the new booklet of Jas. Heddon & Son, Dowagiac, Michigan. Among other things this booklet explains the advantage of artificial bait provided you have the right kind of artificial bait and not a piece of painted wood with a fish hook attached.

Many fishermen believe that in order to get the best results they should carry an assortment of bait and many have expressed the opinion that all they need is a good assortment of Dowagiac bait.

The new booklet mentioned above shows the Dowagiac minnow in their natural colors. It is the most beautiful booklet of the kind ever published. It will be sent free by addressing Jas. Heddon & Son, Dept. 5E, Dowagiac, Mich.

STAYING POWER

THE season is at hand when dog kind are put to the full test of condition and endurance.

Tireless energy for the day, quiet, restful sleep at night are marks by which you may know a "Champion fed" dog.

Champion Dog Biscuits

are the best food under any and all conditions--They are a *necessity* as the hunting season approaches. Send today for our free sample and booklet.

St. Paul Bread Co.

562 VIEW ST., ST. PAUL, MINN.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

The Freshness of Roses

and balmy June days are not more delightful and refreshing than the soothing touch of Mennen's. Gives immediate and positive relief from **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn** and all skin troubles. Everywhere used and recommended by physicians and nurses for its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. Mennen's face on every box. See that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere, or by mail, 25c. Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

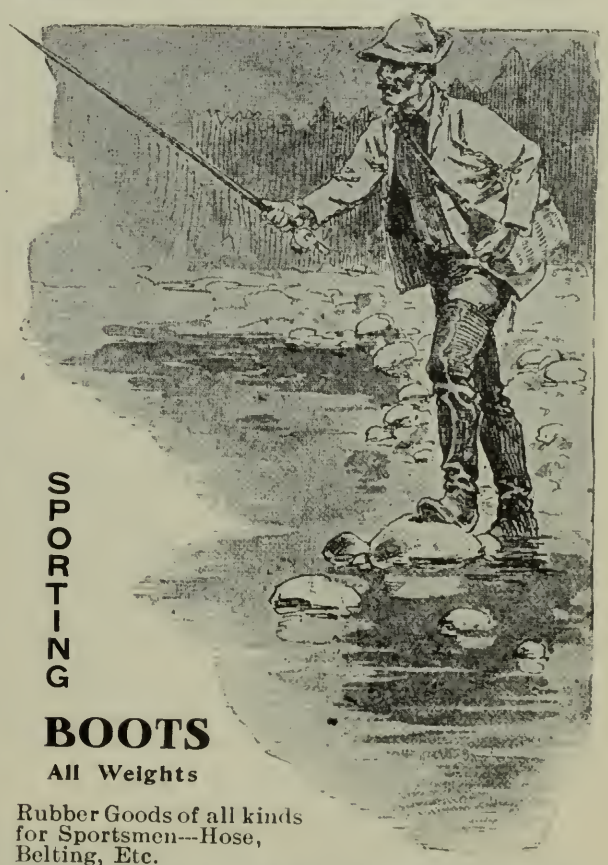
Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) *Talcum.*

CREME DE CAMELIA

A SOOTHING APPLICATION FOR SUNBURN, INSECT BITES AND POISON OAK, BEING ALMOST A SPECIFIC IN THE LATTER COMPLAINT.

TROY PHARMACAL COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK



SPORTING

BOOTS

All Weights

Rubber Goods of all kinds for Sportsmen---Hose, Belting, Etc.

PACIFIC COAST RUBBER CO.

11 Hawthorne Street, near Howard, bet. 2d and 3rd
San Francisco

BY BOAT TO THE NORTH POLE.

According to the Chicago Record-Herald two boats, believed to be the lightest and strongest ever built, are under construction at Salem, Ohio, by W. H. Mullins & Co. for the Wellman-Record-Herald polar expedition. The first of these boats was ordered by Mr. Wellman from Paris, and is now finished. It weighs complete only 260 pounds, though it is large enough to carry five men and their supplies and outfit for fifty days—a total of nearly 2,000 pounds.

Mr. Wellman visited Salem a few days ago and the boat was tested with a cargo of twelve men and other weights, making a total of about 2,200 pounds. Even with this load the buoyancy and stability of the craft were so satisfactory that Mr. Wellman immediately ordered another boat still lighter.

Each of the boats will be sixteen feet long and five feet beam amidships and will be supplied with air chambers which make it nonsinkable and noncapsizable. The first boat is of twenty-gauge galvanized steel, and the second of twenty-two-gauge. The latter will weigh only 230 pounds.

After tests in ice at Spitzbergen, Mr. Wellman will select one of these boats to take with him in his big airship, for use in case of need arising for return to the land by sledging over the ice sheet. Mr. Wellman was offered metallic boats by foreign builders, but believed Ameican mechanics excel in this art. In Salem he expessed the opinion that the Mullins boat would be the best ever constructed for use in the arctic, its weight, cargo capacity, navigability and resistance to sea and ice all being considered. The two boats will be shipped to Tromsoe, Norway, in a few weeks, there to be put on board the expedition steamer Frithjof, which is expected to sail from Spitzbergen in the latter part of next June.

* * *

OF INTEREST TO YOU.

At the establishment of Miles & Hagbom, on the corner of Franklin and O'Farrel streets, is being presently exhibited the finest assortment of fabrics for gentlemen's garments ever shown on this coast. All the latest and most stylish spring and early summer effects are shown in profusion, and when one considers the conscientious and in all respects perfect and artistic workmanship displayed by this firm in fitting its patrons, it is a foregone conclusion that it will be necessary, in order to obtain first choice among these exclusive patterns, to make a prompt and early call, as the demand among fastidious and discriminating dressers will be immediate and great. Better go around and make your selection today.

* * *

SELF-COOKING MEALS.

At length the ideal of the sportsman may be realized—warm food without fire, and a steaming plate of soup or an appetizing stew without the necessity of working with damp matches and water-soaked wood. This happy state of affairs is owing to a clever invention controlled by the Aetna Self-Heating Food Company, of 74 Broadway, New York City. They are now putting up all kinds of delicacies in canned form, the tins being double and containing a substance between the outer and inner can that merely requires the addition of a little cold water to produce a heat of 250 degrees Fahrenheit. In six minutes whatever is contained in the inner can can be brought almost to the boiling point, when the lid is removed, the food taken out, and the inner can may then be filled with cold water, which will be hot enough for dish washing by the time the meat is finished.

* * *

OILING THE WORLD.

The manufacturers of "3 in One" gun oil will likely be next applying their famous lubricant to the axes of the earth to make the universe revolve more smoothly.

Mr. Slee, president of the G. W. Cole Company, manufacturers of "3 in One," advises us that they have just made arrangements with three different concerns to establish agencies in foreign countries. As the sale of "3 to One" is already international, it is evident that it must soon be universal.

Here, at home, they are not missing any opportunities of educating gun owners, sportsmen and others about the efficacy of "3 in One" for oiling, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust. Nearly all the principal gun and firearm manufacturers in the United States use and recommend "3 in One" and send out a sample bottle with every firearm they sell. Three of these firms alone are putting out nearly 7,000 samples a week, or a total of 350,000 samples per year. If there is any one anywhere who doesn't know something about "3 in One" what is his excuse?

* * *

YOU WANT THIS.

Every man who shoots a firearm of any kind will be vitally interested in the new catalogue of sights just issued by the famous Lyman Gun Sight Corporation of Middlefield, Conn. Of course, every living shooter has an intimate and favorable knowledge of this justly celebrated sight in some one or other of its many forms and combinations, but few realize to what perfection the latest models have been brought. Improvement after improvement has been made, many new styles and adaptations of the Lyman principle have been worked out to suit the peculiar requirements of each and every individual "make" and size of firearm now existing, whether pistol, revolver, shotgun or rifle, and in addition to these the new catalogue lists and describes the equally famous Lyman bow-facing rowing gear and oars. Better send for a copy to-day, mentioning WESTERN FIELD. The small trouble will be a hundred times repaid by the interest that fills every one of its 90 pages.

* * *

SOME PETERS PROOFS.

At Idaho Falls, Idaho, May 8th and 9th, high general average was won by Mr. C. T. Callison, shooting Peters Shells, with an average of 96½ per cent. On the second day he broke 196 out of 200, an average of 98 per cent.

Mr. J. S. Day, representing the Peters Cartridge Co., shot at the tournament at Mangum, Oklahoma, May 8th, 9th and 10th, and won second high average. His score of 372 out of 400 was a remarkable one, under the circumstances, as a regular Oklahoma wind and sand storm was in progress during most of the tournament.

A very excellent performance was that of Mr. R. S. Rhoads at the Columbus (Ohio) tournament, May 8th to 11th. Mr. Rhoads won high amateur average with a total of 555 out of 600. He also won the DuPont trophy, with a score of 96 out of 100. Mr. Rhoads says that he succeeded in pointing the gun right most of the time, and that Peters Ideal Shells did the rest.

At Brenham, Tex., May 10th and 11th, high professional average was won by Mr. Wallace Miller, with his score of 186 out of 200, using Peters Ideal and Premier Shells.

At the weekly shoot on the grounds of the Memphis Gun Club, May 19th, L. H. Reid, representing The Peters Cartridge Co., won high average, with his score of 98 out of 100. Practically all the high scores of the day were made with Peters Shells.

In the tournament at Chillicothe, Ohio, May 23d and 24th high professional average for the first day was won by Mr. C. A. Young, shooting Peters shells, his score being 196 out of 200. Mr. Young was not uniform on the second day of the tournament and dropped 11 out of 200. He finished third, however, with a score of 96 1-4 per cent.

Mr. D. D. Gross, shooting Peters Premier Shells, scored 94 per cent at the two days' tournament at Canal Dover May 25th and 26th. On the second day he broke 192 out of 200, which is about "Del's" normal gait.

At the Illinois State tournament, Bloomington, Ill., May 23d, 24th and 25th, Mr. J. R. Graham, shooting Peters shells, won the state

Hot Meals Without a Fire

Delicious soups, entrees, meats, etc., in Aetna Self-Heating Tins, the greatest boon to the sportsman, the camper or yachtsman. The Aetna pure foods are delightfully savory, satisfy the most exacting palate, and the

Aetna Cans Heat Automatically

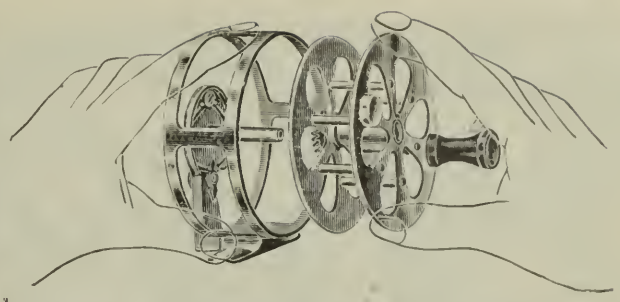
without fire or without a match

"JUST A LITTLE COLD WATER"

Assorted Sample cases $1.00. Explanatory Booklet free on request

Aetna Self-Heating Food Co.

Suite 1408-18 74 Broadway, New York



THE "EXPERT" REEL

Large capacity, light in weight.
Very strong—extensively used in lake and salt water fishing. Smaller sizes for trout or bass—fly rod.
Hardened steel bearings. No gearing to get out of order.
Hardened steel click, double-pointed reversible, others have brass click.
Back sliding. No gearing to cause trouble,
Patented brake guard.
Removable spool.
Only one screw in whole reel, and it can't work loose.
Best trolling reel made.
Will stand hard usage.
We make all repairs free, which no other maker will do.
Price $2.00 to $3.25. 40-60-80-100 and 200 yards
Ask to see them at nearest dealers. Insist on it being stamped "Expert."
Our booklet will tell you all about them for postal.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.

11 Prospect Street, Newark, N. J.

Makers of famous "Takapart" and "Featherlight" Reels.

. . . SOME . . .

LAFLIN & RAND

WINS

Nashville, Tenn., May 15-17—(Interstate Association's Southern Handicap Tournament—FIRST GENERAL AVERAGE
Vicksburg, Miss., May 7-8—FIRST and SECOND AMATEUR AVERAGES.
Tulsa, I. T., May 7-9—FIRST GENERAL AVERAGE.
New London, Ia., May 8-10—FIRST, SECOND and THIRD AMATEUR AVERAGES.
Columbus, O., May 9-11—FIRST and SECOND GENERAL AVERAGES.

Infallible, New E. C. (Improved) and New Schultze Make Good

California Powder Works
Agents
SAN FRANCISCO

QUALITY

is the first consideration in everything we display. Our assortments of Carpets, Oriental and Domestic Rugs, Linoleums, Draperies, Lace Curtains, Office Furniture, etc., are the largest and most reasonably priced of any in San Francisco. We urge the comparison of qualities and prices elsewhere with ours.

Your early inspection is cordially invited.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

Furniture - Carpets - Rugs - Draperies

Offices: 1760 Pacific Ave., San Francisco
400-402 14th St., Oakland

Why is the *Marlin* Repeating Shotgun, Model No. 17, the best low-priced repeating shotgun in the world?

By making this gun with a solid frame and a straight grip stock a number of parts have been eliminated. The result is a stronger, simpler, cleaner gun than any other repeating model, and a very much less costly one.

The exclusively *Marlin* solid top and side ejection are features of Model 17, and to these famous *Marlin* ideas are added the new double extractor and a two-piece safety recoil block—devices which repeating shotgun users will welcome.

The *Marlin* breech block and working parts are *cut* from solid drop forgings. The barrel of special rolled steel is bored for both smokeless powder and black. The guaranteed *Marlin* pattern of over 325 pellets with 1¼ oz. No. 8 shot in a 30-in. circle at 40 yards is maintained in Model 17.

When the ducks come rushing in among the decoys or the grouse roar off through the dead leaves, you cannot be armed with a better, quicker, harder-hitting gun than the *Marlin* Model 17.

It is a first-class quail gun. For woodcock, snipe, prairie chickens, sharp tail grouse or any other bird shooting it is unsurpassed.

Its records at the traps are wonderful.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct. A complete description of Model No. 17 is given in our 1906 Catalog. Sent FREE for six cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 51 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

championship with a score of 94 out of 100 from 19-yard mark. Mr. H. W. Cadwallader, the Illinois representative of The Peters Cartridge Co, won the Smith cup. Mr. Graham tied for second high amateur average. Mr. Kahler tied for the McLean county handicap, with a score of 95 out of 100. All of these gentlemen used Peters Shells.

Mr. L. H. Reid, representing The Peters Cartridge Co., is located for the time being in Memphis and adjoining territory. Although very busy, he finds time occasionally to do some shooting, and gives the boys of the gun clubs down there some nice exhibitions. At Dyersburg, Tenn., May 10th, he broke 95 out of 100; on May 12th, at Memphis, 96 out of 100; May 15th, Augusta, Ark., 49 out of 50; May 19th, at Memphis, 98 out of 100; May 24th, at Monticello, Ark., 50 straight; averaging nearly 97 per cent. He of course used his favorite Peters Ideal load, No. 167½ chilled.

At the recent two-day tournament at Idaho Falls, Idaho, high general average was won by Mr. C. T. Callison, his score being 386 out of 400, or 96½ per cent. Mr. Callison shot Peters Shells, and represents the Peters Cartridge Co. in the Rocky Mountain States, and is demonstrating to the boys out there the many reasons why they should use his company's ammunition.

At Richmond, Va., on June 4th, Dr. B. L. Hillsman made a most remarkable score, breaking 97 out of 100, with one straight run of 89. He has recently begun to use Peters Shells, and his score referred to above indicates pretty clearly that they are about perfect.

At Louisville, Ky., on May 30th, Mr. Woolfolk Henderson, of Lexington, Ky., won the high average, losing 10 out of 260. He also won the handicap trophy, shooting from 20 yards, score 49 out of 50, and the trophy for high gun in the team race. Mr. Henderson shoots Peters Premier Shells, and is enthusiastic over their fine shooting qualities. He won the Kentucky State championship at Owensboro on May 24th, with a score of 98 out of 100, and his work is commented upon wherever he goes.

At the Nebraska State Shoot, June 5th, 6th and 7th, some most excellent records were made with Peters factory loaded shells. Mr. John Sack made one run of 105 straight, and Capt. A. H. Hardy made a run of 144 straight. On the first day the squad, consisting of Messrs. Hardy, Veach, Bray, Schroeder and Linderman, in the first 100 targets of the program broke a total of 484 out of 500 by using Peters Shells. This established a new squad record.

At the Ohio State Tournament, June 6th, 7th and 8th, Mr. C. A. Young won second professional average, with a total of 488 out of 520, using Peters factory loaded shells. Mr. Young was the only man to break 25 straight in the Press-Post trophy event, and 30 straight in the State Journal cup event. His shooting was the talk of the ground.

At the weekly shoot of the Memphis Gun Club June 9th, Mr. H. E. Poston, who represents The Peters Cartridge Co. in that territory, was high gun with a score of 98 out of 100, using Peters Ideal factory loads.

At the shoot given by the Parker Gun Club at Milwaukee June 10th, high amateur average was won by Mr. J. R. Graham, with a score of 178 out of 185, shooting Peters factory loaded shells.

* * *

SHRIEKING AND SHOOTING.

It is a comfort to realize when we hear people talking about "the good old times that used to be," that in some respects, at least, we show more common sense to-day. One instance is in our attitude toward women. There was a time

The Fellow who Landed this Rainbow Trout

Is one of the oldest campers in the West; he, a chap that has sold 18, and many others, tell you what they think of our

Comfort Sleeping Pocket

(With Air Bed Inside)

The most luxurious, most compact, most complete and lightest outdoor sleeping receptacle ever invented. Our Circular D tells all about it. It's free.

Metropolitan Air Goods Co.,

Reading, Massachusetts

Agents wanted in every town

HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

IS THE WHISKEY OF REFINED TASTE—THE CONNOISSEUR'S FIRST CHOICE ∴ ∴ ∴

Sold at all first class cafes and by jobbers

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

when a woman was expected to shriek and faint in almost any emergency. It was even considered an attractive exhibition of dependence. To-day we pardon lack of nerve and self-possession in a woman almost as little as in a man. The girl who rides and shoots has taken the place of the girl who used to shriek and faint. No small factor in bringing this welcome change about has been the campaign carried on by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., makers of the famous Stevens firearms, who have introduced our girls to the healthy, upbuilding sport of outdoor shooting. The company have issued a catalogue illustrating many varieties of light-weight rifles, shotguns and pistols which girls all over the country are using to-day. It contains much useful and interesting information on such points as the selection, care and testing of firearms, besides notes on ammunition, targets, etc. We understand this book of reference will be sent free to any one sending four cents in stamps, to cover postage. We take pleasure in illustrating here Steven' new No. 325 doubl barrel hammerless shotgun, their latest production in the shotgun line and now ready for delivery.

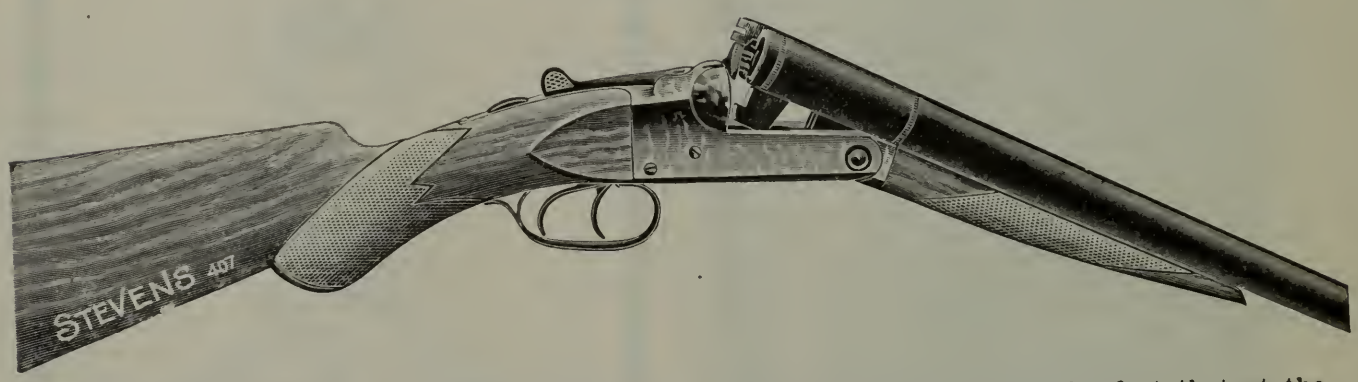
The action is of the Anson & Deeley type, with the Stevens checkhook, relieving the forearm of all strain and which proved so popular last year. The barrels are of especially prepared high pressure steel, choke-bored for nitro powder. It has extension matted-rib with Stevens reinforced breech; oiled walnut stock, with pistol-grip checked, and patent snap and forearm checked. The regular length of stock is 14 inches, with 2 3-4 inch drop. It can be supplied in 12-gauge, with 28, 30 and 32 inch barrels, and in 16-gauge, with 28 and 30 inch barrels only. Weight, 7¼ to 8½ pounds. It is sold at a price so low as to astonish good judges of gun value. Better send for their catalogue and post yourself on the merits of this really desirable gun.

As an evidence of the conceded superiority of Stevens products we cite the fact that at the recent competitive shoot between the Associated .22 Caliber Rifle Club of South Australia and a picked English team, at Adelaide, South Australia, the South Australians won by nine points, because of their Stevens Rifles.

The best ten scores were counted in match and every one of the best ten scores was obtained with Stevens Ideal Rifle.

The bulk of the English team was also equipped with the Stevens Ideal Rifles.

The close score was undoubtedly due to the fact that both teams of expert marksmen shot the unerring Stevens.



"WINCHESTER" PRODUCTS CARRY OFF THE HONORS.

As usual, the shooters of "Winchester" goods carried off the premier honors at the Twenty-Second Annual Shooting Tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, which took place at Walla Walla, Wash., on June 21, 22 and 23, under the auspices of the Walla Walla Gun Club. The tournament was held at Agricultural Park, and was well attended, 64 shooters facing the traps. One of the most noticeable things at this tournament was the large number of shooters using the Winchester "pump" guns, and the splendid showing they made in the medal and trophy events. Of the 64 contestants, 34 shot the Winchester "pump" gun, and when it is taken into consideration that shooters from California, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Idaho and Montana were in attendance, it only goes to prove how universally popular this make of gun is with the sportsmen throughout the country. It may also be said that over 60 per cent. of the shooters at this tournament shot the Winchester make of shells. The Anaconda Cup, shot for on the opening day of the tournament, was captured by Mr. E. E. Garratt, of Seattle, Wash., with a Winchester "pump" gun, on the splendid score of 25 straight in this event. The Multnomah Medal, also shot for on the same day, was captured by Mr. E. F. Confarr, of Livingston, Montana, with a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, on the score of 24 out o fa possible 25, reversed pull. The Walla Walla Brownlee Medal, contested for on the second day of the shoot, was captured by Mr. J A. Forbes, of Spokane, Wash., after shooting off a tie with Mr. G. W. Miller and D. J. Dayo. Mr. Forbes, as well as Messrs. Miller and Dayo, shot the Winchester "Leader" shells. The Globe Trophy, the famous trophy of the Northwest Association, was tied for by Mr F. A. Dryden and Mr. Holohan. In the shoot-off Mr. Honohan won on the score of 35 to 34. Both gentlemen used Winchester "pump" guns. The Dayton Medal was captured by Mr. E. F. Confarr, shooting a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells, after shooting off a tie with Messrs. E. E. Garratt and A. E. Chingreen. The Individual Championship Medal was won by Mr. P. J. Holohan, of Twin Falls, Idaho, with a Winchester "pump" gun on the score of 25 straight. The Three-Man Team Trophy was captured by the Spokane, Wash., team, composed of F. McBroom, A. E. Chingreen and J. A. Forbes on the combined score of 55 out of a possible 60, Messrs. Forbes and Chingreen using the "Leader" shells. The first high average of the tournament was made by Mr. P. J. Holohan with a Winchester "pump" gun, while the second high average was made by Mr. E. F. Confar with a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells, Mr. Holohan's average being 92½ per cent. and Mr. Confarr's 91¾ per cent.

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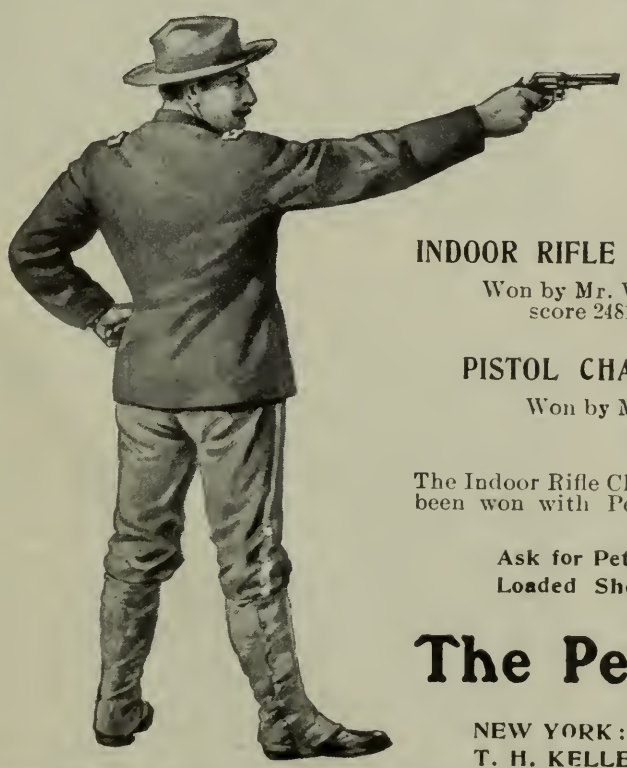

CHOSEN BY CHAMPIONS

INDOOR RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE U. S. FOR 1906

Won by Mr. W. A. Tewes with Peters .22 short cartridges; score 2481 out of 2500, breaking the world's record

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Won by Mr. J. Dietz with Peters .22 Stevens-Pope Armory Cartridges: score 447

The Indoor Rifle Championship has been won with Peters Cartridges NINE CONSECUTIVE YEARS

Ask for Peters Semi-Smokeless Cartridges and Peters Loaded Shells — repeatedly proven to be the best

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Cincinnati

A CARD.

Utica, N. Y., U. S. A., April 18, 1906.

To Our Customers and Dealers in Firearms:

Gentlemen—Last summer we sent letters to you replying to a misleading circular issued by the Marlin Firearms Co., of New Haven, Conn., to the effect that our rifles had been adjudged infringements upon patents owned by the the Marlin Company.

In our reply we told you that Marlin had instituted suits against two of our customers in his home town (New Haven); that these alleged infringements covered only our .22 calibre 1903 rifle, and that we had undertaken the defense of these suits and would protect all dealers, purchasers and users of Savage Rifles against all claims for infringement.

The United States circuit court of appeals, sitting in New York city, has handed down decisions in each of these cases, dismissing the suits of the Marlin Company, with costs against them, and holding that our .22 Repeater does not infringe any of Marlin's patents in any particular.

In spite of the misleading circular sent out by our competitor, the business of the Savage Arms Company continues to grow rapidly and the trade continues to buy our product. We wish, at this time, to inform our customers and friends of the decision of the appellate court, and take this occasion to thank them for their confidence in us and to assure them that it was not misplaced.

In the future, as in the past, the Savage Arms Company will be the synonym for good rifles, honest workmanship, fair dealings and "Savage quality" will be a constant factor in our goods. Yours respectfully,

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY.

By BENJ. ADRIANCE, President.

* * *

THEY MEET EVERY REQUIREMENT.

San Francisco, in her great and imperative need for buildings that can be made immediately available, is peculiarly favored by the close proximity of the Burnham-Standeford Company of Oakland, Cal., who have in stock for immediate delivery all kinds and sizes of portable buildings, from the smallest shelter cabin up to the largest store, school or assembly building, suiting and meeting every possible requirement, and that, too, at prices that will meet with your quick favor.

This firm has been manufacturing Portable Buildings for the past seventeen years, and has a separate department especially equipped for that work.

These buildings can be had from one to eight panels wide; and as long as desired. When they are seven or eight panels wide the floor and roof are not formed in panels, but applied in the usual way, and the roofing material sent in rolls ready to be put on. The term "Portable House" usually carries with it the idea of a frail and temporary structure, but we can assure you that these buildings are strong and substantial, every factor of strength and safety having been provided for. They are built upon honor and put upon the market with the view of affording comfortable and healthful shelters.

They are inexpensive, not because strength or quality of material have been sacrificed, but because facilities for manufacturing them greatly reduces the cost of labor, and the materials are purchased in large quantities and at the lowest market rates.

The frames are constructed of Number One Oregon Pine, the floors of tongued and grooved Pine Flooring, walls and roof of Clear Redwood. The floors, walls and roofs are formed in panels, except in the case above stated. The roof panels are covered with the best roofing material that can be purchased, which material carries with it a guarantee as a resistant against extreme heat or cold.

The doors are Panelled Redwood, the sash are Sugar Pine, single and double swing or sliding, as you prefer.

The doors, windows and wall panels are interchangeable and can be placed where desired. Though weather-proof, strong and substantial, the parts are light and not hard to handle, making them easy to put up and take down. The windows and doors are properly glazed and fitted, and hung with suitable hardware in their frames, ready to set into the walls for immediate use. The buildings are painted one coat—interior of the buildings a natural wood finish.

The construction of the buildings is so simple that anyone can set them up in a very short time (skilled mechanics are not necessary). The various parts are secured by means of joint bolts, lag screws and interlocking joints; we send printed instructions and photographs with every building to assist in their erection.

The height of the walls of the buildings carried in stock are Seven feet, but will be made Eight or Nine feet if ordered.

If desired they make (at slightly increased cost) a double wall panel, being two thicknesses of Redwood, one inner and one outer lining, which insures a warm, comfortable building in cold climates and a cool building in warm climates, because of a dead air space and a lining of building paper between the inner and outer linings. This does not increase the weight of the buildings.

It is these features that have made these buildings popular as summer resort cottages, hunters' and miners' cabins, bunk houses, small stores, children's play houses, automobile houses, school houses, assembly halls and missions, chapels or churches.

They carry these buildings in ten stock sizes. If you desire any special size write them, for they are always glad to furnish plans and estimates for such.

This firm, in addition to their portable houses, are manufacturers and dealers in mouldings, brackets, turning, scroll and jig sawing, all kinds of exterior woodwork and soft and hardwood interior finish, sash and doors, glazed and unglazed, inside and outside blinds, weights and cords, and make of veneered hardwood work a specialty. Refrigerators, street cars, tents and tent frames, counters, show cases and store fixtures supplied to order, and they keep Spanish cedar, sugar pine, kiln-dried Douglas fir, curly and burl redwood lumber on sale. For full particulars address The Burnham-Standeford Co., corner Washington, First and Second streets, Oakland, Cal. San Francisco office, No. 106 Jessie street. Cable address, Burnstanco.

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THE RESULT OF EVOLUTION.

In 1496 a woman famed for her beauty and learning published the first English book on angling. The title was "Treatyse of Fyeshynge wyth an Angle."

She gave directions for making rods, lines and hooks, but did not mention reels. Today they are a necessary part of every fisherman's outfit. And the advance in rods from the clumsy 18-footer with butt big as your arm of 1496, to the modern split bamboo, is not greater than the improvement in reels. Meisselbach's "Featherlight," "Takapart" and "Expert" reels are among the most famous now on the market. If you don't own one, any first-class dealer will show you one, for they are carried in every good stock in the world. Write A. F. Meisselbach & Bro., Prospect St., Newark, N. J., for their descriptive booklet which tells all about these reels and their famous "Harrimac" landing net, which latter you can't do without if you are a fisherman.